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Memoir and letters of
Frederic Dan Huntington

MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON

L. D. Huntington

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OF

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON

First Bishop of Central New York

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ARRIA S. HUNTINGTON

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PREFACE

In the preparation of this Memoir the endeavor has not been to construct a complete Biography, or to include in a comprehensive record the many interests, the acquaintances, and the correspondence of a long life. Bishop Huntington's early religious experience was unusual, and that is given in his own words. Other considerations beside the inadequacy of the editor for theological and historical labors were taken into account in confining the work to a limited space. It would not have been consistent with the personality portrayed to reproduce, merely for the honor paid to their subject, the noble and eloquent tributes rendered him in press and pulpit, and only those are here preserved which throw a direct light upon traits of character.

The writings of Frederic Huntington, in the course of two generations, have reached people in all lands who never saw his face or heard his voice. In the field of education alone thousands of teachers have drawn help and inspiration from the little book, "Unconscious Tuition." His sermons and devotional volumes continue to awaken to righteousness, and bring spiritual consolation to earnest souls. For such as these, for the Clergy of his own Diocese, and the flocks who loved and revered their Chief Pastor, as well as for the old Parishioners who cherish his memory, these imperfect recollections are gathered up.

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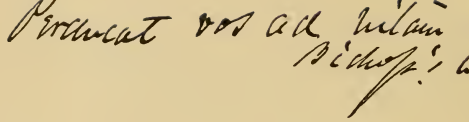

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON

CHAPTER I

HERITAGE AND YOUTH

"In this place there was a record kept of them that had been pilgrims of old."

On the first day of the past century a wedding took place in the old family mansion at Hadley, Massachusetts, which may well be memorable to the many descendants of Dan Huntington and Elizabeth Whiting Phelps. The alliance was entirely suitable, in view of the position of the bride and bridegroom, their ancestry, kinsfolk, and education. Both came from a lineage of distinguished Connecticut forefathers; on one side the Huntington founders of the town of Norwich, the Metcalfs, and the Throops; on the other the early settlers of the towns of Northampton and Hadley, sons of Hartford and Windsor colonists, brave and gentle folk who landed in the Mary and John at Dorchester in 1630 and made their way across the wilderness a few years later.

The bride's grandfather, Moses Porter,[1] lost his life as captain of a militia company in the tragic Battle

[1] See notes in Appendix.

of the Morning Scout at Crown Point in September, 1755, leaving a widow and little girl in the house then newly erected two miles north of Hadley village. His wife was descended from Rev. John Whiting, a graduate of Harvard College in 1653, a godly and esteemed minister of Hartford, who seems to have been, in the long line of ancestry, excepting Rev. Dan Huntington, the only progenitor from whom the future bishop inherited an inclination towards the calling of a preacher.[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Whiting and Phœbe Gregson, became the wife of Nathaniel Pitkin,[2] son of William Pitkin,[3] who held high office in the Hartford Colony. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Captain Moses Porter, and of this marriage there was but one child, Elizabeth. She became the wife of Charles Phelps, descendant of Nathaniel Phelps, who was a founder of the town of Northampton and one of the first deacons of the church there. The offspring of this union were a son and daughter: Moses, whose name was changed to Charles Porter, born August, 1772, and Elizabeth Whiting, born February 4, 1779, who became the bride of January 1, 1801.

Of distinctly Puritan stock, without any mixture on either side, the history for six generations is that of stout-hearted men of action, with established religious convictions, faithful to church and state, upright in morals. Public service was rendered in those times as part of social obligation, and more often at personal sacrifice than for any expected recompense. Such is the record of early days gathered from the reminiscences of Rev. Dan Huntington, written in old age, of

[1] See notes in Appendix. [2] See notes in Appendix.
[3] See notes in Appendix.

his home in Lebanon, Connecticut, and of the relatives and neighbors — Huntingtons, Wolcotts, Trumbulls, Throops, Metcalfs, Masons, Wheelocks.

William Huntington, father of Dan, enlisted under General Putnam, served with him in the beginning of the Revolution, and was in command of a company of militia when New London was burned by the regulars; an incident well remembered by his youngest son, then a child, who saw the smoke of the conflagration from their home.

Dan Huntington graduated from Yale College in 1794, with the first honors. He became a tutor at Williams College, then just established, but was recalled to a similar position at Yale, which he held for two years, pursuing his studies in theology with the president, Dr. Timothy Dwight. This gentleman published in his celebrated "Travels"[1] an account of the Hadley estate, which he pronounced "the most desirable possession of the same kind and extent within my knowledge;" going on to describe at some length its attractions. It was on a visit to its owner, Charles Phelps, that he met the daughter Elizabeth Whiting, and was much impressed with her charm of person and of character. He did not fail to mention these attractions to his favorite tutor, with a suggestion that the young man might find in her all the qualities most desirable in a minister's wife. Not long afterwards, Rev. Mr. Huntington, having been asked to occupy the pulpit at the Hadley meeting-house on a Sunday, was invited on the following Tuesday to drink tea with the family of Squire Phelps. The ac-

[1] Dr. Edward E. Hale calls this "the first guide-book of New England, excellent reading to this day."

quaintance thus begun (whether by chance or contrivance, who can tell?) ripened into a mutual affection, and the marriage was celebrated the following year.

In his "Family Memorial," written as an octogenarian, Rev. Dan Huntington says that at this time he was much attracted by the current setting towards what was then called "the West," the Connecticut reserve lands in Ohio. But the place of assistant minister at Litchfield, Rev. Mr. Champion having become disabled, was offered to him. He accepted, and was ordained to the work of the ministry in September, 1798. This "delightful village" was, as he himself describes it, "on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers; with its learned lawyers, and senators, and representatives, both in the National and State departments; and with a population enlightened and respectable. Litchfield was now in its glory. I came among them without patrimony; but with their assistance, in a handsome *settlement*, I soon found myself in a way to be comfortably at home among them, with a neat domicile of my own."

The house which he built for himself was burned in 1861, but the stepping-stones remaining are the same over which the family were wont to pass, and some of the original fruit-trees, preserved by grafts, have been remembered as the "minister's pear," to the present generation. Through the pious commemoration of a townsman, a fine portrait, copy of a miniature, painted on ivory, at the period of Rev. Mr. Huntington's pastorate, has been placed in the chapel of the church, among those of the other deceased ministers, Rev. Lyman Beecher being his immediate successor.

To this home and parish, possessing attractions to an unusual degree, was introduced the bride of the new century, after "a long journey over frozen ground, through snow-banks, and amid the storms of winter." Writing to his grandchildren in old age, her husband says playfully: "On this, as on all other subjects, all is well that ends well. If you would know more about it, my dear children, try it for yourselves when the time comes. What say you to a courtship of a year or two without an *engagement?* the heart, without the hand? the apparent affection, but not the promise, anterior to the marriage vow?"

The character of the young minister was genial and cheerful; even in his declining years one who knew him well testifies: "Never were ears less open than his to listen to the Crack of doom, — never was tongue less ready than his to be a prophet of coming disaster. Every village stir was not in his opinion a crisis. He waked and slept, and waked again and the Lord sustained him. He was willing to labor and to wait and pray.

"The manners of our friend were gentle and his words well chosen. Had he found it necessary to go into a King's Palace we should have felt no concern as to his bearing. He would have carried himself with a singular grace, without any amazed awkwardness, and as one who had somehow been there before."

We learn from such a tribute, given by an intimate friend of the subject of this memoir,[1] how largely the youngest son owed to his Huntington blood a kindly and genial instinct, and a simplicity of character which especially distinguished him.

[1] Rev. Rufus Ellis.

There is no doubt that from his mother Frederic inherited a strain so opposite to the sanguine and the optimistic, so austere and so reserved, that an effort must be made to portray faithfully the remarkable character which she possessed.

Elizabeth Whiting Phelps was an only daughter. Her childhood was spent mostly at home under refined and happy influences. Mrs. Phelps, the mother, was an active, clear-minded, cheerful person, keeping an open house, administering the affairs of a large estate with justice and generosity, social, neighborly, and unaffectedly religious. Her disposition shows itself through the pages of her diary, kept from her sixteenth year, and was in contrast with that of her husband, who was more inclined to moods. In his family some singularities have been traced back to an ancestress Grace Martin, who married Nathaniel Phelps of Northampton in 1676, herself recently come from England. Early annals speak of her as "of great resolution and perseverance and a little romantic withal." In her descendants one finds a tinge of melancholy, reticence, and reserve, and that indifference to the opinion of others which borders on eccentricity. There was also an idealism, and a tenacity of opinion which showed itself strongly in the life of the elder Charles Phelps, in his vision of a great university on the Vermont hills, and the dogged resolution with which he resisted the formation of that state and its separation from New York.[1]

From such antecedents Elizabeth Phelps inherited a strong character, high ideas, passionate self-devotion. Like her mother she had a keen sense of humor and a quick wit, but she did not share the same sprightly

[1] *Under a Colonial Roof-tree.*

nature, and in her Journal an unusual seriousness manifests itself. Beginning at the time when she made an outward confession of religion in 1798, her entries soon go beyond the customary scrupulous record of each Sunday's sermon and text; prayers, meditations, self-questionings are poured out as the natural expression of a sensitive and highly spiritual soul.

On her wedding day she writes: "Is this the closing scene of my single life? the time which for more than a year I have been anticipating and for which preparation of mind ought to have been made?" And on reaching Litchfield: "I am now settled in my dwelling; now am I under the inspection of an attentive town — but this intimidates me not, the eye of the Lord is upon me, therefore let me fear before Him."

Birthdays of all her children were marked by special prayer. Of a maidservant born in the house she writes: "Elvira is eighteen years old to-day. I would entreat Almighty God to forgive all that has been amiss in my treatment of her and my intercourse with her; help me in time to experience more meekness, forbearance, longsuffering, gentleness."

From the first, when she became mistress of the Litchfield Parsonage, there was nothing plaintive or timorous in the way she met the world and its duties. Children came fast and were welcomed, and with these cares were added those of her position: visitings and tea-drinkings; associations of ministers and clerical exchanges, demanding frequent hospitality; visits from her honored parents and consequent entertaining. The limited income of a country parson was necessarily supplemented with a liberal hand by Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, who were not too far removed to send

wagon-loads of fruit and stores across the Connecticut hills. In the constant correspondence between mother and daughter there is no recognition of stint or dependence, although the demands of a growing family finally compelled Rev. Mr. Huntington to remove to Middletown, where for a while he added receipts from boarding-pupils to his income. In 1816 Mrs. Huntington's father died, having completed an upright and useful career, one of his latest services to the community being a care for the erection of the meeting-house, in Hadley, to this day in good preservation and a model of Puritan architecture.[1] His estate was divided between the son and daughter, the latter retaining the old homestead and buildings adjoining, with a farm of so considerable extent that it would afford provision for a large family. It seemed wise and prudent for the Rev. Dan Huntington to remove thither, he himself continuing to preach at intervals in different places. In May, 1819, the eleventh and last child, the seventh son, was born. We find this record in his mother's journal — a little homemade book of narrow sheets of note paper, clear, firm, and accurately indited.

June 27, 1819. HADLEY.
Sabbath Evening.

The 28th day of last month, about eleven o'clock in the morning, I was made to rejoice in the birth of another son; never can I admire and adore the goodness of God for his mercy to me in this time of distress, anxiety and danger — how much better did he deal

[1] This edifice was erected in 1808 in the West Street of the village, and removed to its present site in 1841. The weather-cock was brought from England for the earlier building in 1752.

with me than I feared. I am ashamed of my unbelief and of my shameful distrust of Thee, O my Covenant God, why is it that I am so favored? Thou art gracious and merciful to the evil and unthankful. I beseech thee to enable me to spend my future life more in thy service and to Thy glory, make me more diligent and active in instructing those around me, and especially my dear children in the things of salvation, and wilt Thou crown my exertions with Thy blessing.

In particular would I plead at this time for the precious little one just brought into the world. I have been the means of giving him a sinful, corrupt nature. I can do nothing to effect his salvation, without the influences of Thy Spirit, O be pleased to help me, and especially dwell in his heart, by Thy grace, and suffer him not to go in the way of sin; renew his heart early in life if it may consist with Thy will and prepare him to be a blessing in the world and blessed at last in Thy heavenly kingdom. Thou hast enabled me O Lord, to wait upon Thee in Thy house and to dedicate him to Thee in Baptism, now may we feel that he is not our own, but may we be careful to bring him up for Thee, who has so kindly dealt with us.

This was the day of the baptism of Frederic Dan, just a month after his birth. The entry is inscribed in the hand of the old pastor, Rev. John Woodbridge, in the records of the Church of Christ, Hadley; a fact not of itself of any significance except for the connection of this rigid old Puritan with what became a largely controlling influence in the life of the child whom he had admitted into the Christian fold.

Not two years after Frederic's birth the same re-

gistry sets down minutes of a church meeting at which a letter of petition was presented by the Reverend Dan Huntington.

Although a clergyman in the Congregational body, he had become interested, through correspondence and study, in the movement towards Unitarianism. He was beginning to associate himself with other little groups of thinking people in the towns of western Massachusetts. Joined with him in the letter was his brother-in-law Charles Phelps, lately removed from a Boston law practice to a new house on the family estate. That the attitude of these minds was not one of entire separation from the covenant of their forefathers seems evident from the fact, attested in the pastor's own hand, that the letter to be considered requested from its writers communion with the church "as Unitarians" and "the same privilege for their children, who desire it with the same views of Gospel which they themselves entertain."

The place of worship at Hadley was the nearest to the family residence, situated in the neighboring village. It was there that Elizabeth Phelps, before her marriage, had united with the confessed followers of Christ. She herself had the full right of participation in the sacrament, and her husband desired it for himself and the sons and daughters growing up around them. The request was refused, in a tone which betrays all the bitterness of ecclesiastical controversy. The reply, after remarking that "it is a novel and unprecedented thing for persons having no communion with a Church to solicit a participation in its privileges," goes on to state the differences as shown in the Unitarian writings: "It is one of their favorite objections

against the system that it strips the most high of everything amiable, and clothes him with all the odious attributes of a Tyrant. In their estimation the religious worship we pay is offered to a being of the most malignant character and to one who is dependent as we are for his existence and all of his attributes. How if this imputation be just we can deserve to be called Christians it is difficult to imagine. If the Church should comply it would seem that an assent to the confessions of faith is not essential to membership."

"It would imply that the doctrine of the Lord's divinity is less essential than it is." Very natural objections were raised that it would tend to disunion and might lead to proselyting; "that it would open the door to other errors in belief."

The summing up was as follows: "For these reasons the Committee believe that the applicants should place themselves under our watch by a transfer to us of their special relations to the Church of which they are respectively members." The expression "under our watch" is the key-note to an inquisition henceforth practiced towards Mrs. Huntington. Knowing how many of the "First Churches" of the Calvinistic stronghold were deliberately renouncing its doctrines and are to-day Unitarian places of preaching, it is not strange that rugged characters of Puritan descent should adopt measures which seemed warranted by the taint of heresy.

The inclinations, associations, and views of the Huntingtons had become well known. Rev. Dan Huntington traveled up the valley and over the hills, frequently taking with him some member of his family, preaching to the small flocks of ardent disciples of the "Liberal

Christianity" which was to them mercy and not wrath.

Elizabeth Huntington at home read Channing and Martineau and Dewey and Henry Ware, and the "Monthly Religious Magazine." On the Puritan Sabbath she took her children to sit with her under the old pulpit from which issued vivid pictures of future retribution. The youngest child, Frederic, never lost the impression of those anathemas. To his wondering mind the streaming tears of the minister were as inexplicable as the threats of impending doom. He used to say in later life that it became fixed in his mind that the preacher's habit of crying visibly and audibly in public, was "because he was afraid too many people would be saved." At regular intervals appeared the officers of the church, making long visits, searching, questioning, arguing with the saintly woman whom they held subject to inquiry. To the high-strung, thoughtful boy, loving his mother passionately, believing her the best and purest of beings, it was a puzzle which he could not explain. He knew that his mother fasted and prayed and sorrowed for daily sin; kept tender watch over her children; perused eagerly the literature in behalf of the abolition of slavery and the establishment of universal peace, and extended her practical sympathy to the inebriate, the oppressed, the slave.

The result is on record in her own handwriting.

"August 17th, 1828. A week ago yesterday Deacon J. Smith and Deacon Hopkins made me the second *visit.* The Monday after Mr. Woodbridge sent me a letter requesting me to meet the Church the next day to answer to the complaint laid against me — which is that I have not attended the sacrament of the Lord's

Supper with them for five years — the reason of this was that Mr. Woodbridge said I ought to be excommunicated for being a Unitarian — the inference which I drew from this was that I ought not to disturb his feelings — nor those of his charge by attending, tho' I did attend his church-meeting and to-day he has been laboring with his Church to persuade them to the duty of excommunication and church discipline — the Lord direct them in the way of duty.

"Nov. 2nd, 1828. The Church have withdrawn their watch and fellowship from me by public act and a copy has been sent me.

"Nov. 2nd, 1828. As I am dismissed from the Church in Hadley, I have concluded to unite with the Church in Northampton.

"Nov. 23rd, 1828. Attended meeting; Mr. Woodbridge preached, also Thanksgiving Day.

"Dec. 13th, 1828. Last Sabbath Whiting, Bethia, Frederic and I attended meeting at Northampton, the two first and myself were admitted to the Communion, as I had been dismissed from the Church in Hadley I thought it best to unite there tho' I do not agree in every particular with Mr. Hall, — yet as he requires no particular creed and he seems to be a serious and conscientious man, I hope it may be acceptable to my Maker to follow this course.

"Dec. 27th. Last Sabbath went to meeting in town (Hadley) Mr. H. is to preach to-morrow in the Central School House. What a blessing it would be to have a place of worship where we could go regularly and pleasantly attend — but Thou O Lord must make all things for our good."

It will be remarked that with quiet dignity Mrs.

Huntington continued at intervals to attend Mr. Woodbridge's services and to maintain her connection with the church from whose communion she was excluded. It became the family custom for some members to attend worship either in the nearer village of North Hadley or in the Hadley meeting-house, while as many as could be conveniently conveyed drove to the Unitarian gathering in Northampton. In that same memorable year of the excommunication, we read in her diary that she visited Boston with an older son and heard Dr. Channing and Dr. Gannett, then both in the full glory of their fame and influence.

The effect of the intolerance so unusually manifested was no doubt strongly a personal one to the young boy, who, finding it unintelligible, grew up with a sense that a blow had been struck wantonly against his mother, in herself a model of piety and Christian forbearance. It led him in his youth to seek inspiration in those writings which were to her the sources of joy and high reflection. But beside this inclination towards the liberal thought of the day, there was for many years deep down in his being a repulsion towards that creed which he then believed inevitably associated with actions fraught with deliberate ill-will. In an article in the "Monthly Religious Magazine" for September, 1845, on "The Religious and Theological Interests of Harvard College," he alludes to the experiences of his boyhood in seeing "a noble-hearted, devout woman, in an advanced period of her useful, honorable and beneficent life, on account of a deliberate and well-weighed change of opinions, followed after, persecuted, threatened, warned by menaces most terrible to a woman's sensitive, trustful, affectionate nature, at last roughly

excommunicated from a Church of which she had been for years an untiring benefactor, and which her blameless spirit had so long adorned.

"The tears and anxiety we used to see with our child's eyes, after those impudent deacons and sly ambassadors, or their spiritual dictator, had withdrawn from one of those cruel interviews, left an impression that will not lose its horribleness while we remember anything. This was in the heart of our old Massachusetts, in the midst of its hills and valleys and free air, some of the loveliest scenery in the world, indeed, but not beautiful enough to move and soften the gloomy features of that stern, forbidding, unrelenting Calvinism." Many years after, Bishop Huntington referred again to this incident in an article entitled 'From Puritanism — Whither?'[1]

"So the cruel Christianity presented itself to a very juvenile observer, somehow, doubtless by the saintliness of the victim, without twisting him into an infidel.

"Instances of this sort were neither very common nor extremely rare. It is unfair to judge a theological scheme, any more than a tool in the hand, merely by its capacity for abuse. We are put here upon the task of defining the effect of a religious institution and party in New England, at the beginning of this century, on a mind in search of a Christian faith and home. The defects were not those of unprincipled intolerance or indifference to truth, but of narrowness and disproportion. It is impossible that any denomination built on a dogma or group of dogmas, and not on the fact of the life of God manifest in the person and acts of Christ, should represent Christianity.

"It may revere the son of God in one or more of His

[1] *The Forum*, June, 1886.

offices or characters, but it cannot receive Him as He chose to call Himself, the son of Man. It cannot reunite the life of the human race with God's life. It cannot bear the test of comprehensiveness or Catholicity, or cover the experience of all souls and nations, or satisfy the wants of integral man, in spirit, mind, body. No great Christian cause has lived on a subjective revelation, or a sentiment, or an idea, or the issue of a process of ratiocination. Congregational Orthodoxy believed in Christ, but it was Christ in the past and the future and in Heaven, not where living and tempted men most need Him."

This retrospect was in the calmer mood of age. As time passed much was softened in connection with the painful experience. In his last years Rev. Dan Huntington and his daughter Bethia were received into full participation with the Russell Church in Hadley, where under a milder construction of its tenets the old clergyman enjoyed the privileges of the Orthodox communion in which he had been reared.

In "Anniversary week," May, 1831, then just twelve years old, Frederic accompanied his parents and a sister to the city, himself driving the family "carryall" and pair of horses, a leisurely journey of a hundred miles. One object was to attend the Governor's election, an occasion at which Rev. Mr. Huntington himself had preached the sermon in 1821, as he had in Connecticut in 1814. One of the sons, John Whiting, was at this time a student at Harvard. The mother attended the philanthropic gatherings, especially meetings in the interest of the Peace Movement and Abolitionist agitation. The father took his family to see his ministerial friends, among them the venerable

Eliphalet Porter, of Roxbury, and his young colleague, Rev. George Putnam. Social visits were paid at the house of William Parsons, an eminent merchant residing on the corner of South and Summer Streets, and a connection by marriage; and to Major Thomas Melvill, in Green Street, who had been a member of the Boston "Tea Party" and is said to have found some of the tea in his boots afterwards. He has been remembered as the last man in the community to wear smallclothes.

The party returned to Hadley by way of Connecticut, making a stay among the large circle of Huntington kinsfolk in Lebanon. There were relatives in Norwich also and among them was Carey Throop, an uncle of Rev. Dan Huntington. One of his townsmen recalls that when a boy he was crossing Mr. Throop's field early one Lord's day and, meeting the old gentleman, inquired of him if he had seen anything of a swarm of bees passing in that direction the night before. Uncle Carey drew himself up to his full and not inconsiderable height, and answered solemnly, "Young man, I am surprised that you should speak of such a thing as bumble-bees on Sunday morning."

But in spite of the serious views of life, and the then unrelaxed Puritan observances, family intercourse on the farm of "Forty Acres," as it was originally called, was happy and cheerful. The remoteness of situation, and perhaps some differences in religious sympathy with their neighbors, threw the children upon themselves greatly for diversion. The only playfellows were their cousins at "Pine Grove," the large house lately erected by Major Phelps on the southern portion of the paternal estate. Of the ten brothers and sisters, five were still at home when Frederic began to study

Latin with his sister Bethia. Three sons went to Harvard, the others to schools or academies in neighboring towns; the girls were sent to the famous Seminary in Troy, the founder and head, Mrs. Emma Willard, being a friend and connection. Her sister, Mrs. Lincoln, also an accomplished educator, married John Phelps, a cousin of Mrs. Huntington.

One of the daughters, visiting her sister Elizabeth, then married to George Fisher and residing in Oswego, received from Frederic the following letter, which gives a little glimpse of the family life.

HADLEY, Jan. 14, 1834.

To MARY DWIGHT HUNTINGTON, OSWEGO, N. Y.

Dear Mary: —Your letter to Theodore we received to-day.

In speaking of the Concert you do not inform us whether you performed the Solo that you were requested to or not; though perhaps we ought to infer that you did, as a thing of course. I am truly glad that you have an opportunity of exercising your singing powers, as you appear to have in the choir of Mr. Parker. Last evening Father and Mother went to Amherst, and made Dr. Humphrey a visit. It was a very pleasant day and evening, indeed we have had fine weather for almost a fortnight until to-day. It commenced raining this morning and continues to do so yet, so that this deep snow settles, and evaporates quite fast at present. It must be a great disappointment to many, for Edward who was here last evening, told us that he was expecting with about sixty others of the male and female gentry of Northampton to go to Springfield for a sleigh ride this afternoon; the young people of the

Upper Mills also were expecting to make up an excursion of pleasure to "Muddy Brook," but their enjoyments are nipped or rather dissolved, I am afraid, by this unexpected rain.

Mr. Harding called here last night in the evening and remained till ten o'clock this morning. He has a horse that will match with our grey colt and wishes to have Pa and Theophilus go out there this week and see if they can trade so as to bring them together. He wished them to take with them Bethia or Ma. If it should be pleasant perhaps they will go. Last Sunday we almost all of us attended meeting at the Mills. Mr. Payson delivered two excellent sermons, one upon "The Good Man," the other upon "Covering Sin."

Theophilus and Theodore intend to worship at Hadley this year with Father. Mother, Bethia and myself intend to go to Northampton when it is convenient.

Uncle Phelps is filling the new ice-house with ice from the river. Edward last week made the family here a present of a patent cooking-stove like that which Charles has in his kitchen. It is furnished with a large tin cover to bake under; a tin oven made for the purpose to set under it and roast in; a boiler to boil clothes in and other boilers; a small crank turns any part of it near the fire that may be wished. It is perfectly convenient for every purpose of cooking and a large armful of wood one and a half feet long will warm the kitchen as warm as the sitting room. The settle stands before the old fireplace. You can hardly imagine how differently the kitchen appears from what it used to.

We hear frequently from William. All well as usual and unite with sending love with your brother,

F. D. Huntington.

At the end of the letter is written in the mother's handwriting: —

Dear Mary: —If you find yourself in need of any article of dress and your purse has become empty, let us know, and we will endeavor to supply you with cash, for though we have nothing to waste in ornament and superfluities, thanks to our great Benefactor, we have enough to make us comfortable. Far more of this world's goods than was sufficient for Him who came from heaven to show us the way thither.

Surely we may well blush at the shameful distance, at which we follow Him.

With much love to parents and children, and dear Mary,

from her mother,

E. W. H.

The gray colt referred to was probably matched, for a pair of white horses grew old in the service and on one occasion took Mr. and Mrs. Huntington on a journey to Oswego and back, to visit their daughter and her family there. The barouche in which they drove was preserved until a later generation, large, roomy, and with steps to let down and fold up again, the delight of the grandchildren. The ride of five miles to Northampton, to church or visiting, was more of a circumstance in those days than now. In Frederic's childhood a bridge, with its curved floor of ancient pattern, spanned the Connecticut River at the south end of the farm, led across to Hatfield, and so by a good road to the county town. But this bridge was burned and never replaced, and for many years after travelers were

obliged to take a ferry at the end of Hadley street. A Boston and Albany stage passed through the village to Northampton and thence westward, and by this and the Erie Canal visits between the households in Hadley and Oswego were exchanged.

The boys' occupations were various. They made experiments in the culture of bees and they seem to have attempted the cultivation of peanuts, — sending orders for them and for horse-chestnuts in the letters to Boston, which traveled then usually by private hand, and getting them fulfilled through some obliging neighbor.

The "Farmer's Almanac" was eagerly welcomed and read. Regular work out of doors was expected of them and this was seldom distasteful to Frederic, who all his life recalled with enthusiasm the days spent on the slopes of the hills, on the breezy meadows, or in the woods in winter.

In cold weather he helped in cutting and drawing the firewood for the house, often taking entire charge of two "yoke" of oxen, driving the teams down the mountain side, — unloading and returning. At one time it was bark for the tannery which he hauled daily from the clearing to Fort River at the south. Years later, making an address before an agricultural society, Mr. Huntington said: "I rode plough, as they say, a good many times round before I ever stepped into a pulpit, — retaining to this day an especially clear recollection of being pitched over the horse's neck once, in a great quagmire, at the foot of Mt. Warner yonder, — a sort of 'slough of despond' which my father, with no despondency at all, but notions that seemed to me, at the time, excessively Utopian, insisted on converting into an arable cornfield, making us boys

partial instruments in the work; and long before I began to dig roots in the Greek Grammar, under Professor Tyler, in term-time, I used to weed ruta-bagas in vacation."

His earliest letter to a sister, at the age of nine, says: "To-day I have been ploughing the piece under the bank with the black colt alone."

Besides this active physical exercise the deeper aspects of nature undoubtedly made an impression upon the contemplative mind of a boy developing under such influences. He ever counted it one of the chief blessings in his lot that the wonderful beauty of the valley of his birth and the graceful and imposing features of its scenery were so familiar to him. The distinct outlines and forest-clad summits of Mount Holyoke and Tom on the south, of Toby and Sugarloaf on the north; the long ranges of hills rising one behind another to the westward across the winding Connecticut; the luxuriant loveliness of the meadows, with their magnificent elms; the surpassing splendor of the sunsets and the majesty of the thunder clouds; — all these bred in him an abiding love of the nobler features of the world around. Throughout his life his intense enjoyment of such scenes amounted to a passion.

In contrast to this existence of enjoyment, and perhaps owing to a sensitive disposition, there were phases of morbid apprehension unusual in a child, but which, in the form of nervous imagination connected with disease, occured at periods throughout his life. When only twelve years old he was possessed in this way, and replying to what was perhaps good-natured raillery from his brother at college, he says: —

"Your subject for me to write to you upon, I think

was, 'What is the best cure for Hypo?' I do not think there is any use in trying to get rid of it before the time comes."

His mother calls these "fidgety fears," but they were so real to the child that he never forgot the distress he suffered in the spring of 1830. It took one form as a dread of being poisoned, especially through food which might have been contaminated with his touch, a premonition of the infection of microbes, then probably unheard of. After he had washed his hands before meals, his little sister, knowing his apprehension, would open all the doors for him until he reached the table. This especial folly was cured by heroic treatment. One evening at supper, he had consumed the usual tale of doughnuts prompted by a boy's healthy appetite, tucking under the rim of the tea-tray, as too fatal to swallow, each end which he had held in his fingers. By some chance his mother became aware of the expedient for avoiding contamination. She immediately filled a cup with milk, broke into it the rejected food and bade him eat it. With only a mournful "Mother, I will do it, but I shall die," he obeyed.

It was, of course, the end of this particular phase of the malady, but perhaps in consequence, his parents in the summer of 1831 gave him an opportunity for change of scene by accepting an invitation for him to visit his brother, and take lessons in Latin and mathematics, in the neighboring town of Northampton. The eldest son had settled there, opened a law office and begun that honorable career, which was summed up in later times by Judge Hoar, in his reminiscences of the Anti-Slavery party, where he speaks of "Charles Huntington, the Judge, the Advocate, the stainless gentle-

man." This young man had married early a daughter of Elisha Hunt Mills, one of the conspicuous citizens of the town, and not long after built himself a house at the foot of Round Hill. It was through this home, in what was one of the most delightful towns in New England, the seat of unusual culture, taste, and refinement, that the young people of the Hadley farm found their pleasantest social connections.

But at the age of twelve Frederic was too young to realize anything but the absence from his home. He was pitifully unhappy. In a letter to his sister Mary at school her mother says: "When we left Frederic he looked very sorry. He feels it a great evil that he cannot live at home, but your Pa has told him that it may be possible he may not have to stay there longer than you are at Troy and that has given him some relief." Writing himself to Mary he says of his homesickness, "I find that the best way to get rid of it is to keep employed about something."

Before many months passed his parents decided wisely not to insist upon a separation which really brought suffering. In July his brother John Whiting died suddenly at home, a few days before the time set for him to graduate from Harvard College. The young man had shown great promise, was of an elevated and serious disposition, and seems to have had an unusual influence in his brief career.

In a letter to their mother from Cambridge, seven years after, Frederic writes: —

"I met lately with a very affectionate and touching tribute to the character of our Whiting. Among what are called the Bowdoin Prize Dissertations, bound and preserved in the College Library, is one by Bellows,

now of New York, written during the year after he graduated. On a blank leaf of the manuscript he had written the following words: —

" 'In secret memorial of a man of undefiled heart, sound mind and gentle manners, cut off in the dew of youth devoted to God and usefulness, — This humble effort of one whom he loved and labored to benefit is dedicated to the memory of John Whiting Huntington, classmate and chum of the author.'

" It implies, what I suppose is very true, that Mr. Bellows ascribes his first religious impressions, that have led him to his present useful and distinguished position,[1] to the example and efforts of his roommate."

Up to 1831 the education of the young children had been at home under the supervision of father, mother, and an older sister. Later in life Frederic expressed his gratitude for the care thus given him, and attributed largely to it his love of study and of letters. Learning was a pleasure and he was early inspired with a desire to become wise, not for the sake of competition, for there was none, but for its own reward. It was the habit of the entire family to spend their leisure hours in reading. They were supplied with the best books of the day and with standard literature. He says himself:

"I began to read Channing's and Dewey's and Martineau's writings when I was a child. Living in the country, I read them often in the open air, and they are associated with running streams in the woods, with apple blossoms, with clear hill tops, and with wide spaces of earth and sky. To these thoughtful and devout authors I have always felt more indebted, perhaps, for

[1] Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D.

first arousing the life of my mind and heart than to any others, except the inspired men of the Bible, and Sir Thomas Browne and Burke and De Quincey. It was because, like many others, I found them when I seemed to need them. Parted from their guidance afterwards, in interpreting some of the great meanings of revelation and history, I yet have never forgotten my unpaid obligation."

When Mary and Frederic entered school they attended Hopkins Academy in Hadley, generally walking the two miles morning and evening and carrying their luncheon. This historic seat of learning was founded from a fund left by Gov. Edward Hopkins of Connecticut, whose wife was the daughter of David Yale, for whose grandson, Elihu Yale, Yale College was named. The apportionment of the bequest to the town of Hadley was made through the influential settler, William Goodwin, for whom the present village library is named. The instruction in the academy was good. Rev. Dan Huntington was at one time a preceptor, as were also other men of learning, and young people from neighboring towns were attracted thither in consequence. It was there that Frederic made his preparation for college, with but one intermission which occured in the following manner: In the summer of 1834, in a public examination, the boy lost his presence of mind during a recitation from Cicero's Orations and his memory suddenly forsook him. One of the blunders he always vividly recalled, was in the nominative singular of the substantive *legibus*. After several mistakes and guesses he gave it up, to the great mortification of his father, one of the examiners. Such a dereliction in a pupil who had been well grounded in

Latin was deemed to merit pointed rebuke, and Frederic was told that he might pass the next few months as a merchant's clerk in the employ of his brother Edward in Northampton. This edict implied a forfeiture, perhaps forever, of a scholar's life, and was a severe blow to an ambitious and really studious youth. But after having submitted to the discipline and proved his attachment to the classics by devoting his leisure hours to Virgil, he was allowed to come home in November and for the rest of the winter his father himself superintended his lessons. If this was too stern dealing with the result of a momentary embarrassment, it nevertheless had the effect of enhancing the value of learning to the boy, who found himself deprived of the opportunities hitherto freely accorded him. His purposes were concentrated and after a further term at the academy, with some exercises in algebra and Greek under his brother William, then practicing medicine in Hadley, he was easily fitted for entrance to Amherst College in July.

Before we chronicle his departure from the home which in its associations was to be endeared to him for sixty years more, we pause to give its picture in his own words written in old age.

"The outward frame and scene survive still, with nearly unchanged features, in a New England valley; domicile, old-fashioned furniture, open fireplaces and andirons, the clock that has ticked the seconds of a Century and closed many a frolic of children with the stroke of nine; garret, cellar, Indian relics, elm trees, garden, well, orchard, cornfields; the brook behind the hill, the indoor heirlooms of six genera-

tions, all invested and hallowed with traditions and reminiscences that repeople every nook and corner of the place and bring tears to the eyes."

Even the homely toil, performed as it was in those days by mothers and daughters bred in dignity and refinement, assisted by handmaids reared in the house, had its aroma of poetry. Writing, when a Boston clergyman, to his sister, in remonstrance against some proposed household changes, he said: "But as to the old kitchen and all that, — that is a matter that touches me in a vital point. Can it be that I am to see those dear old nooks and corners in their wonted position never again? Potash kettle! Buttery! Milk-room! Precious, venerable, beloved, hallowed by a thousand tender associations and sacred recollections. Am I to see you no more as you were, wearing the familiar and homelike look, — forever?

"I tell you, Bethia, it is a very serious matter. Did I not use to take sweet and holy counsel with the best and purest of mothers, by the twilight, many and many a time, in that shady old milk-room? Milton may talk about the dim religious light of Gothic cloisters; it never was half as impressive as the light that used to shine in at sundown, not exactly, to be sure, 'thro' storied windows richly dight,' but through panes stained with age as art could not do it. I say again nobody has any business to meddle with those walls."

The festival of Thanksgiving, enjoyed by a large family, on the generous scale with which the household had always been maintained, was one which he never ceased to recall with pleasure. The preparation, for days, the initiatory feast of chicken pie the night

before, the bewildering variety spread on the festal board, the roasting turkey suspended from the big fireplace, the table full of sons and daughters gathered to give thanks — he held "a picture of that departed jubilee among the treasures of a grateful memory."

It was a home of which religion was the mainspring. The mother especially felt an obligation to keep fasts as well as feasts, although the strict following of Calvinistic observances had been set aside. Her daily intercourse with the Almighty inspired the round of care, and with prayer was mingled praise. Sunday evenings she would sing hymns, to the accompaniment of a guitar.

In the records of the Evangelical Association of a neighboring county it appears that its members met at the house of the Rev. Mr. Huntington of Hadley. The morning sessions were held at sunrise. This little knot of earnest believers, following a way which seemed to them to lead into fuller truth, thus imitated the example of the primitive Christians. At one of these gatherings at Northampton in 1827, "Mr. Huntington acted as Moderator and opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. R. W. Emerson preached from the text, 'Pray without ceasing.'"

In a letter to his wife from New York Mr. Huntington says: —

"I was told, I suppose it was to inflate my vanity, that yesterday I had a fuller house than had ever attended the preaching of any other man in it, except Dr. Channing. I presume it was accident. I have not the most distant thought that the preaching of the old Hadley plough-jogger can have in it anything very

enchanting in the City of New York, and why I am here I absolutely know not. But here I am, and whatever I am and whatever I have I will endeavor to devote to the service of my blessed Lord and Master."

In 1835, at sixteen years of age, Frederic was admitted, by the Rev. Oliver Stearns, into communion with the Church of Christ, in Northampton, where he had been brought up under the preaching of the Rev. E. B. Hall, for many years the family pastor. This step was taken deliberately. It had been often affectionately and solemnly urged by his mother, whose constant prayer for her children, that their souls might be awakened to the spiritual life, was answered in the case of every one; all but the youngest daughter, who died at the age of thirteen, becoming open witnesses to their faith.

Frederic was from his earliest infancy a child of the covenant, brought up as a member of the visible church, and this act of communion with the Christian body in which he had been nurtured was natural and harmonious. That it proved a strong security we have his own testimony, though his temperament and disposition led him easily towards moral excellence. Doubtless his high purposes were largely due to the fact that he lived much in the companionship of older persons, themselves of elevated character. This influence, of which he was aware, led him to the preparation of a manual for teachers which has been probably more widely read than any other of his published writings. In "Unconscious Tuition" he embodied his own experiences as well as his established theories on an important side of education. In his own

home neither corporal nor any degrading punishment was found necessary; the teachings pervading it were good examples and pure conversation, the companionship of gentle sisters, honorable brothers, a wise father, and a dear and holy mother whose intercessions never ceased to be offered for her children.

Notwithstanding all these safeguards, no youth who is allowed any liberty can grow up without some exposure to evil. One summer, an evil-minded companion was thrown much in the boy's way and this and one or two similar experiences in college caused him to look back with repugnance to what came near becoming sources of hidden corruption. But owing to the more beneficent influences over him he came out of the trial with a strengthened integrity.

The question as to the choice of a college was left undecided up to the last moment. Elizabeth Huntington, who had already sent six sons out into the world, showed an unusual reluctance to part with this one. It might have been that the loss of his little sister Catherine caused her to cling more closely to her youngest child. But she dreaded to have him exposed to new impressions in a distant place. One who prays for her loved ones with such constant and personal intercessions as hers is gifted with deep spiritual insight, but there was much that was especially sympathetic in mother and son. He had inherited that longing to get away from one's fellows which sent his great-grandfather, Charles Phelps, from the busy town up to the Vermont hills. Frederic said himself of his boyhood, that although living in the companionship of others he spent days in a sense of solitude. These

moods went with him through life and gave him his strong distaste to publicity, to crowds and functions and external expressions of the deep realities,. The austerity of a long line of Puritan forefathers had left its impress. And to one who watched with a mother's solicitude, the first contact of such a nature with the great world of humanity was a critical time. It was not strange that she desired to keep a lad of sixteen under her own influence until he became more mature.

Therefore, after some deliberation, his parents decided that he should enter Amherst College, not more than three miles distant. His three elder brothers had all attended Harvard College, and the tendencies of the family were so distinctively liberal that the choice of a stronghold of orthodox congregational theology seemed unusual. However it may be, his own love of home coincided with the choice, and gave him for four years longer that free enjoyment of rural life which ever distinguished him. At the same time his social instincts were so naturally expanded, under the genial associations of college life, that the periods of painful isolation of spirits from which he suffered in his boyhood seemed to pass away.

The day after the determination was made, he was examined, by special permission, and admitted to Amherst College, with the class of 1839. He passed the three months of subsequent leisure, largely on the farm, in out-of-door work, which was ever a congenial occupation, in company with his brothers, Theophilus and Theodore.

A few days after his final departure from home his mother writes: —

ELM VALLEY, Oct. 3, 1835,
Thursday evening.

TO FREDERIC D. HUNTINGTON, STUDENT, AMHERST COLLEGE.

My dear Frederic: —I am going to do what I recommend to you to do, keep a sort of record of the events of the day; and when I have a convenient opportunity send it to you, that you may not lose all knowledge of us, or interest in us. We have visited you several times to-day in spirit, and in conversation, and I imagine you have arranged your furniture, and swept and dusted your room and find yourself with your roommate very comfortably situated, and ready and able to go on with your studies to advantage. I am quite happy in the persuasion; because we read in the Book of books, this direction and promise united: "Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart; in all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

The two brothers have gone into town to collect, if they can, seventy persons who will be willing to unite in forming a singing-school to be taught by Mr. Kingsley. Your father is quite down with a cold, is now sitting by the kitchen fire to avoid the chattering of five females; yes, five without your mother; by this you will understand that Mary and Harriet Mills returned before dinner with Theophilus who went this morning to Northampton on business.

Saturday evening: half past ten. All gone to bed in peace and comfort; what obligations are we under to our guide by day and our guard by night! the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire that attend us, tho' too often unnoticed.

We miss you often at our social meals, and our social fireside; at the morning and evening sacrifice, and also as we gather around our Saturday evening table, with our religious books, and elevating employment. But thanks to God, we would not mourn your absence; we may hope for a meeting in this life. Some of our members have reached the end of their journey, when it was but just begun; and we are permitted to think of them as the inhabitants of a world of purity and peace and love, where no discordant passions agitate the bosom, and no doubts or fears interrupt the Communion of the blessed society — May the Lord of the Sabbath give us all a Sabbath blessing!

On Saturday afternoon our girls, Harriet, Elizabeth,[1] and Mary visited Mt. Warner. For want of a better conveyance they rode with Theodore part of the way in the old red wagon. Elizabeth came home much delighted with the refreshing sight of the Colleges and particularly of the door of the Chapel, as she thought possibly you might be standing in it. Wednesday forenoon: This morning your father, Theophilus, and Ben have gone to the mountain to pick up apples. Theodore stayed at home, is husking corn, I believe. Your father and mother last night had an invitation to drink tea this evening with widow Major Smith, in company with Doctor Brown and lady. This morning Mrs. Doctor Porter sent a note requesting our company and Bethia's at their house to meet friends at tea to-day, — what a pity, as calls of this kind are so rare, that there should be two for the same time!

I intend to leave this at Dr. Porter's store, to be sent to you. I hope soon to receive a long letter from you.

[1] Elizabeth Fisher — a granddaughter.

I feel a kind of satisfaction in the tho't that your writing desk is the same which was used by your brother, who is now a glorified spirit, and is perhaps permitted, as he himself hoped might be the case, to witness your faithful efforts in duty, and even assist you in the arduous work.

With the most earnest desire for your happiness and improvement,

I am as ever your affectionate mother,

ELIZABETH.

In February Frederic received his first letter from his father.

"Why may I not have the pleasure of writing a little letter? But this is a pleasure, I believe, which I have never yet had. And though I do not remember that you have ever asked me to write, I have not a single doubt but you will be just as glad to have me. Where there is a well-regulated affection, such as I hope subsists among the several branches of our family, formality, jealousy, distrust, and indifference can have no place. And because, in your absence from us, Providence has kindly cast your lot not far from home, am I, on this account, never to have the pleasure of writing you or receiving a letter from you? This would be making a wrong use of the indulgence. And though I hear no bad account of you, in your absence — no idleness, profligacy, insubordination, vice of any kind, nor want of scholarship, nor even of heresy, I cannot persuade myself that this is any reason why I should not now and then take pen in hand, and be a little sociable, if it is only to encourage you in the way of well doing. Mount Warner, with its formidable heights, indeed

may lie between us; but even these may be surmounted. Tho'ts are free as air. We may send them over mountains, across oceans and deserts, to the ends of the earth, to the stars and to the end of time, in an instant."

The sly allusion to heresy was characteristic of the old gentleman, whose turn for pleasantry was far more in evidence than any really controversial spirit. In point of fact Frederic's position as the only Unitarian, with the exception of his roommate, in the whole college, was never in any way a marked one. So far from finding himself an object of suspicion, he always expressed gratitude for the circumstances of his college career. The fact that in his religious opinions he stood alone had a tendency to redouble his efforts towards scholarship and exemplary conduct. He was always treated with courtesy by the faculty. After the first months his Sundays were largely passed with his family, when he accompanied them to their place of worship in Northampton.

On the other hand, a few years after, he refers in a letter to his mother to a threatened act of neighborhood oppression, and the playful allusions are an evidence of the good-humored spirit of tolerance for ecclesiastical ostracism which prevailed in the household. When the new bridge was erected over the Connecticut a question arose as to collecting tolls on Sunday. To the Huntington family, who drove back and forth each week to church across the river, the exaction seemed unnecessary and arbitrary.

Undoubtedly with the village people this remonstrance was less to be considered because of the feeling excited by having a household of some prominence pass the meeting-house and go on to an alien place of

worship. A contemporary used to recall to her grandchildren seeing the large carriage drive down the West street and turn into the Northampton road, and it aroused a sense of religious differences which in those days were far more keenly deplored than at present.

"You speak of Colonel ——, and his little-souled coadjutors. Probably he feels, when he has turned upon us the key of that toll-gate, like another St. Peter who has laudably locked out a reprobate from Paradise. There is a bridge that Milton speaks of—

"'Of wondrous length,
From hell continued reaching to the orb
Of this frail world; which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro.
— except whom God and good angels guard by special grace.'

"For this bridge I presume he would admire to give us a contract gratis, and probably he thinks it is the only one we have a right to pass. However, as you say, if we trust Providence perhaps he will provide a passage way, when 'the pure keen air,' 'the piercing spirit of the North' shall visit us unjust as the just, 'and the incrusted surface shall upbear our steps.' Why might not we give ice a new name, and call it the heretics' bridge?"

His father continues his epistle, filling three pages with excellent advice.

"In the multiplicity of your engagements, give yourself time to think. Think a great deal and think closely — when you read, lay by your book and think what you have been over — think what you have heard and seen, in the common intercourse of life."

The system of instruction in that day was not

adapted to lead the mind from the technicalities of grammar and text-book to the higher play of thought and imagination. In later reminiscences the student of the "thirties" was wont to describe the barren and mechanical field on which classical literature and history were pursued. Not a word of illustration or reference was added to the subject to arouse that interest which gives so largely the charm to a modern lecture room.

At an alumni dinner Dr. Huntington told the tale of one unlucky instructor. Speaking of the college he says: "From the first breath of its infancy Amherst College has never tasted a whiff of any other than New England air. If foreign ideas have ever arrived and dismounted at this door, it has fared with them a good deal as it did with the polite and amiable French master that came, in the summer of '36, to teach our class, when we were sophomores, the French pronunciation. There were two windows and they always happened to be accidentally open, on the north side of the recitation room, and from the moment the roll was called a silent process of waste began on that end of the seats, till, somehow, when the hour was up, through the doorway along with the unobservant and smiling tutor, only 'three angels issued' where threescore 'went in.'"

The resource of the more active intellects was found in debate, then very popular, and in the different societies. Among these were the "Alexandrian," of which he was president, the "Chi Delta Theta," the "N. L. D.," and the "Alpha Delta Phi." To the latter Frederic's allegiance was strong through life, and in his last will and testament he bequeathed his pin, with

its insignia, to a daughter. Young men, members of the fraternity, who made themselves known to him were most cordially received. It happened more than once, in later years at the Hadley homestead, that students, paddling down the river in a canoe, would beach their craft under the willows, and cross the meadows to call upon him, and he delighted to welcome them in behalf of their alma mater.

He was one of the editors of the periodical "Horae Collegianae," conducted by a committee of seniors. In that appeared in November, 1837, his first printed article, entitled "The Hours of Life." Its heading was the quotation from a sun dial near Venice, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*," — a sentiment which attracted the boy, and was ever characteristic of a taste which found its deepest satisfaction in tranquil contemplation, in the calm and soothing aspects of nature, in a social intercourse free from criticism and contention.

In spite of the fact that he passed through the four years' curriculum without a mark in the scale of deportment, for absence or any breach of discipline, he entered with zest into occasions of merriment and joined his companions in open-air diversions; not in those days athletic sports, but rambles along stream and through the woods, with gun or fishing rod. He formed acquaintance readily, and his quick sense of humor made him foremost in wit and chaff and repartee.

His roommate, Dexter Clapp, was a man of rare loveliness of character. They attended the Hadley Academy together, were natives of the same county, entered the divinity school and the sacred ministry at

the same time, and maintained an unbroken intimacy until the death of Rev. Mr. Clapp, after pastorates at the Unitarian churches in Spring Street, Roxbury, and in Salem, Massachusetts. With such companions, his college time was delightfully passed. Generosity, good cheer, and loyalty to each other characterized the intercourse of the set of students thus brought together, and proved a bond of affection in after-life.

In the winter of 1837, following a fashion of the time, and partly for the purpose of helping meet his expenses, Frederic took a position as teacher in South Amherst. He had never attended a district school, and it was his first experience as an instructor, but he had a natural taste for the occupation and experienced no difficulty in fulfilling what was required of him. Like many others similarly placed, he learned, as he writes his sister Mary, that "boarding round is not the pleasantest mode of living; rather precarious as respects reading, study, lodging, keeping, &c., &c."

Here, as in college, his thoughts constantly turned to what in writing to Edward he speaks of as "home, the best place in my estimation in this little world."

In another letter he says: —

"Your epistle came to hand — I was at the time in a state of quiet, 'so to speak.' A few of us were gathered about the step-stones at the South door at eventide, a hallowed spot and hour, a few of us, I say — Cousin Eunice Phelps, sister Mary, Amelia Judkins and myself. Speaking of Cousin Eunice, you probably recollect her a lady of talent and refinement — a teacher in Troy Female Seminary, spending a part of her vacation with us. But perhaps you are wondering how I happen to be in Hadley. The fact is the term closes

next Wednesday, Commencement Day. The examination has closed already and we are free at that time, — we have a vacation of six weeks.

"The Social Union Society, whose business it was to engage an orator this season, failed in their attempt, after applying to Webster, J. Q. Adams, Judge Story, Dr. Channing, Frelinghuysen, Dr. Cox, Mr. Sprague, George Bancroft and others, &c., &c. Too great men in my opinion, at least many of them. The term has been exceedingly pleasant — studies — conic sections, Cicero de Oratore, Longinus, the book of Revelation and French, quite easy. Have been reading Irving's 'Rocky Mountains,' 'Sartor Resartus,' 'Red Rover.'"

There were occasional social festivities in Amherst among families connected with the college. Among the friends of that time, and on terms of intimacy, Mr. Huntington enjoyed an acquaintance with Emily Dickinson, later distinguished as a poet.

The centre of social and intellectual life in Northampton at this time was the hospitable home of Judge and Mrs. Lyman. Their pastor afterwards said that there was no image in his mind of their front door ever being closed early or late. The daughter writes in her Recollections of Mrs. Lyman:" [1] "When winter came on, her thoughts would turn naturally to the two families of Huntington and Phelps, whose beautiful homes near Hadley were her delight in her summer hours, but whose young inmates she felt were sadly cut off from social privileges in the long winters."

Together with his sisters, Frederic was a privileged

[1] *Recollections of my Mother: Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman, of Northampton*, by Susan J. Lesley.

guest, and frequently made one of the lively company gathered around the hostess, herself the wittiest of them all, a "queenly woman," as Mr. R. W. Emerson called her, "with flowing conversation, high spirits and perfectly at ease."

Shakespeare readings were a favorite evening entertainment. "When my mother took the part of Portia, and Mr. Frederic D. Huntington, then a youth, that of Bassanio, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' every one that could came to listen." Frederic found another pleasant visiting place at the "Gothic Seminary" for young ladies, the objective point of many a sleigh ride and serenading party from Amherst College, eight miles away. He often refers to "the Trio," his special friends and correspondents, in letters to Mary, his "sister dear," while she was passing the winter at her brother's residence near by. On Round Hill, above the old town, flourished the famous school, which numbered among pupils and teachers George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, and Benjamin Peirce.

In the four years of a college course Frederic's tastes had ripened, his character had become formed. Concentration of purpose, steady habits of industry, foundations of knowledge clear and defined, are gained in a curriculum such as he had pursued, and they are those which he himself ever set at a high value. His existence had been led in a narrow channel but it ran deep. In the small circle of his student life his chosen comrades were men like himself, pure, refined, intellectual, and to this association he owed much. The tender affections of his home encouraged his nature in unreserved and spontaneous expression. Hard work on the farm in vacations toughened his frame and in-

spired him to healthy activity, while at college a regimen which exacted daily attendance at chapel at six o'clock in the morning implanted a hardy indifference to bodily ease. Love of nature, fondness for books, high ideals, all these the boy had carried with him when he entered Amherst College. He left its halls with an increased manliness, established principles, and the consciousness of intellectual power which was acquired by his practice in writing and debate.

At the termination of the college course he suffered from the only serious illness of his life, an attack of typhoid fever. In spite of these hindrances and of the term spent in teaching, he easily held first rank in scholarship for four years and on graduation was awarded the highest appointment — an English oration with the valedictory address. This was largely prepared on a sick bed, during his convalescence, and delivered when he could barely stand, on Commencement Day, August 28th, 1839. His subject was "The Brotherhood of Scholars." Among the other parts were "Materials for Poetry in Hebrew History," Richard Salter Storrs; "The Ideal of Art," Nathaniel Augustus Hewitt; "Devotion to Principle," Henry Grant DeForest. These three, who became the distinguished preacher, the founder of the Paulist Fathers, the influential citizen, together with Edward B. Gillett, later a lawyer of distinction in western Massachusetts, made up a group of intimate companions, whom Frederic Huntington held as valued friends all through his life.

CHAPTER II

THE DIVINE COMMISSION

"It is the King's Highway we are in."

THE visitation of fever which passed over the Connecticut Valley in the summer and autumn of 1839 proved a grave infliction. Three in the Huntington household and four in the Phelps were attacked, and in each occurred a death. The long strain of anxiety and bereavement began with Frederic's illness. He was tenderly cared for by mother and sisters. As he lay in the darkened room, his parching thirst aroused memories and longings for the little brook flowing behind the hill across the road, and his soul sought for spiritual refreshment. During his convalescence there was leisure for reflection, for humble dependence and for a reconsecration to a religious life. It was then that his decision to enter the sacred ministry took definite shape, a calling to which in a measure he had looked forward from the beginning of his academic studies. With all his heart, earnestly and prayerfully, he set himself towards his chosen career.

There was no question as to a choice in theological instruction. Although the religious influences of his boyhood were those of the "Standing Order" of Orthodox belief, his parents had been banished from their former communion. Its ecclesiastical yoke

seemed to him one of intolerance and bigotry. "Its aspect was uninviting. The culture was undeniably rude. There was an ever-increasing impression of unreality. Naturally the immense problem and mystery of the unseen world come before a youth in public worship, and at those points where the instituted ministration touched the chief things of life — birth, the act of uniting with the Church, wedlock, death and burial. Here this touch seemed to H. to be neither strong nor gentle. Again and again he asked himself, why this solemn performance might not be less rough and raw. Why should it not manifest in some fair measure the glory of that realm where, as all were agreed, the perfection of beauty shines?

"In vacations and holidays he wandered with his fowling-piece in sweet-scented woods and along the river banks, wondering why all the deep meanings of splendor and shade, the living forms and harmonies, the innumerable and vivid witnesses to a beauty-loving Maker and order-loving Designer should be so far apart from that other thing called religion. Why should the weekly Sabbath shut the door on all these divine disclosures, and open a door into a bare room of unsightly woodwork and blank plastering without color, symmetry or significance?" This he wrote fifty years later of his own boyhood.[1]

On the other hand the Unitarian doctrines seemed to him full of beauty and simplicity. He had been taught to reverence the Scriptures and commit them to memory, to worship the Saviour of mankind and trust His love and redeeming power. Like his mother he longed ardently for a creed which would gather in

[1] *The Forum*, June, 1886.

rather than exclude, which would win rather than denounce. "At Northampton, near by, two generations before, Jonathan Edwards, though he so preached that the older people clutched the sides of the pews to keep them from sliding into the pit, failed to persuade the young to live in chastity and decency, gave the attempt up in despair and went away leaving the town unclean."

With the echoes of these imprecations still in his ears, witnessing a church discipline which demanded public penitential confessions of immorality, under a pulpit which omitted all ethical application, there was a charm in the contrast offered by Dr. Channing's gentle and exalted utterance on "the dignity of human nature." Frederic's convictions were the result of early impressions, of environment and reaction against ecclesiastical intolerance, but they were none the less seriously considered and prayerfully determined. One feeling was predominant when he sent his request for admission to the Harvard Divinity School, that his mind should be kept open towards all new light and all new truth which might enter it.

In order to regain his strength after the weeks of fever he took a short excursion into Connecticut with his parents and elder sister, and then accepted a position to teach in the charming hill town of Warwick, in Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire border. The healthful air was one object, to aid his convalescence, and another a desire to provide for himself in the expenses of a professional course. He found a pleasant welcome from the Rev. Preserved Smith, a man eminent for his interest in education.

Writing to his mother September 14th, 1839, Frederic says: —

" Mr. Smith's family make me very welcome there and it seems more like home than any other place. He has a superior library, and music of a tolerable quality. The old lady is particularly kind, one of the earth's excellent. Of the scenery — the external world, as it strikes my fancy, I cannot say enough in the way of admiration. It is romantic, perhaps not *beautiful* yet the *immediate* vicinity is neat and cultivated. But the mountains, and they are close by, are glorious; their sides covered with dense green forests or rich pasturage, and their rounded tops much of the time covered with sunlight, while the valleys are shaded. I revel in the wildness of scenery mingled with the cultivated, morning, noon and night.

" By making regular divisions of my time I accomplish out of school, no inconsiderable amount of reading, both in English, Latin and French, besides walking, and rambling over the hills. I must not omit to tell you that I have been requested by the Franklin County Board of Education to give a lecture in four towns in this vicinity this Autumn. My fellow lecturers are Rev. Mr. Everett and Rev. Mr. Smith. I hesitated awhile on account of the ' tallness ' of my company, but they were urgent and I accepted. My subject is ' Moral Instruction.' "

The pupils in the academy were bright young people, and the families with whom their schoolmaster thus became acquainted remained valued friends. Throughout his life the memories of those pleasant weeks in Warwick with the Pomeroys, Lathrops, Balls, Spooners, Wheelocks, and Russells were among those which he loved to recall, and in his later years Bishop Huntington made a journey each summer to

renew with some of the few who remained, the friendly intercourse of the past.

The month of October of the year 1839 proved a sad one for the home household. Nearly every member had suffered from the prevailing fever since midsummer.

October 9th, his mother writes: "Thanks to the Father of our Mercies we are all able to walk about the house and to walk out of doors a little, and to ride out in this delightful Autumnal air, all excepting our dear Mary who has at last been obliged to quit her labors of love and care of the sick and herself to be the object of our solicitude."

Five days later the beloved sister was taken, as her mother writes of her, "rich in faith, rich in hope, rich in good works — her mind is clear as light. Her life how pure and excellent."

To the favorite brother, whose aspirations she had often kindled, whose high-souled sympathy had responded to hers, it was an especial loss. In a letter to his brother Edward, October 21st, he says: "Is it not an evidence that our family affections are a part of religion that they are immortal — that while other objects lose their fascination and we seem to take a firmer hold on futurity, even then our attachment to each other becomes deeper?"

The term in Warwick closed before Thanksgiving. That annual festival Frederic passed with his family in their bereaved home and then joined the junior class at the Cambridge Theological School.

Divinity College.
Cambridge, Dec. 5th.

My dear Mother: — Finding myself somewhat settled, I thus comply with your earnest request, and at

the same time discharge a positive duty. The journey was not rendered *very* disagreeable by the tempestuous weather *without*, the cars being provided, as you know, with all the comforts of a parlor. Mr. Child [1] was extremely entertaining. His extensive travels, his close habits of observation, his peculiar views in politics and domestic economy, his thorough and practical education all combine to make him a man of remarkable powers in conversation. A truer abolitionist I suspect never lived.

Here I am in old Harvard. It is the place of all places, for study. My room has a pleasant location, looking towards Charlestown and Boston — handsomely furnished, carpeted and papered. The articles I brought are coming into very valuable use, though the sheets and pillowcases are superfluous, these being supplied by a benevolent sisterhood in Cambridge. All the men in the Hall seemed gratified to see me and things wear a very kindly aspect. The people I have seen are the families of Dr. Ware, Jun., and Mrs. Howe; I shall call at Prof. Pierce's soon. In one week's time I hope to stand square with my classmates in the studies — meantime I recite with the rest. I have just been to hear a lecture from Mr. Adam the distinguished Orientalist.

As the season opened he describes Cambridge, "becoming with the rich foliage and full blossoms of the Spring a perfect Paradise. Do not allow yourselves any sort of anxiety respecting my habits of exercise. Our hall is surrounded by a very salubrious

[1] The husband of Lydia Maria Child, the well-known author of anti-slavery literature.

as well as a very spiritual atmosphere. And we do not allow ourselves here to forget the care of the physical man. A game of ball occupies us an hour or two of every day. Our gardens furnish us with plenty of amusement besides, and two or three walks weekly to Boston three and a half miles distant, and elsewhere, make up you will perceive, quite a little amount of labor. I never felt more vigor in my life. Even the sea winds, which to other dwellers on the coast are so disagreeable, are to me only fresh and pleasant breezes.

"I find our secluded spot as calm, as favorable to study and devotion as ever. If one does not practice the virtues and draw near to God, here, where there is no collision of passions and so few of the temptations that beset our busy life, I don't know where he can expect to do it. In study, however, I am aware, there are dangers likewise — dangers that spring from the study itself.

"May strength be given us to resist them successfully. There is One who is strong and ready to give counsel and guidance and wisdom itself."

The country youth had entered a new intellectual world. Through practice in the Amherst debating clubs, he had become a master in forensic oratory and his soul was fired with interest in the subjects of the day, especially the reforms which were then fresh in men's minds and dividing society into hostile camps. In the curriculum of the Divinity School Friday evening discussions on stated subjects were prescribed. Among the set of men who gathered there enthusiasm did not flourish. Educated in the calm and cultivated atmosphere of Boston Unitarianism, they felt no such hot antagonism to Calvinism as that which stirred one

who was reared under its forbidding aspects. Huntington distinguished himself among them, not only by the brilliancy of his style, but by his intense ardor for the side he espoused and his aptness in utterance. One element in the persuasiveness of his eloquent words was their fine intonation and perfectly modulated delivery. Long afterward a fellow student recalled vividly the impression of a summer afternoon, in the shade and stillness of Divinity Avenue, when sitting in his room he became spellbound, listening from across the hall to the rich musical inflections of Huntington's voice, as he read aloud one of Martineau's sermons. Successful as he then proved himself to be in extemporaneous speaking, it was a gift which in after years he held to be fraught with danger, and those whom he instructed in pulpit methods will recall the warnings, which increased in old age, against preaching without most careful preparation.

In spite of his early readiness in disputation, he never showed a taste for controversy for its own sake. His chief endeavor was to state a subject clearly, and he cared less to overthrow an adversary, or to convince an audience by a process of reasoning, than to enforce by lucid and persuasive exposition the appeal which the truth makes to the conscience of men. In the intellectual atmosphere of the university the charm of literature cast its spell around him. He drank deep at the sources of noble English. Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle were the new writers who were influencing the minds of that generation, and their works impressed him profoundly.

Much poetry, now familiar to us, was then a delightfully new experience. To his mother, bereaved in the

loss of the beloved daughter, he writes, asking her to accept a volume just published.

"Its very title promises something like sympathy to the mourner. Yet, solemn as are the 'Voices of the Night,' they breathe comfort and encouragement for the labors of the day. Many of them I have committed to memory. In many respects I like the piece called 'Flowers,' better than any other in the book." This was a favorite to the end of his life, and his fondness for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems and for William Cullen Bryant's, carrying with them early associations, never yielded to the great masters of verse, across the sea. From youth to old age, even to a few weeks before his end, "The Waning Moon" was frequently repeated with deep feeling.

The first real contact of the young man with sinning souls came through the work in the city institutions, which was part of the training of the divinity students. This formed the only outlet for active sympathy, in a rather isolated course of study and reflection.

CAMBRIDGE, April 4, 1840.

TO EDWARD PHELPS HUNTINGTON.

In that you study serenely and are absorbed thereby you resemble me. More and more I become careless of society. When I look at it I see little but a subject of pity or laughter. Having discovered where the springs are I hope by and by to make an effort to touch them.

Criticism, Evidences, Pulpit Oratory, these are our regular topics at present. I am engaged just now in a course of Civil History — somewhat extended. The walks about here are delightful, and I improve them. Esq. Time is leading Spring in, in a very gentlemanly

way, and though winter occasionally blusters and sprinkles a little snow in his laughing sister's pathway, she enervates him with one of her warm sighs.

My room has a Western view — very fine, embracing the garden belonging to the school, the village of C., high grounds beyond with pleasant villas, and then the blue of the mountains melts into the softer blue of the sky that embraces them. The garden we have the privilege of cultivating.

Our preaching is of the highest order. Of course we can find such hereabouts. Dr. Walker and Dr. Channing are the two great ones and Prof. Ware is not far behind. I usually attend in the City in the morning, as I instruct every Sabbath before the services in one of the Prisons. I find many characters there that interest me; humanity although in ruins, and Faith hidden under a mass of degradation. The men seem quite willing to learn and to think — the women are doubtful.

The Transcendental Movement had its attractions. It is interesting to compare the impressions of the youth with the ripe judgment of the scholar fifty years later.

CAMBRIDGE, May 16, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — In his late kind letter Father alludes to the agitation of new opinions that now so extensively occupies the attention of liberal Christians. It is emphatically the great Theological question of the day. It is not altogether, though too much, a question of words and quiddities. I am satisfied in my investigations thus far that there is truth, some new truth in this system of self-styled spiritualism.

Do not imagine I am at all beguiled with the tinsel, the pretended intellectual character of German Transcendentalism. I never was so far from that as at this moment. I only wish to make it a subject of fair, honest, intelligent inquiry. It will hardly do to call Transcendentalists fools, — for they number some able minds. I find that the system was first drawn out by Kant in Germany — the most unexceptionable man in doctrine that the sect has perhaps contained. In the hands of Fichte, Hegel and Schelling it became more atheistic. In England it has been more a subject of philosophy than of Theology. Coleridge like Goethe has interwoven it in his poetry. Carlyle acknowledges an idealistic Pantheism and probably Emerson would do the same. There are few such however among American Spiritualists. They still hold to the strict Personality of the Deity and other essential features of Christianity. They have their meetings — conversations etc., about here, often calling themselves Philosophers.

Emerson and Alcott mystify, Ripley spiritualizes, Stetson jokes, Very poetizes etc., Norton stands out against them and receives pamphlets and other squibs with perfect composure. I fear he is not altogether charitable, however. I have met Rev. T. Parker once; he preaches in a Church in Roxbury, is a Spiritualist, a distinguished scholar and clever man.

Nearly half a century later Bishop Huntington wrote: "From 1835 to 1840, a movement was felt which was to affect palpably American thought, literature and faith. Its influence was exerted primarily in Unitarian circles, but reached thinking men in

New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis. Under the name of Transcendentalism it introduced, chiefly from German Schools, the intuitional Philosophy, not only discrediting experimentalism, and the deductive process generally, but proposing inevitably a new method in the evidences of Christianity, Biblical criticism, the testing of creeds, and the spiritual life. Naturally enough the incoming wave found easy admission in Unitarian ranks, where liberty was already a cardinal principle. Immediate fruits were the Norton and Ripley debates on Spinoza and Pantheism, the 'Dial,' Theodore Parker's transfer from the suburbs to a Boston lecture hall, the coterie grouped about Emerson and Margaret Fuller, and a division of the Unitarian preachers and people into a conservative and progressive party. A remoter and better consequence, as the way of Providence is apt to be with sincere reforms, was a permanent modification of theological habits in various Protestant leaders, a widening of the grounds of Christian belief, a freshening of dry fountains of discourse, and the dismemberment of a barren cause. Such attending phenomena as individual or partisan extravagance, over-statement, ill-temper, a provincial cant, an imitative Germanized style corrupting good English would be transient.

"To eager and open-minded young scholars those were interesting days. Every week brought some new contribution to the local excitement. Emerson preached his aphoristic sermon before the graduating class of the Divinity School. Was it Pantheism or not? Henry Ware and his coadjutors said it was little or no better. Doctors Francis, Stetson, Ripley and others said it was a sure prophecy from a divine oracle. Clubs

met and sat up late. Translations from German metaphysics, poets, and commentators were on parlor centre-tables. Bright women recruited the intuitional contingent. Brook Farm attempted to apply the foreign illumination to Yankee industry and the solution of labor questions by an improved Fourierism, drawing companies from the region round about to brilliant *symposia*, but under a financial necessity presently folded its tents and silently stole away. 'Sartor Resartus' and Carlyle's subsequent writings were then and for some time after the popular reading for undergraduates and self-educated students all over the land. More than that, they were stirring in multitudes a sense of the radical difference in all moral and religious and social action between appearance and reality, letter and spirit, make-believe and self-forgetful earnestness. The increase was not all solid gold. When much rubbish is suddenly cast out, there is always risk that some new rubbish will be taken in." [1]

The letter written to the Hadley home, May, 1840, called forth some words of warning from his father, to which he replied at length.

CAMBRIDGE, May 30.

TO THE REV. DAN HUNTINGTON.

My dear Father: — This has been the week of Anniversaries in the City. Many of them I attended with interest. Of course the Conference of Unitarian clergymen was the most important in my view. The information laid before that body was cheering, the spirit manifested was excellent, the discussions able and candid. Among other questions that of "New

[1] *The Forum*, June, 1886.

Views" came up and was freely discussed by Revs. Ripley, Hedge, Osgood and Stetson, from the new party; and Gannett, Pierpont, Hall and Hill from the old.

I thank you sincerely for the excellent cautions in your late letter and I took the liberty of reading them to a friend or two. As to the merits of the questions at issue, I know as yet, but little. I wish to examine both sides cautiously, intelligently and fairly. At the present point, I can say that I think there is truth in all views — that the excesses and marked peculiarities of Transcendentalism are all humbug; not however because they are *new*, for I suppose new truths will be forever breaking upon men's souls, and that men should always stand ready to receive them.

The weather here has been extremely hot this week, the thermometer mounting to 96°. It must be fine weather for crops. H. told me the other day that he never saw the river valley more beautiful. Would that I could look in upon it!

You inquire kindly about funds. I am in no want at present. Expenses here are small. Perhaps I had best take a school in the Fall, though that term will be a very interesting one here on many accounts and important too.

Please express yourself more fully respecting what you think best for me. I am your boy still, though I was twenty-one day before yesterday.

With the truest love and the most affectionate remembrance of all, your dutiful son, FREDERIC.

The privilege of hearing eminent preachers was one which the young student especially valued. Among

these whom he enjoyed, in addition to others already mentioned, were Dr. Orville Dewey, Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, Dr. Francis Greenwood, and Dr. George Putnam.

He was at first much impressed by Theodore Parker, "so much talked of now, a noble man, eloquent, bold and in earnest, and a scholar withal and as spiritual-minded as the best of his frightened accusers." This in July, 1840. The following year, July, 1841, he writes his mother: "Nothing agitates the community in this region at present so deeply as Parker's sermon. My own unimportant view of the matter, so far as I have thought upon it is this. Mr. Parker was unfortunate, if not blamable, in selecting, as the occasion of bringing out opinions so new, an ordination of a minister by other ministers of an existing sect whose opinions he must have known to differ materially from his own. He has embarrassed the Unitarian body gratuitously and without right or authority to do so." He was, however, at that time, impressed with Theodore Parker's fervor and eloquence and ready to give him credit for fearlessness and sincerity.

To his brother he sends an account of experience in another line of doctrinal utterance.

DEAR NED: —I might have been seen, a few evenings since in one of the galleries of Park St. church. Persons were one by one quietly taking their places in the different parts of the house. The few lamps that were lighted burned somewhat dimly and waveringly. I had just concluded an animated whisper conversation with a young German Mystic, dismissed now from respect to gathering assembly, — Then the deep double

bass of the organ, with a full choir pealed forth the following, imitating the idea of the third and fourth lines, till the building shook to its foundations:

"See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hear the awful thunders rolling,
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Turn O sinner!"

And now rose the elegant form of the celebrated Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. Kirk. Of him it is enough to say he is an eloquent man, a man of superior talent, but a poor theologian.

In the same epistle he concludes: "The Fourth with its foolery, its flags, its parades, its false patriotism and its pitiable confusion has gone away; and it has been succeeded by the holier hours on which we celebrate a nobler than a nation's birth — even a world's — the calm, the peaceful commemoration of the resurrection of the Prince of Peace and of the birth of man's hope of immortality. To the spirit of that mighty Messenger — of the Message he brought, I cannot help considering the shoutings and shootings as directly opposed. They breathe of war and passions, of the senses and sin, of forgetfulness of the spiritual element of our nature.

"Our term is nearly finished. I think I may say, I never accomplished a greater amount of work in the same time. On casting up the pages I have read and studied since the first of March, I find they amount to about eleven thousand, besides writing, debating and other things. A vacation is quite in place and I am delighted with your proposition to move among the haymakers. On Saturday I intend to go to Northampton.

Cannot we meet the week after? Keep cool. The Lord bless you. Yours changelessly, one of the friends whose pride you are."

The course which the student of divinity pursued at Cambridge was, as he himself afterwards recalled it, one "of which it may be safely said that at that time a favorable opportunity for outlook and quiet study was the chief advantage, rather than the curriculum and the chairs." During the spring of '42 he writes to his parents: "Judging from present appearances we are likely to be left in the school, as is apt to be the case here, very much to the guidance of our own impulses. Is it not well that we are such safe young men?"

Dr. Henry Ware had become emeritus. His son, Dr. Henry Ware, Jun., an excellent and distinguished man, was in failing health, and this was the last class which had the benefit of his instruction. In October, 1840: "Our new professor Dr. Noyes has commenced his duties. He seems to be a thoroughly scholarly man, and will doubtless be much liked." In ecclesiastical history the students seemed quite independent. "My plan is to take a single *idea*, a single thought, as for example, the idea of the freedom of the will, the idea of a Catholic Church, of the Trinity, of the Reformation, of Quakerism, and trace it first to its original starting-place as nearly as possible and then follow out the history of that idea, in all its development and modifications and applications through all the periods of Church History. I think it is most philosophical to follow such a course, and the knowledge thus gained is more available."

Although it was out of the regular system for students to preach while at the Divinity School, permission

was granted to do so in certain cases and Mr. Huntington seems to have given his first sermon at the House of Correction in East Cambridge, March 22nd, 1841.

During the following summer he ministered to a little flock of "Liberal Christians" who gathered in a lonely schoolhouse on the hills above the Connecticut Valley. The building still stands in the town of Leverett, as humble and remote as it was sixty years ago.

Several years after, when the young minister of the South Congregational church in Boston was in the height of his activity, his father writes of this worthy little band to whom he himself had been ministering: "They have given very good attendance. A number of them have spoken of you in a very friendly manner. They seem to take something to themselves for having broken a colt, that bids so fair to run a good race. I hope their honest pride may be duly appreciated."

Huntington was at this same time teaching for a second autumn term in the neighboring village of Warwick, renewing his old associations, riding daily one of his father's horses and laying aside means to complete his theological course. He delivered some educational and lyceum lectures in the adjoining towns, and during the following winter vacation preached occasionally in the small Unitarian parishes on the river, where his father was in the habit of supplying the pulpit.

At times he assisted at King's Chapel in Boston by reading the service for Rev. Dr. Greenwood. This was his earliest acquaintance with a liturgical form of worship.

CAMBRIDGE, April 8, 1842.

DEAR EDWARD: — All your criticisms upon performance in the pulpit and upon the clerical office are full of interest to me. You cannot well imagine the eagerness with which I look about for different styles and the success, the excellencies, the blemishes in each. Putnam of Roxbury is our greatest *preacher* now in the country. He is simple, direct, nervous, chaste, eloquent. James F. Clarke is one of the best and most original thinkers.

Our class are preaching Sunday evenings in the village church here. My connection with Mr. Young's Sunday-school is a source of a great deal of interesting and, I trust, profitable labor. If I were employed with the children I should feel myself to be taken from my more important studies. But my office concerns rather the teachers — whom I meet at their houses on the evenings of week-days for conversations, religious, theological, critical. They are unrestrained, sociable and sensible. Some of these ladies (there is only one gentleman and he is silent as a post) are very talented and very cultivated — belong to the "first circles" — (a horrid expression) and often write beautiful essays. To be the instructor of such persons requires a man to have his wits about him, at least.

During the senior year at the Divinity School he served as superintendent of the Sunday-school connected with the society of Rev. Alexander Young, at Church Green in Boston. In this position he was the successor of Rufus Ellis, one year in advance of him at Cambridge. Rev. Mr. Ellis became pastor of the household at Elm Valley, during his ministry at the

Unitarian church in Northampton. Of his first visit to the town, with his friend Huntington, he afterwards wrote in strains of delightful retrospect.

"It was a beautiful day in the earliest autumn, when two of us, fellow students at C. climbed up to the seat behind the driver on the old 'Putts-Bridge Stage,' which made the connection in those days between the Western Railroad and Northampton. Long ago in my earliest childhood, I had seen Holyoke and Tom, but the visions had passed into dreamland, out of which they seemed to come naturally enough that refulgent summer; and when we drew up at length at the 'Mansion House,' after crossing the ferry at Hockanum and driving none too slowly through the rich unfenced meadows, came back the associations of the time when it was filled with summer strangers and the parents of Round Hill scholars. . . .

"How many walks, how many Sundays followed! How many houses became homes, and would still, I think. Shall I ever have time to carry on these chapters? — to take some one with me to my first Association, (pronounced then by the elders in that region without the second syllable, — 'Assciation') to go over in some congenial company to see those dear old saints in Hadley; that calm old man, quietly farming and theologizing upon his broad rich meadow, not knowing what a stir the son who returned on that Saturday for his vacation was destined to make in our Zion; that true Christian woman his wife, that courtly and melancholy and wise and large-minded gentleman under the evergreens in the brown house opposite." [1]

The two households thus affectionately mentioned

[1] *Memoir of Rufus Ellis.*

by one who was their minister for ten years, were those of Rev. Dan Huntington and Major Charles Phelps. The latter, Mrs. Huntington's only brother, had passed some years of his life in Boston, where he married first a niece and then a daughter of Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons. He was admitted to the bar, elected a representative of the General Court from Boston, and served as commander of the celebrated company of cavalry, the Hussars, his immediate predecessor being Josiah Quincy. In 1816 he removed his family to Hadley, where he built a commodious house, "Pine Grove." In the town and county he distinguished himself as an influential public officer, member at different times of both houses in the legislature, a valued counsellor and an upright and honorable gentleman. It was by him that the "Oliver Smith Will" was drawn, leaving a large fortune to be invested for charitable purposes, which are widely known as "The Smith Charities." The suit instituted by the heirs to break the will became famous through the celebrated lawyers engaged by the opposing parties.

Daniel Webster, with his majestic presence and his overpowering weight of argument, won the case, but the brilliant eloquence of his opponent, Rufus Choate, and his glowing description of the scenery of the Connecticut Valley, was never forgotten by those who crowded the Northampton courthouse that summer's day of 1847. It was an occasion which Mr. Huntington, an interested listener, often afterwards described with inimitable effect.

Major Phelps spent the later years of his life at his Hadley home in complete retirement. Through their connections in Boston, and educational advantages,

as well as owing to their tastes and temperament, his children grew up to be a family of unusual culture and proved congenial neighbors to the cousins at Elm Valley. Two sons, Francis, a successful teacher of boys, and Arthur, who was for some time connected with the customhouse, became leading members of the New Church (Swedenborgian) in Boston. The third daughter, Caroline, married Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, a Unitarian clergyman, son of the eminent architect and himself a scholar and poet.

It was not without some struggles and inward questioning that Huntington remained to complete his course in Cambridge. The Divinity School was in a transition state, his resources were restricted, and only through extra work and close economy could he avoid becoming an expense to his father. At the same time there were attractive opportunities already open to one who was gifted in speech and eager to enter active life in the world. But sober judgment won the day, setting the true value upon thorough and painstaking preparation for service. In after years his sympathies were especially stirred for young men struggling to secure an education through their own exertions.

The annual visitation of the Divinity School took place July, 1842, on which occasion he received the certificate of a theological education and read a dissertation entitled, "The Comparative Prospects of Romanism and Protestantism." At the request of Rev. Dr. Gannett, then editor of the "Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters," the paper was afterwards printed in that magazine.

His character had matured in these three years of study. He had entered as a country youth, little ac-

quainted with the great world of letters and of men. From books and study he had gained much, to men of learning he had listened attentively and profited by their teaching. But his convictions were acquired through independence of thought, and he carried away from his theological course the same open spirit with which he had entered it. If one word could sum up the quality of his nature, it would be *reality*. He was eager in his search for truth and single-minded in his purpose to interpret honestly the message revealed to him.

An evidence of this direction of his intellectual aspiration is found in the subject he selected for the "Master's Oration" which he delivered at Amherst College: "A Sincere Belief the Source of a True Life." It was at this Commencement, July 28, 1842, that he received his degree of A.M., a few weeks after his final departure from Cambridge.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CALL

"There are two things that they need to possess who go on pilgrimage: courage and an unspotted life."

It has been made evident that there was no hesitation in Mr. Huntington's mind, after his choice was first determined, as to his calling to enter the sacred ministry. His inclinations were equally distinct toward parish work. The seven years of study, happy as they were, prepared him to enter all the more eagerly upon the active life of a pastor. From the beginning he was earnest to reach the souls of poor as well as rich, to come near the toiling masses; and his father's proposal to him to take charge of a little flock in one of the pleasant villages of the Connecticut Valley, did not accord with this ideal.

It was not in his character to look out for a settlement, or to concern himself as to the best opening for the future. But there were members of the Unitarian denomination in Boston already interested to retain in that vicinity a promising candidate. The first entry in the record of Sunday ministration, kept afterward without break for sixty-two years, is: —

"After leaving the Divinity School, July 17, 1842. Jamaica Plain A. M. and P. M."

This might have led to a permanent engagement, in accordance with the plans of friends, if he had not already agreed to furnish a temporary supply for some weeks at the South Congregational society. This parish, situated on Washington Street at the South End, was reduced in numbers and prosperity, but it offered an opportunity for future growth. It was placed among comfortable homes, and yet near the crowded districts of the poorer tenements. The region towards Roxbury was a pleasant one, but it did not possess the oldtime attraction of the North End, or the social prestige of Beacon Hill. Although the edifice was not situated in a public centre, within near reach of city crowds, it was on a main thoroughfare, was sufficiently spacious, and well adapted to parish work. To this field an invitation was extended on August 7, 1842, before Mr. Huntington had completed the term of his temporary charge. It was a call to usefulness, and he accepted without long delay, entering upon his duties a few weeks later.

United States Hotel,
July 19, 1842.

To Edward Phelps Huntington.

Dearly beloved Brother: — Last Sunday I preached for the first time as a real preacher, at Jamaica Plain. Such a world of artistic and natural beauty I am sure I never was in before. They invited me from one country seat to another, and from one garden of fruits and flowers to another, till I was almost bewildered, as if in fairyland. The famous Community too, near there, was looked at. Dwight hoes corn Sundays. Some sail, some walk, some hear Parker preach. The general

feeling with which I came away was one of sadness and commiseration.

Nearly forty years later Bishop Huntington wrote of the Brook Farm experiment: "This was a sanguine attempt of Mr. Ripley, and a few of his friends, to embody in a modified form, on a large tract of land, some of the better suggestions of the French Communists, to give everybody something to do in some bucolic fashion, to afford a convenient rallying-place for the *symposia* of the coming reformers of religion, literature, society, and so to offer a model of respectable, cultured Christian Fourierism, with Fourier and much of his nonsense left out. Fine times they had there beyond question, with much that was pure and sincere and lofty in aspiration and conversation, and much that was sentimental, crude and ridiculous. Theodore Parker used to come often across the pastures to talk with such good company, the farm lying within the precincts of his parish. Of an evening the group would include very much the same persons, not a few of them already or afterwards eminent, that had been accustomed to gather in the parlors of Mrs. Farrar in Cambridge, Mrs. Parkman in Boston, or at Mr. Emerson's own house in Concord, or that contributed prose or verse, or 'Orphic sayings' which were neither, to the pages of 'the Dial.' Central in the circle, and always oracular in speech, each on a separate tripod, were Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and Mr. Emerson.

"Hawthorne occasionally looked in, in his silent observant way, but did not commit himself. Of the young listeners and enthusiastic seekers were Wheeler and Bartlett, Jones Very, J. S. Dwight the musician

and the lady he married, George W. Curtis and a few foreigners. So the experiment went on, hastening to dissolution and moribund from the start. If there were affinities, so were there antipathies and repulsions. Queer people, impracticable people, disagreeable people, in short bores and dunces, always attach themselves to novel combinations of that sporadic sort. Mr. Ripley was no quartermaster, organizer or financier. The turnips and potatoes languished while the builders of the Future 'cultivated literature on a little oatmeal.' The weeds grew rank while the unanxious husbandmen discussed the Vedas, recited Schiller, laid down the principles of every one of the fine arts, or pondered the problems of the universe. Before very long that pleasant place of cattle and corn and poultry knew them no more. The leader of the enterprise went to the Tribune office, Mr. Curtis in due time to his editorial chair, the rest hither and thither to seek their bread. Another was added to the long list of communistic failures, God having clearly ordained that his sons and daughters shall dwell in families, and that the laws of life and duty, labor and thrift, responsibility and increase, shall not be abrogated by the dreams of dreamers, however amiable or honest or gifted they may be."

It has been seen that neither literary nor social inclination led Mr. Huntington among the followers of Transcendentalism. He threw himself from the first heart and soul into the work of building up his church, and beyond his parish visits his leisure was spent in an acquaintance which ripened into something deeper than friendship. The Bible class which he had conducted during the winter of 1842 in Rev. Mr. Young's

society proved to be of supreme personal importance since it was here that he first met his future wife, one of the teachers in the Sunday-school and an earnest member of the congregation. The engagement which took place in September could not fail to arouse a good deal of interest, as it followed so closely the young minister's introduction to his field of labor.

Hannah Dane Sargent was only nineteen years old, and one of a large family of brothers and sisters. In communicating his happiness to his brother Edward, Mr. Huntington writes: "Her father, Epes Sargent, is a merchant in the foreign trade. Her brothers you must know something of, Epes is a literary man by profession — former editor of the New World, — author of Velasco, and many other things. John O. has been the editor of the Courier and Inquirer and of the Boston Atlas — is now a lawyer in New York. The family is large, refined, affectionate and a little proud. Gen. Lincoln of the Revolution was her great-grandfather."

The letter announcing to his parents his prospects of marriage was entrusted to his brother Charles, at that time a member of the General Court, to take back when he returned to his home in Northampton. These were still the days when it was an object to send missives by private hand. Delays and disappointments naturally resulted from the system of entrusting correspondence to the chance transportation of friends and neighbors. One often finds in reading the old epistles that some recognition or word of sympathy eagerly looked for by the absent one was hindered by a slight circumstance or a change of plan of the travelers going back and forth. For some years Rev. Dan Hunt-

ington held the office of postmaster in the village of North Hadley, employing the assistance of his sons, for a nominal salary which included the privilege of sending mail matter exempt from postage, an item of importance to so large a family.

The parents from Hadley had visited Boston during "Anniversary Week" of the previous spring, enjoying as usual the gatherings for philanthropy and religious objects, but they made the journey again in October, to meet their son's promised bride and to attend his installation.

The ordination services of Mr. Frederic D. Huntington, as pastor of the South Congregational Church and Society, took place on the evening of the 19th of October, 1842. The introductory prayer was by the Rev. Chandler Robbins; selections from Scripture were read by Rev. James F. Clarke; the sermon was delivered by the Rev. George Putnam; prayer of ordination offered by Rev. N. L. Frothingham; the charge by the Rev. Dan Huntington, the venerable father of the candidate; the right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, an intimate friend and classmate at Cambridge; the address to the society made by Rev. George E. Ellis, and the concluding prayer offered by Rev. H. W. Bellows.

The young pastor's active sympathies and strong sense of social responsibility rendered the calls of a city parish inspiring, and his spiritual nature found deep satisfaction in the opportunity for kindling souls to the higher life.

He wrote to his brother: "The ordination exercises, as you will learn by the Transcript and the Times, were interesting and eloquent to a most unusual degree.

Father's charge seems to have been quite the lion of the occasion. Boston people think him a splendid gentleman of the old School. The hymns were compiled by me, principally from Bryant, Kirk White, Norton, Frothingham and Pierpont.

"No longer am I, as heretofore, my own man. God help me to be a servant of my people and of his Truth. My introductory sermons are on 'The influence of worship on duty' and 'The mission and office of the Christian minister, in the present age.'"

October, 1842.

DEAR AND KIND MOTHER: — Your letter, full of comfort and pleasing and strengthening and enlivening words, must receive but a short reply. I have never known before what real duties are. All the day I have been attending to the printing press (preparing the Ordination exercises for the public) and visiting the sick and afflicted. I take these first in my parish calls, because I think they have the first claim. A sermon is yet to be written before Sunday, and a child on that day is to be baptized in the church.

Wednesday, the girl in whom "new wisdom every hour I see" and who certainly has a depth of spiritual beauty and gentle feeling and refined thought that I did not half understand when I first gave myself to her — rode with me to Hingham. The occasion at Cohasset was well. Thursday we came back. Her friends the Lincolns,[1] have just such a home as our own, —

[1] The mother of Hannah Dane Sargent was Mary Otis Lincoln, a grand-daughter of General Benjamin Lincoln whose ancient mansion in Hingham is above referred to. It was then, and is still the property of one branch of the family.

the same air of comfort and ease and old-fashioned enjoyment and furniture.

U. S. Hotel,
Boston, Jan. 18, '43.

My Dear Mother: — I am not quite so much hurried, — I hope I never shall be as to cut me off from communing with my friends. Among all my duties and engagements[1] I imagine I shall always keep one vacant place sacred at least for my mother and father, and I should be rather surprised if it should not be kept large enough to include my sisters and brothers.

I send the "Examiner" containing an excellent article by Mr. Henry Ware, on Peace. It belongs to Edward and is sent to you because I know you would like to read it.

In the parish we seem to labor not altogether in vain; if we grew in grace as rapidly as in numbers, we should soon come to the perfect measure. Last Sabbath evening my Missionary sermon was followed up by a meeting, and a Committee of ten chosen to visit the whole congregation and solicit subscriptions. We shall have a contribution besides from those who don't like to subscribe. The whole day — Communion Sunday — was peculiarly happy and prospered. We have social Teachers' meetings once a month and meetings for religious instruction and conversation, of all who will attend, once a fortnight. These are attended with great interest at private houses. Last Monday, a stormy evening, the house was full to over-

[1] During the winter of the year 1843 Mr. Huntington was chaplain of the Legislature, in connection with Rev. Edward N. Kirk, it being the policy at that time to select one from the Unitarian and one from the Orthodox denominations.

flowing. The exercise consists principally of a familiar lecture — extemporaneous — from myself — on the N. T. We have commenced the Gospel of John. Some one told me that the poorer people felt ashamed to come. Last Sabbath therefore, in as delicate a way as I could, I gave them a particular invitation, and told the rest of the Society somewhat bluntly, that if any of them came to exhibit fashion or taste or any external accomplishment they would better dress in the plainest garb they could find or stay away altogether.

The correspondence between the two brothers had been a close one since Frederic's college days, in spite of the fact that Edward was the senior by twelve years. He had not taken a college course, but had engaged in business and was most happily married in the year 1841, and settled near Springfield. His tastes were literary, and he entered with deep sympathy into the details of professional work. To the great sorrow of his family he was taken away, in a rapid decline, less than six months after the following letter was written. The occasion was a call to New York, from the Church of the Messiah, inviting the Rev. Frederic Huntington to become an associate to the Rev. Dr. Dewey, who was out of health.

Cabotville, March 1, 1843.

Dear Frederic: — Mr. Mills a few evenings since made a remark illustrative of the confidence in men of the power of money for any end, however base, which was truly shocking. Speaking of his parish, and the propriety of going to another in Boston to supply the vacancy he said he had no question. The parish that

could give the most — offer the greatest inducements — was entitled to the man. This idea wants to be practically contradicted. Men should be disabused of this pernicious doctrine; and it would be worth one life to show men that other things are paramount. Are such things esteemed folly? So is true wisdom even. It is not tempted by a view of this world and their glory. The proposal has been made public as if triumphantly, a bauble no one could refuse. The eyes of the world are on the decision and the world says "he'll go." But this is nothing compared to the test.

Your opportunities for study and usefulness which are indeed things of highest regard are quite equal. Go there and in five years you will either break down or burn out. You know my doctrine has always been that it is better that a man make his place shine than that a place make the man shine. Act calmly, use reason, take counsel of conscience and God's word. Act so as best to promote the interests of the Gospel you preach, not only in probable results but immediate.

God guide you: very affectionately,

EDW. P. HUNTINGTON.

The inducements and arguments to accept the invitation to New York could not be lightly set aside. Miss Sargent's two brothers, Epes and John O., were living in New York. They realized the opportunity in that city for a young man whose talents had built up a city parish to such unexpected numbers and financial prosperity in a few months. The salary offered was comparatively large and the position a conspicuous one in the Unitarian denomination. Rev. Dr. Bellows, in common with influential New York

laymen, made a plea as much for the cause of liberal Christianity as for the parish itself. It was an opening which appealed to ambition and offered many attractions. But the claims in Boston were such that Mr. Huntington could not long hesitate. He decided that his duty lay in the field which he had entered so short a time before, and with a people who had generously responded to his plans.

He writes, March 4, 1843, to John O. Sargent:—

"Any man could have gone with an easier conscience than I. As it is, all is well. . . . Here my relations are perhaps more agreeable than before. Our people are full of enterprise and hope and growth."

The expressions of confidence and affection for their preacher were indeed such as to encourage him to remain. Still preserved are letters written at that time by three men, Jonathan Ellis, John Nazro, and David Reed, who in urging him to stay by them gave a pledge of hearty support which never failed. Of his people, their pastor could say in farewell, when the final parting came, that they were "more than friends, — the fellow-worshippers of thirteen unclouded, blessed years; the companions of how many a secret experience, how many a shaded room, where life and death were struggling for reconciliation, how many a solemn communion, where love and trust were gently striving to cast out doubt and fear."

It has been said that there were few instances where the mutual affection of minister and people was so great. If the pulpit was conspicuous for its devotional and uplifting character the hearers were no less earnest in the application of the sermon to their daily lives. The Rev. Edward E. Hale, writing of Mr. Huntington,

his immediate predecessor, called it "an intense and eager preaching which is not satisfied until the whole man is quickened and his life fired. At the same time he is an organizer as he has always been. I have been told that in college he was called, in joke, the 'Major General,' and I can well believe it. He did not mean to do all the work of a church, active and eager though he were. He meant to have its members work, and where he led the way they followed loyally.

"Never was a ministry more successful. The church was full; the charities were admirably administered; the Sunday-school was in perfect order. More than this, oh so much more than this, hearts had found living food here that had hungered and thirsted elsewhere. Here were those who had heard no peace elsewhere and had found it here. Here were voices pleading with God, and finding an answer, who had not known how to plead before. Here was sin repentant and forgiven. Here were exiles who had been lost and were found. Here were those who were all alone in a strange city and in this church, in its fellowship and its minister had found companionship and a new life."

The impression Mr. Huntington's personality made upon a casual listener is given in the following sketch, published in the local press of the day.

"The prevailing quality of his character is exhibited in the deep and heartfelt seriousness which pervades his whole manner, in the solemn and impressive tones of his voice, and in the great scope and dignity of the thoughts he utters. The style of his composition is elegant, refined, and polished — but his innate power of mind, strength of character and range of thought,

overwhelms and obscures, in a measure, even those high graces of art. He seemed to us like a wise and devout statesman, deeply versed in the study of that greatest of all studies — the riddle of the universe — human nature. He is a man fitted by the constitution of his mind to rule among men — to govern, direct, and harmonize a society, or a community. He would make an excellent governor of a colony. He would enjoy the respect, esteem, and confidence of his people; and all his acts would be distinguished for their sense, judgment, dignity and humanity."

One recognizes in this early portrait those commanding qualities which for thirty-five years distinguished the bishop of the Diocese of Central New York. But far beyond any executive ability or literary distinction was the spiritual influence of the preacher. It is the blessed privilege of a consecrated ministry like his to impress upon the hearts of his hearers the reality of a personal Saviour. No negations, omissions, or deviations in theology obscured the presentation of the Living Redeemer as a source of holiness and strength to those who seek Him. It was for this water of life to thirsty souls that many orthodox believers, from other Christian bodies, found their way on Sunday afternoons to the corner of Castle Street, and received religious inspiration and renewal.

On September 4, 1843, Frederic Dan Huntington and Hannah Dane Sargent were married at the residence of the bride's father in Hartford Place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alexander Young, the family pastor. The couple took a wedding journey, which for those days was quite extensive, reaching Niagara Falls, visiting friends in the towns

and cities of New York State, and ending at Elm Valley in Hadley.

Mr. Huntington preached in Albany and Rochester to Unitarian congregations. The following characteristic letter from Rev. Dan Huntington outlines the trip, although it was not precisely carried out as he advises.

Elm Valley, Sept., 1843.

Dear Frederic: — As you are about to journey through a new and interesting part of the country, I would make the most of it as a tourist. And to that end, I would abandon as much as possible all railroads, canals and steamboats. As it relates to any pleasure as a tourist, I should about as soon take a ride through the centre of the earth, if it were properly perforated, as to be transported in cars or steamboats, or any other boats. By all means get a peep at all the villages, and hamlets, and mountains and plains, and lakes and waterfalls, of our beautiful country as far as possible. Let none escape, where you go. To this end travel on the top of stages, in buggies and in cabs and if there is no other way, trips on foot occasionally will do you no harm.

In Rochester, make yourself known to Mrs. Backus, the widow of Dr. Backus, my old neighbor and President of Hamilton College. In Trenton, report yourself to the Van der Kemps. One of them you know is a correspondent of your mother. In Utica, report yourself to Judge Bacon, the poet, the Judge, the Philosopher, my classmate and correspondent, his wife one of the lambs of my flock at Litchfield, a particular friend of Judge Story. Make it an object to see the great number of neat and pleasant villages about

Utica. When on the North river call over to Saratoga — Ballston — Troy — Waterford, the Minister's wife here was Betsey Porter. Stop if you please at Pittsfield one night, take a horse and buggy and travel up and down the valley of the Housatonic, one of the finest tracts of country in the world, embracing Stockbridge, Lenox, Sheffield, Great Barrington, Lanesboro, Williamstown &c. I have not time to proceed.

Tell Hannah I now love her as a daughter, one among the first nine or ten in the world. Wishing you both much joy,

I am affectionately yours,

D. HUNTINGTON.

"Your Aunt Lyman with a numerous progeny are in Western New York. See them all. Edward can tell you who and where they are."

The death of Edward Phelps Huntington occurred only a month after his brother's marriage. The following letter was written to their sister, in the family home.

BOSTON, Oct. 30, '43.

MY DEAR SISTER BETHIA: — From the letters written last week, I was made aware with what unexpected rapidity the disease was acting. Finding no farther information Saturday evening I had made up my mind that the suffering man was not yet released. Charles, however, had written me on Friday of his death, though from some delay his communication did not reach me till this (Monday) noon. You are this very afternoon laying away the dust, made precious to us by the spirit that animated it, out of all human sight. May God's blessed and comforting spirit be

with you all. May he send down upon the house and the hearts that are made dark with mourning, the light of his own fatherly smile and favor. May he give you joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Knowing how much our brother must have longed for his freedom, knowing what a burden to him that aching body must be, knowing how infinite to him must be the gain of separation, I was ready, willing, almost eager to hear of the consummation. Thanks be to the Father of all mercies that he does not chain the soul to its cumbering tenement forever. Thanks be given to him that after a little discipline of pain, he takes the part that cannot perish, into a world congenial to its high attributes, to its glorious nature. I could have wished indeed to have been able to see the patient look, and hear the kind voice once more. But that could not be and I am content. The uncertainties of the case and my duties here have prevented my being with you. You have better consolations than any mortal lips could speak, I am sure.

It can hardly be supposed that the calmness with which affliction is met and submitted to, is a sure test of the depth or vitality of our Christian affections and principles and hopes. Yet I do believe if we are true to our Master and his Revelation we shall not fail to see what inestimable compensations there are for those who die believing, and for those who are left lonely by their departure. "Whoever believeth in me shall never die. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, tho' he were dead yet shall he live." How much more intense was the anguish of Christ, often — his physical pain and his inward suffering both — than ours can be!

And yet how little he *seemed* to grieve! How invincible was his fortitude! How calm his patience! How undisturbed his tranquillity — because he stood so near to God.

It should be, surely, our full satisfaction that we can find, as we contemplate the character and life of our brother, how successfully he had struggled to form himself after Christ's own image; how many of his virtues he had gained; how much of a like heavenly temper of self-sacrifice, benevolence and piety possessed him continually. He has gone where there is no sorrow, nor sighing, nor distress. We will all say it is well. We will not complain. We will only strive to be better than before.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Thanks, ten thousand thanks for your letter. It was full of home, of both homes, the earthly and the heavenly. What beautiful sentences those of Edward that Father found! They are worth a long search. They seem like a new chapter of the Gospel — the gospel of love and self-renunciation, and calm trust in God.

Your letters have a faculty of seating me down in the old fireside. How I wish I could in reality sit down there now, — this quiet Saturday evening. What would I not give for one of those ancient Saturday evenings when we were all together. I am not very busy, as I am to preach at the College Chapel to-morrow, on an exchange with Dr. Walker. Day after to-morrow is Christmas. I am told Ellis holds a service and I hope you will be able to attend. Mr. Putnam is to preach at King's Chapel, and that will give me a chance to listen. I like the observance of Christmas.

You speak of my walks among the poor and Hannah's. You would be interested in some of our cases. There is a devoted company of good women in my flock, that I can call upon for aid at any moment, and all together we trust we are bringing some comfort into a good many cellars and hovels. It is enough to make one sick to see the wretchedness we go amidst sometimes. But the Benevolent Societies are so active that few are left without fuel and provisions. I send you a circular that I was appointed to draw up a few days ago.

The Ladies' Society of which the pastor speaks in such words of confidence and commendation was in existence when he took the parish. Under the name of "The South Friendly" it held a long record for good works. Rev. Mr. Hale calls it "an elastic organization ready for the largest or the smallest duty. It could clothe regiments for the war, as it has done, or it could sell a buttonhole bouquet on May morning as it has done. It was equipped for the duties of hospitality, of worship, of charity, of education. Here was a step quite in advance of the average Boston congregation of the generation before this church was founded."

Of his methods of parish work the young minister writes to his parents: "Our vestry meetings — once a fortnight — have begun. We have a devotional exercise, sing twice, meditate a little; I deliver a familiar lecture on some topic connected with the religious life, and after some general conversation we separate. We talk of having a public service on the last night of the year."

But it was not only in his own parish that the effect of Mr. Huntington's energy and earnestness in active work were felt. "To him as much as to any man Boston owes the systematic arrangement of the Provident Association for the relief of the poor, set on foot by him and his friends in the southern wards, and enlarged to take in all the city."

The plans for regular registration, sectional visiting, intelligent investigation, coöperation with public authorities and with other charitable societies, were features much the same as those introduced twenty-five years later by the united charity organizations. The South End Provident Association was inaugurated in 1851 with Rev. Mr. Huntington for its president. Its objects were "not only to succor existing misery, excite the indolent to labor, and restrain the vicious, but to make some permanent contribution to the sanitary, economical, and moral welfare of the suffering classes in our large towns and cities."

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington began housekeeping at No. 20 Harrison Avenue, next door to their lifelong friends Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, Minister of Purchase street church, and his wife, who was Mary Rogers, a niece of Dr. William Ellery Channing.

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1843.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

My dear Sister : — It has taken just about one week to get into a settled state — a straightforward path. People say we look here now as if we had been housekeepers a dozen years. In truth I almost feel so myself. I thank Heaven daily for my home. Friends are kind and callers are plenty, quite sufficiently so. Hannah is

as easy and matronly as possible. Monday evening the house was open to the parish and thronged. Everything was on a simple and informal scale and I intend to repeat the thing on the first Monday evening of each month.

The congregation was generous and appreciative. The following spring, May 15, 1844, after a visit to the young couple his father writes: "The little hoist to your salary was a very good hit. The next time we visit you may it be up to $2500. Some of your good folks talked with me on the subject, altogether gratuitously on their part, saying that they were growing rich by your popularity, and that they had no desire to put it into their own pockets. I barely observed that it was a good thought."

On July 3, 1844, the first child was born, an event of joy and thankfulness to his parents. He was named George Putnam, after his father's valued friend and counselor, the pastor of the First Church in Roxbury.

In 1845 Mr. Huntington purchased a very pleasant house in Roxbury, which was his home during the remainder of his connection with the South Congregational society. This residence was on Hawthorn Street, part of the old farm laid out two hundred years before by Florence Maccarty, a forefather of Mrs. Huntington.

To his Mother.

The house itself is spacious and commodious, has a pleasant garden connected with it, and a grove hard by in the rear belonging to a gentleman's private grounds. It is sheltered from the winds, and overlooks

FREDERIC DAN HUNTINGTON, ÆT. 27
From a Crayon Portrait in 1846 *by Seth Cheney*

an agreeable stretch of country. On the top is an outlook, or cupola, giving a view of the harbor and a part of the city.

There is space enough, the air comes in fresh and pure from the hills, and the garden will give me the exercise on the soil which I need, besides affording me an opportunity to apply whatever I know about the arrangement of trees and shrubbery. As to distance, the place is two miles from my church, not far after all. Omnibuses run every fifteen minutes, and the walk of forty minutes beneficial. If I calculate rightly we shall see rather more of our parish than less, living in the same place summer and winter, making a weekly business of visiting them, having frequent meetings in the vestry, and a pretty spot to invite them to, with only a short walk or ride.

HIGHLANDS, March 26, '46.

MY DEAR PARENTS: — If I remember rightly, my last message homeward was a rather hasty one by some necessity. The last few weeks have been particularly occupied and I am a little more at leisure now. The Sunday-school Book took a good deal of time. That has gone to press now and I sincerely hope it may be useful. To do something for the moral elevation of the young in this exposed, tempted and worldly age, would be indeed an achievement to be earnestly desired, and if attained, to be greatly thankful for.

I have just completed an Introduction to an American edition of "Martyria."[1] The book will be out

[1] William Mountford, author of *Martyria, an Englishman and a Unitarian Clergyman*, has been most widely known through his book *Euthanasy* published in America in 1849. Mr. Huntington wrote the editorial note of introduction. Several years before he had

soon and I hope you will like it as much as I do. It is full of noble and pure sentiments.

If you hear that I have turned "Parkerite," for rumors take strange freaks nowadays, — ascribe it to so imposing a foundation as the fact that Parker has several times picked me up as a pedestrian on the road, and taken me into town in his buggy, — a courtesy which I have acknowledged by calling on him at his house. We had a long talk on theological matters, and I am, if possible, more strongly convinced than ever, that his views are neither Scriptural or logical. But I do feel the utmost friendliness towards him as a man, and endeavor to cherish a generous charity towards his honest errors of opinion, and I should not dare to call myself a Christian if I did not.

The book mentioned was the first he ever prepared for publication, a Text Book on the Book of Acts. From his college days to the end of his life, Mr. Huntington was engaged almost continually in newspaper and periodical work, and it was a means of influence for which he was especially fitted. Gifted with fine literary discrimination and command of language; naturally ardent for a cause, without any leaning towards partisanship; always conversant with the currents of thought of his day and generation; unsparing in rebuke and yet by disposition not a disputant or inclined to controversy; he appreciated the dignity and the responsibility of the editorial chair

obtained passage for Mr. Mountford to this country and entertained him many months at his own home. Mr. Mountford married in Boston, and became minister of a church in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

without overstepping its privileges. His earliest connection of this nature, after entering the ministry, was with the "Monthly Religious Magazine." In November, 1844, he writes his mother: "It is next year probably to be my 'Monthly.' Mr. Gannett is busy with the 'Examiner' and sees that I can conduct it just as well alone. It will be no more trouble to me, or but little; the work will be pleasanter for being all to myself and the pay much more considerable. I am securing an excellent list of contributors, so that there will be little left for me to do in the way of writing for it."

In a very urgent appeal he asks his mother to be one of the writers, giving the result of her "agreeable, profitable and holy contemplations." Her reply in the negative is characteristic.

"Whether with greater opportunities for mental cultivation in youth, I might have been able to write a decent paragraph, or whether there is a natural deficiency, a want of intellectual capability, are questions which it would be difficult for me to answer. I must content myself with the hope, that if I here, according to my poor ability, desire and endeavor to do good in a very small way, if only by waiting and weeping between the porch and the altar, I may in a future life be furnished with powers which will enable me to render a higher service to Him who claims our best and our all." Mr. Huntington was an editor of the "Christian Register" from 1847 to 1851, and of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" from 1845 to 1859.

Incessant literary labor in his study did not interfere with active days in the parish. The month of his ordination he wrote home: "Parish calls begin to

look thick and frequent. I feel such a need as I never felt before of strength and wisdom, not from men or books." And in November, 1848: "I have just completed a circuit of some three hundred calls, accomplished this fall, which has kept me, with other duties, very busy. Hannah is nobly engaged in the same service more or less every week." "You will be glad to hear that a very comfortable sleigh has just been given me, by the same gentleman who last year endowed us with a pair of wolf-skins. By the latter happy device, we are conveniently exempted from the charge of going abroad as wolves in sheep's clothing."

Long drives were taken not only on clerical exchanges but to deliver lyceum lectures, then at the height of popularity. Many a time the lecturer, returning from some distant point late at night, would find the young wife sitting up for him in the stillness of the country neighborhood, with the big Newfoundland dog Neptune keeping faithful guard. One record of a single season mentions forty places in Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire, where engagements were kept.

The subjects treated were Alfred the Great, a Complete Manhood; Common Sense and Intellectual Energy; Intellectual Sincerity; Hebrew Heroism; Epicureanism; Independence of Character; St. Chrysostom; Work and Study.

February 6, '50.

To his Sister.

It is excessively cold; and last night I rode off a dozen miles to lecture and back again; so that to-day I enjoy the fire, a good wood-fire, in my study. I gave a lecture that I had delivered only twenty-two times

before. Should not you think it would be tedious? A new audience every time helps the interest a little.

It was by hard work of this kind that the Roxbury home was paid for and a beginning made on the ultimate purchase of the ancestral estate, at Hadley, originally the property of his mother, held after her death in 1847 by his father as a life tenure and then to be divided among the brothers and sisters.

HIGHLANDS, June 14, '46.

TO HIS SISTER.

My dear Bethia: — It is Sunday morning again and a beautiful one. You can imagine what a refreshment it is to me, before going into the city for the labors and excitements of the day, to have a few morning hours here of perfect quiet, in the midst of a fragrant air, and a stillness broken by nothing but singing birds. It is like baptism in pure water. And its influence ought certainly to go with one, like a sacred charm, until the evening.

Several young locusts in my yard are now out, and they make the atmosphere sweet in two senses, — by their odors, and by reminding me of the locusts on our place at home which used to flourish by the street. Then pinks are out and syringas have ventured to show a few white petals, tho' it is their first year. Another fragrant plant is the Missouri currant. A flowering almond, a tree rose, two altheas, a smoke tree, a tulip tree; some honeysuckles, the English scarlet hawthorns, and nearly all my ornamental and fruit trees have taken root and are beginning to grow. Hannah and her husband and son take a great deal

of pleasure which they hope is not irrational in the daily nurture and observation of these wonderful things of the Almighty.

In the Spring of 1846 came the great anxiety and sorrow of Elizabeth Huntington's illness. She was in failing health through the following twelve months.

HIGHLANDS, April 12, '46.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I must take these few moments on Sunday morning before Meeting to offer you my affectionate salutations and tell you how anxiously I sympathize with your infirmities. How my letter may find you is uncertain; but my earnest desire is that your pain may have been relieved, your weakness strengthened, your disease stayed in its course. It is my continual prayer that though your body may grow feeble, your spirit may wax stronger and stronger in faith and courage and hope; that outward suffering may be made up by inward peace; that the soul may exult and rejoice in lofty communion with God and Christ while the earthly tabernacle languishes.

It is Easter Sunday. I like the practice of observing this occasion, as it celebrates the great event in the life of the Saviour and the foundation of our immortal hope, turning our mortal darkness into unspeakable glory. My sermon is on the proofs of Christ's Resurrection, "The Lord is risen indeed."

If I go to Hartford to the dedication and installation I shall look in upon your sick room a few hours within ten days. Peace be with you from God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Devotedly your son,

FREDERIC.

Mrs. Huntington passed from earth on April 6, 1847, the day of the Annual Public Fast, an anniversary of her solemn written dedication of herself in girlhood and her admission to communion with the church.

Her strongest desire to be released from the agony of her disorder was uttered after a weary night, in the words of the patriarch, "Let me go for the day breaketh." Reminded of the loved ones who had gone before, she replied, "Oh, yes, I shall look them all up."

April 19, Mr. Huntington writes to his sister: "The remembrance of everything relating to herself is cheerful, consoling and inspiring. What a rare character was hers! Of all that I have become conversant with thus far in my life, I have found none purer, truer, more blameless. Ought we not all to rejoice in the light of her goodness, and live in the strength of her faith?"

A great quickening of the soul, in a certain sense a conversion, took place in her youngest child after his mother's death.

Not long subsequent, the journal, kept by her from youth to old age, came into his possession. Reading it with all the tender memories awakened, recalling how his mother had openly walked with God throughout those years, in consistency of life and devotion to works of religion and charity; her private meditations; deep sorrow for daily faults, and prayers for pardon; her intense longings for Divine grace awakened in him questionings as to what was the hidden source of a religious consecration like hers. He searched his own heart and exclaimed to an intimate friend, "My mother had found something which I have never known." It was the sense of sin. Deep down in the theology of her Puritan forefathers, under a system which con-

tained distortions and intolerance from which her soul recoiled, Elizabeth had yet gained a realization of the Divine presence, a sense of the majesty of God, which filled a nature full of sensibility like hers with contrition and repentance, sent her on her knees before the Saviour she loved, and wrought in her a passionate entreaty for higher spiritual gifts. At this turning-point in his experience her son realized that there were foundations on which he had not a foothold, and lofty heights of faith he had not attained. He reached out for a definite creed, a positive belief. Stirring within him was an unrest to which he was not prepared to give conscious expression. He was hardly yet aware of the need of an established order, a visible church. But the immediate result showed itself in an address before a convention of Unitarian ministers at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, October 8, 1851. The text was taken from Phil. iii, 3: "For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." The title is "Spiritual Heirship."[1]

The day before this was delivered Rev. Mr. Huntington had written to his father: "I have prepared a sermon for this occasion with some care and many prayers for light. If it is true, it ought to be preached; if it is not, I have the satisfaction of knowing that it will not be believed because I have preached it." Few who made up the hearers of the discourse, more than a half century ago, are left to recall it. One, however, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, states that the ministerial brethren there assembled recognized clearly that it betokened a change working in the mind of the writer.

[1] *Sermons for the People.*

Already he had begun to feel himself less in sympathy with the denomination which had been his home. This appears in a letter to his father dated May, 1851.

THE HIGHLANDS.

You can hardly realize how beautiful our own place here has become. I know of no spot except Hadley that I prefer to it. Every moment's breath is a delicious luxury. The anniversaries are going on; but I like the trees, the stillness, and the flowers so much more than white cravats and black coats and crowded meetings, that I give Boston as wide a berth as possible, and have declined all invitations to speak.

Still more significant of changing views was a visit paid to the Rev. S. L. S. Dutton, an Orthodox Congregational minister, and pastor of the old North Church in New Haven, Connecticut, for whom he preached in March, 1852. In the following May Mr. Dutton preached for him, with full approval of his congregation. This, however, was then regarded as an act of catholicity rather than as betokening any theological sympathy between the two clergymen and their flocks.

He himself describes to his father his visit to Mr. Dutton: "He moved up into the pulpit with me, and looked around at the audience, as if he thought he had done a clever thing, for which the church universal ought to thank him. Nothing went awry. The trinitarian doxology, which it is the practice of his choir to sing at the close of the service, was omitted, perhaps by the delicacy of the chorister, or of Mr. D. himself.

"Monday morning I left and returned home. Alto-

gether my visit was a delightful one. Whether any benefit is to come of it, on a wider scale than my personal gratification, I cannot tell. Results are with God."

On June 26, 1853, Rev. Mr. Huntington preached for the Rev. Samuel J. May, in Syracuse, so long to be the seat of his episcopal labors in future years. He was at this time on his way to Meadville to deliver a sermon before the graduating class of the Theological School. The subject of the discourse, afterward published in his first volume, was "The Word of Life; a Living Ministry and a Living Church." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

In the Roxbury home a second child, a daughter, was born in June, 1848, and in October, 1852, an infant son came into the world to live scarcely two weeks.

HIGHLANDS, October 28, '52.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

Dear Sister: — It is well our little Charlie stayed with us just long enough to become one of us, — to be numbered in our household, — to take a distinct individual place, — to become a possession to memory and affection forever. He is our third child, — only not visible to these eyes of flesh, but making Heaven far more a reality than it ever was before.

Death in our house! How much more terrible that thought would have been two weeks ago, than it is now! So gracious is God. The house has more the feeling as if God had set his seal upon it than it had before. We seem, somehow, spiritually safer in it. A more complete experience of life has been had within it. I think I was never conscious of God's hand being

laid so directly on my heart, as during this anxiety and mourning. There is something encouraging in it. "For our profit" it is and certainly it would be shameful for us to be so corrected without profit. Pray for us that it may not be so. If one may speak so, it appears as if God is more in earnest with us, showing us by this sharper discipline that he really means to make something of these poor, halting, sinning natures, — if we will only let him, after all. Throughout the sickness, and since, we were assured that God was directing us exactly as he would, moment by moment; and so we could pray for the child's life, and yet be certain that if he died, it would be because that would be better for us all.

The children, — how much I dreaded to tell them! One morning, the fresh and boundless joy of waking to learn they had a little brother; and then a hundred bright plans formed: and another morning, twelve days after, they awake to hear the little brother is gone. After leaving the little body at midnight with the cold air blowing in from the open window upon it, — I was able to feel — how safe, how sheltered, his spirit is! But I waited painfully the waking of the living ones. With much effort I succeeded in telling them cheerfully. They were sad only a few minutes. Again God was more merciful than my fears. Their regrets are frequent but not gloomy. After we had talked with them of the spirit and the body, — of the beautiful place at Mt. Hope, — already a spot of happy associations, — where we should put the body, — and of the more beautiful place where the soul is, — they went eagerly and pleasantly in to look at the motionless face, and it was plain enough how artificial, how entirely the

effect of education, is all the dread and the recoil from the presence of death, — for there was nothing of it in them.

You will imagine what a day Sunday was with us; solemn to all the land, but trebly so to us, for it was the tenth anniversary of my settlement.

The public event to which the writer refers was the death of Daniel Webster.

Roxbury, Nov. 23, '52.

My substitute for a personal attendance at your Thanksgiving table; and to be read after your breakfast.

My dear Sister Bethia: — You are by this time quite convalescent, I hope. May the good comfort and grace of God be with you. It is not for me to exhort you to patience, who have myself so much need to learn it from you. If it is not familiar to your memory, get Father to read you Milton's magnificent passage "Hail Holy Light." You will feel it now, perhaps with a new sense, and at any rate the prayer — "So much the rather thou, celestial Light, shine inward," will be breathed by you and answered.

This last expression reminds me of a train of thought which has lately interested me, and which I have put into a sermon, on the text "Ask and it shall be given you." The sermon was designed to meet some of the difficulties that arise in the mind respecting answers to prayer; and especially to resist the notion which has come somewhat into vogue in our day, that the only office of praying is to stimulate ourselves, bring on a better mood, and so benefit us according to natural

laws. On the contrary, the whole teaching of Scriptures seems to me to show us that there are verily and literally two parties engaged in this high communion, God and the praying soul; one actually asking, and the other actually giving; as much so, as if a hand were visibly stretched out from the skies, placing gifts in ours. How these answers are made to consist with natural laws, so called, or the fixed order of things, must of course be a mystery to us; because we did not make nature, and are finite. But faith readily accepts such mysteries, in many other cases as difficult as this, and experience confirms the Bible doctrine. My own experience certainly does; and I doubt not, yours does. To me there has been of late a growing satisfaction in this spiritual exercise. I have known remarkable answers to particular and personal intercessions, in my intercourse with my people. Religious changes and Christian peace seem to have been granted, wonderfully, to such petitions. And then did any of us ever have a real trouble that prayer did not strikingly and supernaturally lighten? I can see now — what I could not once — how it is rational and right to pray for earthly good in particular respects, so far as that is connected with our spiritual progress and safety; although of course, no prayer is the prayer of faith which is not offered with the willingness that God should withhold the thing asked for, and answer in some other way. In the growth of these sentiments, I have often been led back to our blessed mother's instructions. Who knows but that growth itself is one of the answers to her own prevailing supplications? Prayers of the righteous hers were, indeed. It often occurs to me that whatever progress the Spirit has

permitted me to make in a religious experience — poor and slow enough I know it is,— has only brought me nearer to the very point where her own convictions rested. The counsels that I hardly understood, or did not receive them, are welcomed now with my whole soul.

Would to God I could tell her so. She might then keep a new Thanksgiving, in her world of bliss, — her life of joy and glory, But how, again, do we know but every thought and motion in us, her own family still, is seen of her? "Every one that hath this hope, purifieth himself."

How much my thoughts will be with you and father and all the dear kindred, on Thursday! You do not know how I long to spend one more Thanksgiving at Hadley. Something in that day always makes me feel as if I ought not to be anywhere else. Very quiet, you will be. But dear affections, holy hopes, sweet memories, a glorious faith, the Infinite Father and his Christ, will all be with you. Are not these honored guests? You will not be alone.

HIGHLANDS, July 23, 1854.

DEAR FATHER AND SISTER: — When I returned from church this morning I found myself the father of a fourth child, a third son. I know of none on earth, whom we can more confidently invite to share in our gratitude to the Giver of Life and breath and all things, and in all our sober rejoicings, than you and the dear ones about you. Of course when we remember how soon our little Charlie was caught away from our arms, after he was placed in them, our joy must be chastened and our hopes moderated. But I trust

we are not the less truly happy for that. We ought only to feel the Father to be nearer, and Heaven more actual. To the glory of the one, and a wise preparation for the other may this child live, so long as he is permitted to stay in this world.

The third son was baptized James Otis Sargent for his mother's brother.

March 23, '53.

To Miss Bethia Huntington.

I am very busy, in connection with Dr. Hedge of Providence, compiling a new hymn-book, which we mean of course to make rather better than any that have gone before it. It will certainly contain many hymns you have never seen, from the Catholic and Wesleyan collections, from the German, and other sources. Piety finds its natural expression in singing ; and the religion of any sect may be judged of, I think, by the sacred music through which it worships God.

The book referred to was published with the title of "Hymns for the Church of Christ," and contains much beautiful sacred verse. It was only a beginning of that strong interest which lasted through life, in hymnology, church music, and religious poetry. Mr. Huntington's nature was one which found peculiar sympathy with what he called "the song element in personal character." Writing long after, he says: "For common-place business and routine tasks the mind is contentedly prosaic; but when religious emotion rises to a higher pitch it is undulated into measures of liberty and gladness.

"Older than sermons, older than lessons, older

even than her written creed, is the psalmody of three thousand years, the song-power of the Church. From the first shout of the sons of God on the morning of creation until the predicted strains of the new heavens and the new earth, this is a characteristic of our religion. Songs go up from emancipated Israel on the shore of the sea, from Miriam and from Deborah, from priests and levites in their ritual order, from prophets in wildernesses, from the king hunted in the cave or reigning in pomp, or penitent in sackcloth, or sorrowing in exile; from missionary groups all round the Mediterranean, from apostles in prison, from before the altars of all continents and islands where the cross has stood; everywhere the people sing. Ships of Tarshish sing; trees of the wood sing; inhabitants of the rock sing; the tongue of the dumb — symbol of regenerated and liberated powers once bound in sin — sings; the mountains, pillars of strength, break forth into singing; the widow's solitary heart, the token of a comforted humanity, sings for joy."

Several years after the invitation from the Church of the Messiah, New York city, a second offer was made and declined, and as a token of affection at that time Mr. Huntington and his wife received from some of his parishioners a gift of a fine Chickering piano, an addition to their household which they both greatly appreciated. He writes to the generous donors: "I have always felt that there should be the gentle influence of music in every home. There are times when I crave nothing so strongly and when nothing does so much to remove weariness and soothe anxiety, to cheer the whole soul and quicken its better affections and lift it upward."

There was another mark of affectionate regard from the South Congregational parish, presented to Mrs. Huntington. This was a portrait of their pastor, made by the celebrated crayon artist, Seth Cheney. His drawings are inspired by sentiment and spirituality, and it was universally conceded that the likeness of Mr. Huntington was one of his best achievements.

Such frequent and thoughtful expressions of friendship from his flock so deeply strengthened the tie between them and their minister that the final separation in 1855 was a painful one. Rev. Edward E. Hale told the story years afterwards, speaking of Harvard University. "The college had received a new endowment. Miss Plummer of Salem had endowed a professorship, of which the incumbent was to be the minister and friend of the students. It was the professorship of the heart, not the head, she said. Those were in the days when Arnold's life made us feel how large a place religion takes in the conduct of such schools. The Corporation thought, and I think all men agreed with them, that this spiritual oversight of hundreds of the picked young men of New England — at the critical period of their life — was the first honor to which a clergyman was called, and probably the first duty. This post was first offered to Rev. George Putnam. When he declined, the choice fell upon Rev. Mr. Huntington."

Writing to his sister, Dec. 1, 1854, Mr. Huntington says: "Tell father I drive the Cambridge question out of my mind all I can, — dreading to meet fairly so responsible, so painful, and so difficult a decision. But I shall be obliged to face it soon. I cannot see that such a situation as mine ought to be left. I prize its

independence, its variety of aspects and its wide reach of sympathies and opportunities."

An informal notice had been received a few weeks previous, to the effect that the president and fellows of Harvard University were prepared to appoint him to the office of preacher in the College Chapel and Professor of Christian Morals. In April, 1855, the board of overseers took concurrent action on this appointment, not without some protest; one member of that body citing the fact that Professor Newman had gone over to the Church of Rome after a like experiment at Oxford, proving it "worse than a failure." The New York "Tribune" published a leading article entitled "A Jesuit Professorship," and notes of warning were not wanting from other sources. But while it was charged that Harvard College had committed itself to the insidious inculcation of Unitarian doctrines through personal influence over the students, the defendants claimed that the new professor was known to have strong evangelical tendencies, that no technically orthodox man could be nominated and confirmed under existing conditions, and that "there was great and urgent need of the introduction of some new restraining and elevating force into the university, to save its students from irreligion, atheism, and immorality." It was this line of argument which ultimately decided Mr. Huntington to accept the position. He was called to preach to a congregation of unusual intelligence, the members of the faculty and their families, with the students of the university; "to give instruction on moral and religious topics through lectures or text-books; and by personal intercourse, by friendly services, by counsels and sympathies, by

special conference and correspondence with parents, to act on the hearts and lives of the young men, endeavoring to draw them to a Christian righteousness, to protect them against the temptations peculiar to their situation and to maintain among them a sincere and vital religion."

His parishioners and friends sent him a communication of twenty pages, containing remonstrance and argument against his acceptance of the "appointment which has caused us such griefs." The reply to this memorial was lengthy, and went carefully over each point of the objections. In commencement Mr. Huntington says: "For more than twelve years of my mature life it has been the one supreme earthly purpose of my soul, to understand, to measure, to trace in all their bearings the interests of this flock, — to know its interior condition and its outward relations, its wants and exposures, the state of its families and individual members, — so that I might effectually instruct, and by any means aid and edify it. That any object should have been presented, which could make it seem possible for me to turn aside from this great privilege and passion of my soul is, of itself, no small proof that it has remarkable intrinsic demands on my attention." After a detailed and an affectionate review of the situation of the South Congregational parish and its future prospects, he proceeded to lay before them some of the principal considerations which led him to a conclusion favorable to the call to Harvard.

"The students come in year after year, fresh from the atmosphere of home, with tender and susceptible natures, and forthwith they are put upon all the lower-

ing and corrupting temptations of a strange scene and a great city, with none of the safeguards of domestic affection, and no Christian friend, whose office it is to stand at their side, to remonstrate against the sin and to encourage them in the way of right, to think of them, to love them, to attract them into pure companionship, to care for their souls. And what makes this case peculiar is that they are a community constantly shifting. For four of the most impressive years of life they remain in the college circle and then they scatter over the continent, bearing with them the characters they have formed, and the notions they have adopted, to be, for immense good or for opposing and incalculable ill, the educated, the professional, and often the leading minds of the land. More and more, and each one including something like a hundred souls, this tide of thought and influence pours forth, as steadily as the streams run from foundations to the sea, and with impulses as constant as the throbs of the ocean on the beach. What the nature of that influence shall be, so far as our foremost university is concerned, is the solemn question now put before me.

"Were the opportunities for external action, beyond the bounds of the college, and of Cambridge, which it is proposed to throw open to me by the appointment, clearly expressed to you, I think you could not but perceive that they will put into my power means of public service, not less but greater than I now enjoy. I have utterly misapprehended what is held out to me, if it should prove a cloistered retreat, or a scholastic confinement. I am not going there to shut myself in from the living forces of society, nor from the assemblies of men. It is my conviction that the bond between

a literary institution and the mass of the surrounding people, in this age, ought to be close and vital."

Finally Mr. Huntington enumerated some of the influences which were brought to bear upon his acceptance. "I have asked no man for his advice, feeling that issues must, after all, be decided within my own mind and conscience, subject only to the leadings of Heaven. But I have supposed that one of the ways in which God indicates to us his will, is by the deliberately formed opinions of wise and good and unprejudiced men.

"That it is a practicable work and that I am a proper person to enter upon it has commonly been expressed with a warmth of feeling that I did not expect, and with a decision and fervor that have been exceedingly impressive. It has come to me from graduates of this and other institutions, from the presidents and professors of other New England colleges, from merchants and men of practical affairs, from different sects in the church, and different parties in the state, from the mothers and fathers of youth that may be scholars, and it has come almost with one voice. It has pronounced the appointment of a Christian teacher at Harvard College a relief to many apprehensions, and an occasion for public congratulation."

To the South Congregational Society he pays this heartfelt tribute: "It is not exceeded, I believe, by any in the land, for strength in all parochial resources, for numbers, for harmony, for mutual kindness and consideration, for attention to the pulpit, for promptitude and energy in every good undertaking proposed to its members, for the absence of all querulous or uncongenial or quarrelsome elements, for uniform

patience and kindness and generosity towards the minister, and indeed for every attribute and quality which make up parochial character desirable in the eyes of the pastor.

"I shall need your cordial sympathy and God-speed in the agonies of a separation, for though it will not be on my part a separation of the heart, nor the breaking of those precious and indissoluble bonds which have been woven by the prayers and intercourse and love of twelve happy years, in the deeper experiences and holiest purposes of life, it will be the parting of the pastoral relation and the necessary discontinuance of all our former offices of fellowship, and so it will be an act of unprecedented pain. I shall need your utmost consideration, your most gentle judgment, your Christian intercession."

The following letter was written nearly a quarter of a century later by the Bishop of Central New York, in response to an invitation to attend an anniversary, the semi-centennial of the South Congregational Society. It is addressed to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 23, 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHER: — Returning from a long journey, I am too late in answering your very kind note of the 10th. The dear old "South Congregational"! Not so old as I am, and not much older than you are, and likely to live longer than either of us. We have both done what we could in our several ways to add to its life. May God accept whatever in our service was right and pardon the rest! There must be a few in the parish who would recognize me if I could stand

up before them at the semi-centennial, and they would say: "His head has grown white, however it may be with his theology." I wish you would thank them for taking the advice I gave them when I went away in calling you to follow me. That was the last of a long and thick succession of most gracious and judicious compliances with my wishes. Their building went to Rome, and their minister went — whither he thought God called him, but their prosperity seems never to have forsaken them. How many honored and dear names I could mention of those who were with me from the beginning! And how much could be said of them! Give my love to all the children and kindred of all those who have fallen asleep.

Believe me sincerely and faithfully,

Your friend,

F. D. Huntington.

CHAPTER IV

A NEW PATH

"Then said Christian, 'I perceive not yet but that this is my way to be desired herein.' And Christian set on his way, with his sword drawn in his hand."

On a September afternoon in the year 1855 Mr. Huntington and his family drove from the Highlands through the winding country roads connecting the villages of Roxbury and Brookline, over the wooden bridge which crossed the Charles River and so on to Cambridge. A college bookstore, the post-office, and a few shops then made up the little business centre known as "Harvard Square." Beyond the grassy spaces of the "Yard," mostly open enclosure, with here and there an ancient structure among the trees, stood the old Observatory, marked by the cupola on the roof and a small octagon wing at the side. The building, converted into an ordinary mansion, was placed on a slope looking towards the Library, its little lawn screened by a tall hawthorn hedge from the dusty high-road, along which the hourly omnibuses still made their slow progress to the city. On one side was a long sunny piazza, the front door opened on Quincy Street, and to the north was a group of apple-trees and a stable. To this attractive residence the young Plummer professor directed his children's attention as he came down the steps of the College office, and pointed out their future home.

Pleasant was the outward aspect and pleasant the associations into which the family was entering. Those were days marked by simplicity of life, without pretension and without display; by cheerful and intimate companionships; the pursuits of cultivated minds; an exchange of ideas which gave variety to familiar intercourse. It has been maintained that at no time in the history of our country was life so full, so free, so untrammeled, and so satisfying, as during those two decades which ended with the Civil War. Before that dark cloud settled over the land, with the subsequent change in fortunes and rapid increase of a wealthy class, social existence in a small community like that of Cambridge was an ideal one. The educational advantages of Mr. Agassiz's school attracted young girls whose birth and breeding were such that they brought with them from their homes in the Southern and Middle States the same fine manners which they found in the university town. Their presence added gayety to the winter festivities, while they on their part were cordially received into a company of young people rarely excelled in ease and refinement, beauty and wit. It was a time when customs were entirely American; before foreign travel had introduced the habits of Continental life. There was neither the glamour of great riches nor the unrest and discontent caused by changing standards and conditions. If the aspect was one of sobriety, if the outlook was restricted and daily events unexciting, there could not be dullness in a circle which included such families as the Agassiz, Longfellows, Danas, Nortons, Lowells, Palfreys. While the whole faculty could meet in one room in the little gothic cottage occupied by the president, the

members of the college set were not too numerous to live together on terms of intimacy which precluded any stiffness or formality. The entertainments were many of them impromptu; for the elders a little supper or an evening visit; for the younger carpet-dances or charades. The whole neighborhood gathered for a piano recital by Otto Dresel, a concert from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, or readings from Fanny Kemble. Scenes from Shakespeare were enacted, clever plays improvised, or an operetta, with the score furnished by the musical department and the libretto supplied by the English and Italian professors. It was a time when every one read Dickens; his characters were as familiar as the local oddities in the streets, and when Mrs. Charles Lowell threw open her hospitable home for a costume party, it was the scene of many clever impersonations. President and Mrs. Sparks entertained distinguished guests, and gathered groups of friends weekly to partake of a hospitality as dignified as it often was unconventional. What was worn, what was eaten, what china was set out, what kind of decorations prevailed, were at that time regarded as strictly individual. Differences of taste might be good-naturedly discussed, but it was not considered of consequence whether fashion was followed or strict etiquette observed. Each hostess entertained as best suited her convenience and her establishment, without ceremony and without competition. Strangers came from abroad, and were met with ease and a graceful welcome, sometimes at a formal banquet, sometimes at a simple household meal. Many of those beautiful and imposing dwellings are still preserved and are the pride of the community, but the spirit and

traditions of the past linger in but a few. The rural setting in which they were placed, the green parks and picturesque groves, have disappeared.

On the Norton estate a lover of solitude might wander for an afternoon through the footpaths which intersected its woods, ending in the secluded shade of Divinity Hall, and thus back to the town through what was known as "Professors' Row." Closing that vista stood the old gambrel-roofed house, celebrated by the poet Holmes as his birthplace. Across the common was the arsenal, with antiquated dwellings around it embowered in foliage. There were walled dooryards, where the lilac bushes blossomed bright in springtime, and the little gates swung out on the graveled pathway; narrow lanes between stiff brick houses mellowed in tint; colonial mansions with prim pediments and porches, and garden beds edged with box. Everywhere the great elms overarched the roadways, and gave a sense of retirement and calm. The little town stretched only to the edge of the salt marshes and on the other side sloped away into the open country of the Middlesex farms, with glimpses of the winding river, the wooded Fells, and far away the stretches of forest on the northern hills. It was a place apart from the great marts of traffic, from smoke and dust and machinery; the atmosphere was wholly academic, the setting provincial; the currents of life flowed on evenly and in placid content.

Week-day prayers and Sunday services were held in University Hall, that noble structure which still bears testimony to the architectural supremacy of Bulfinch. For commencement exercises and other public occasions the college was permitted the use of the village

meeting-house and it was there that on September 5 the induction took place of Rev. Frederic D. Huntington, D. D., as Preacher to the University and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals. The discourse was preached by Rev. James Walker, president of the institution; prayer was offered by the Rev. John Albro, pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church, in Cambridge; the Scriptures read by Rev. Convers Francis, professor in the Theological School; the prayer of induction offered by Rev. William A. Stearns, D. D., president of Amherst College, and the concluding prayer by Rev. John Pryor, D. D. The hymns were the inspiring invocation of Montgomery, "O Spirit of the living God," and an original composition written by Rev. William Newell, D. D., minister of the parish, beginning, —

"Welcome, servant of the Lord!
Bear aloft the torch of truth."

One of the entering class of that year described the scene fifty years later: —

"We freshmen had been given seats in the back pews, but I can see, almost as plainly as if it were yesterday, the venerable Dr. James Walker, the then president of the college, standing on the pulpit platform, his fine countenance showing a wonderful blend of dignity and gentleness, and face to face with him, the stalwart, broad-shouldered figure of the younger man, to whom he was delivering the charge." [1]

The president's sermon was a strong plea for the Christian education of youth in college, conceding,

[1] Rev. William Reed Huntington: Memorial sermon, "The Good Shepherd," preached at Emmanuel Church, Boston, at the unveiling of the memorial tablet, November 26, 1905.

however "in the main as true," that "the religious, or at any rate the Christian life is not a development of human nature, but something superinduced upon it, and wholly the work of grace." After citing history in favor of the university as preëminently the "child of the church," he said: "Of course it is no longer necessary that the teaching or discipline of colleges should make men theologians. The greatest change which has taken place of late in respect to education consists in this, that it has become a distinct profession. It is within the memory of some of us, when professors and tutors were taken, almost as a matter of course, from among clergymen and students in divinity; now as a general rule, a professor is as much a layman as a lawyer or a physician is. This change has made it not less, but more indispensable, that there should be a pastor of the college, to take care of its religious interests, and to conduct its religious services. It only remained to find the man; that the selection has been made in wisdom, we have the best evidence of which the case admits, in the almost entire unanimity with which it has been made, and also the hearty concurrence it has met with from the public, including the leading and best minds of all denominations."

Mr. Huntington's reply expressed his sense of the dignity of the presence he was in, the variety of interests there represented, declaring, "the best 'inaugural' I could pronounce would be a confession of personal insufficiency, and an invocation of all good men's prayers for the heavenly help. I wish to remember, and I beg you, sir, never to suffer me to forget, that my special and elect business here is to be a minister of Christ; not of nature-worship, which is

idolatry, not of pantheism, which is superstition, not of a religion humanly created or developed, which is self-contradiction, not of an ethical philosophy, which has no Jesus for its embodiment and no cross for its symbol. You will not expect me to offer here my salutations or invitations to the members of the classes that I am hereafter to address. What is in my heart for them — and I hope nothing that is not there — I am to say to them from week to week. If a cordial desire to enter in among them with genuine relations of simple good-will, — if a natural liking for young men and a large faith in their predominant traits, — if a profound conviction that the only religion which has either a right to be accepted among them, or a promise from Heaven that it shall be, is a religion that is genial, magnanimous, earnest, direct, and positive, a religion that respects every manly instinct, comprehends every honorable feeling and scorns all but generous manners and considerate methods of approach, — and if a determination to be of any kind or degree of brotherly service among them that their free will may allow — if these are regarded by them as legitimate grounds of confidence or affection, then they and I shall be friends; and if friends then fellow-helpers to the truth. Then we shall do something together for the perpetual rededication of these ancient and honored halls to Christ and the church, and the scholars of human learning shall be kings and priests unto God."

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 10, '55.

To MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

Dear Sister: — You will like to hear of our safe settlement in the new quarters. They are vastly bet-

tered by paint and paper and furniture. We have even some advantages that we never had at the dear old home on the Highlands. My study is charming, and I wish you could look in upon its coziness this morning. The fuss and pains of getting fixed have been enormous and can hardly be looked back upon without a groan. The thanksgiving at restored order is sincere. The expense incurred in all this and some other extra outlays can hardly be less than a thousand dollars, — a sum which I propose to raise this season by lyceum lectures. The correspondence arranging these is a sad encroachment upon time. Indeed, what with special tasks, and receiving calls, we have hardly yet had time to breathe. Cambridge people are certainly abundant in their attentions. Our rooms are stocked with flowers and fruits, and every kindness has been shown us. If only the Holy Spirit should awaken a Christian interest in the college, my joy would be complete.

The house set apart for the Plummer professor made a delightful home. It was large and cheerful, ample in its accommodations and possessed some charming features which delighted the children. There was a little inside window, swinging open above the landing of the staircase, through which of an evening would come the hum of voices when company was assembled below; strains of music from the piano, the accompaniment of a song, or the lively tune of a dance. The professor and his wife enjoyed gathering young people around them. From the first Mr. Huntington set himself to become personally acquainted with the undergraduates and to entertain them under his own roof. This was not difficult at a period when the en-

tering class numbered barely a hundred. It was the custom to invite the freshmen to Sunday evening tea, in groups of not more than eight, and those who cared to keep up the acquaintance were made to feel at home at any time.

The intercourse of every-day life offered agreeable associations to the newcomers. They found two old Northampton friends living in Quincy Street. Harriet Mills was now Mrs. Charles Henry Davis, her husband the head of the "Nautical Almanac," and later a distinguished admiral. Sallie Mills was the wife of Benjamin Peirce, the great mathematician. Judge Charles P. Huntington had married a third sister Helen, so that there was a family connection. In the near vicinity were Governor and Mrs. Washburn and their daughter, most highly valued friends; Professor Felton and his family; Professor Jeffries Wyman, Dr. Beck the German scholar, Professor Lovering, and his wife who was an old Boston acquaintance. The future honored head of the university, Charles Eliot, was then a young tutor and had lately married a daughter of Mr. Huntington's beloved associate in the ministry, Rev. Ephraim Peabody. It is remembered that one morning when two or three men came in with the chaplain for breakfast, after morning prayer at the College Chapel, there was a reference to the sermon of the Sunday previous and its subject. Mr. Eliot, one of the company, quoted some lines from Mrs. Browning's "Vision of the Poets," as appropriate. He afterwards sent them to the preacher and they were printed in the discourse entitled, "Salvation not from suffering but by it," when it appeared in the collection, "Sermons for the People." One of the constant morning guests

was Professor Francis J. Child, and for two winters he occupied rooms in the house, living on terms of delightful intimacy with Professor Huntington. His warm, affectionate nature, delicate wit, and ardent disposition made him a congenial companion.

Much more than in the social enlivenment was the change to a university town an agreeable one. There was greater freedom of thought, a larger outlook, and the stimulus arising from the prospect of a new field of labor. Since the days when Mr. Huntington was a student at the Theological School, new subjects had begun to interest men's minds, new teachers and investigators had come forward, and generous gifts responded to the demands of science and the liberal arts. A building was in process of erection for the researches in the Department of Chemistry under Professor Cooke. Not much later the Museum of Natural History was founded, the beginning of which had become familiar to the inhabitants of Quincy Street. Not only did Professor Agassiz gather around him in his home, foreign *savants* of his own kindly and simple-minded character, but strangers of another order were domesticated, a huge turtle wandering around the dooryard, or tropical reptiles and snakes occasionally heard of. So much beloved was the great naturalist that even the children felt the benefit of his presence among them. In those days "nature study" as a subject of school curriculum was not known, but there was much interest in collecting specimens, and the boys entered with ardor into the pursuit. A group of them in the neighborhood formed a small society of their own, called "The Agassiz Natural History Society" in which Professor Huntington took much interest, giving

them the use of the octagon room in his house, for their meetings. Associated together in this pleasant study were George Huntington, then thirteen years old, Constant Davis, son of the admiral, Benjamin Peirce and James Lovering, sons of professors, Frederic Ware, whose father was the author of "Zenobia," and Robert Peabody, later the well-known architect. Three of the number lived only to early manhood, one scarcely to middle life.

George Huntington was always grateful for the inspiration which awakened his interest, taught him accurate habits of observation and research, and enabled him to share with others, especially his children and near friends, the delight he experienced in birds and flowers.

Professor Huntington wrote in later years: "I notice that on the memorial which is to be raised, at Cambridge, to Mr. Agassiz, it is proposed to omit all his long list of honorary titles, conferred by crowns, universities, and national societies, and to write after his name simply the word 'teacher.' The first honor belonging to his large mind, I conceive, was his reverence for the mind that is above all minds, for the person, creatorship, and fatherhood of God. His second honor was that he loved, with an affection as sweet as a child's and as strong as a woman's, everything that the Maker has made, from the mollusk up to man, and from the stars in the sky down to the starfish in the slime of the sea. Next to them, his glory was his passion and his power in giving to other minds the wealth of his own. The term that is to be carved on his monument, therefore, is a tribute not only to the scientific master but to the calling he chose and followed to the end."

In the middle of the last century social life within the college grounds bore the same simple character as the functions outside. Seniors were satisfied to entertain their guests on Class Day in old Holworthy, and its steep stairways and low dingy rooms were the centre of fashionable gayety. There was but a limited interest in games. Football was played on the Delta and boat-races held on the Charles, with spectators gathered on the roofs of residences on the Milldam. One of these regattas, which occurred in July, 1858, was described by President Eliot at an athletic dinner more than forty years afterward. Although a tutor he took an oar to help out the undergraduate crew, and they won a glorious victory for the college, amid the plaudits of their enthusiastic friends. The president recalled that "we had no one to help us after rowing the six miles, and we just rowed back to Cambridge. I remember there was but one man to greet us, and that was the Plummer professor of those days."

Without any great enthusiasm for sport, Professor Huntington was always an advocate for athletics and for manly, vigorous pursuits. As a country boy, bred to farm work, active exercises such as swimming, horseback riding, and skating were a delight to him and were encouraged in his children. He deplored the sedentary existence often engendered by the change to studious habits and college routine. The endowment of the new professorship had enjoined upon its incumbent the promotion of the physical as well as the moral welfare of the students. When he removed to Cambridge there were very limited accommodations for gymnastic exercise. A demand was felt and somewhat loudly expressed, but the decisive step was taken by

Professor Huntington, who secured from a donor in Boston a sum sufficient to insure the erection of a building well equipped for those days. In the "Harvard Magazine" of 1859 it is mentioned with pride that "conservative Harvard should be the first of the colleges in this country to incorporate into its course of education an organized system of physical training."

In August, 1855, just before his induction at Harvard, Amherst College, his alma mater, conferred upon Frederic Dan Huntington the degree of doctor of sacred theology. He was then thirty-six years of age, entering a new career full of hope and high aims, possessing the sympathy and personal magnetism which success in pedagogy requires, and thoroughly imbued with the deep responsibility of such a calling.

In 1856 he published "Unconscious Tuition" which, in the form of a text-book for teachers, has been widely circulated throughout the land for a half century. Although a practical homily on the personal influence of the class room, it is much more, for it establishes the spiritual connection between pupil and teacher, without which education fails in its highest purpose.

These words, written later, express what he himself always kept in mind. "Life is the test of learning. Character is the criterion of knowledge. Not what a man has, but what he is, is the question after all. The quality of soul is more than the quantity of information. Personal, spiritual substance is the final resultant."

It was in this spirit that work was taken up in the recitation room, on the playground, in the chapel. To reach the youth under his charge on the religious side of their nature was a vital and important question;

"to conduct the devotions so that they shall fulfill the manifest purpose of their appointment; have a spirit as well as a shape; bring a devout sacrifice as well as a bodily attendance; diffuse a hallowing influence over the restless and eager life congregated there; awaken strong resolves and pure aspirations and call down the answer and benediction of Heaven."

In an article on the subject of "College Prayers" he finds "the first condition of any adequate benefit from the service that it be treated by all that are responsible for it as a reality; as what it pretends to be; as real prayer." In those days the enforcement of attendance on the daily worship had its undesirable effect in the rush and haste of reaching the building at an early hour, and the mechanical aspect which the observance bore. The professor's wife found her sensibility shocked when the boys familiarly talked of "cutting prayers" and begged them to substitute some other expression. Mr. Huntington deplored any connection of the conduct of worship with discipline. "In some seminaries it would seem as if the final cause for prayers were a convenient convocation of the scholars, as a substitute for roll-call. They must be somehow brought together, in order to come under the eye of a monitor and be counted, and so they are summoned to praise God."

In his own practice he conformed to the simple custom for daily service, of prayer and reading of Scripture. With an uncommonly beautiful voice, thoroughly trained, and expressive; with a gift in prayer which was one of his highest powers for spiritual uplifting, even a careless and inattentive audience of immature youth might well at times feel a stirring of soul. In the closing passages of the article quoted he

says: "Knowledge and faith have one interest, one aim, one God and Saviour to confess and serve; and therefore over every step in education, every lesson in learning, every day of the student's tried and tempted life, should be spread the hallowing peace and the saving benediction of prayer. Deep down in their souls students feel this. At least in their better moments they realize it. Even the most impulsive and inconsiderate have some dim, instinctive witnessing within them that it is good to call on God. Many an earnest believer has felt his first renewing convictions, the first strong grasp of the hand of remorse, the first touch of penitential sorrow, amidst these apparently neglected entreaties. The sure arrow from the Divine Word has there reached many a haughty and obdurate heart. Could the secrets hid in the hearts of educated men be revealed, we have no doubt it would be seen how large a part the college prayers bore in the hearts of initiation or the reinvigorating of their best designs. Many a man has there in silence said honestly and faithfully to his own conscience, 'To-day I shall live more righteously; meanness and sin shall be more hateful to me; generosity and goodness more lovely;' and all the day has answered to the pledge. Admonitions that would have been rejected if offered from man to man work their effectual plea in the indirect persuasion of a request to the Father of Lights. Noble friendships between young hearts have felt themselves more disinterested and more secure for the holy appeal to the source, making each man feel himself a brother in the mighty fraternity of love. The noble claims of humanity, girding him to labor and suffer for his kind as the only worthy calling of his scholarly life, have there

pressed their way into the heart of hearts through a clause of the Bible that speaks to the rich and the poor, or a supplication for sage and slave alike, for bond and free, for the heathen and the helpless. Eminent servants of the best causes, disinterested patriots, preachers of Christ; missionaries to the ends of the earth have taken there the first impulse that bore them on to their places of heroic action or martyr-like endurance, — faithful unto death, awaiting crowns of life."

Professor Huntington made himself acquainted with the students' daily lives and interests. Of the close relations established, the following tribute testifies. It was sent "in loving memory. It comes from the heart. I write of the things that never die. I entered Harvard in 1857. My impression is that the post of chaplain was vacant for some time prior to the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Huntington. When he became chaplain he was a member of the faculty, but we soon learned that all confidences to him were sacredly kept, and that he had come to be the friend and adviser of the students. They gladly accepted him as such. He was trusted and beloved. He not only helped many to better resolutions and a higher life but he raised the standard of truth and honor throughout the college."

Another says: "The university pastor was a frequent visitor in the students' rooms. He respected every form of religious thought and seldom referred to matters of faith, except when the voluntary remarks of students led in that direction. He often invited a number of students to his home. No favoritism was apparent on these occasions. Indigent and ungainly students from the rural districts were received with the same kindly welcome which awaited rich men's sons."

One "who witnessed Dr. Huntington's devotion to the exigencies of the sick-room and the death-bed of students, and who has known with what eager confidence young men resorted to his study for spiritual counsel," adds: "His affectionate regard and kind treatment towards the young men, in their hours of sickness and sorrow, was more like that of an elder brother than a professional tutor, and his wise counsels and earnest labor for their religious advancement have been more like the solicitous yearnings of a devoted father than the discharge of the routine of a college professor." [1] From another source:—

"In 1859, at the age of fifteen, I was sent from my home in Maryland to take the Harvard examinations. In presenting myself for this purpose, Professor Huntington was one of the first to interest himself in me. Noting my age, he strongly urged me not to attempt the arduous college course for at least two years, notwithstanding my apparent preparedness. Although an entire stranger he took me to his house to tea, gave me letters of introduction to Professor Park and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Andover, commending me to their interest. I took his advice, and he gave me in addition a long and earnest talk about my religious duties, which I have always remembered with gratitude. I remained under his care until the clouds of civil war compelled my return and participation. The interest he manifested in me under these circumstances could never be forgotten, and it has always been an inspiration when similar opportunities have been presented to me. Consequently I have always held his name in great reverence and in loving remembrance."

[1] The *Boston Recorder*, March, 1860. "Correspondence from Cambridge."

The years of Professor Huntington's residence in Cambridge, from 1855 to 1860, were those of intense political feeling, high passions, and sectional bitterness. It was not partisanship, but the deeper struggle for supremacy of ideas which swayed North and South, while industrial and vested interests combined to combat the abhorrence, steadily growing in men's minds, of that policy of the national government which upheld slavery as supported by judicial authority. The household at Hadley had been nurtured in an ardent longing for the abolition of human warfare as well as of slavery. Elizabeth Huntington might well have expressed her own creed in the noble lines of Hartley Coleridge: —

> "Far is the time, remote from human sight,
> When war and discord in the world shall cease;
> Yet every prayer for universal peace
> Avails the blessed time to expedite."

From the pulpit and in the press Professor Huntington had always borne vigorous testimony against tyranny and oppression, as a strong believer in freedom and national righteousness, but he had never allied himself with the Abolitionist party. For Charles Sumner he had a sympathetic admiration, and in the heated atmosphere after the assault upon the senator his indignation rose high with that of citizens of Massachusetts of all classes and predilections.

In Cambridge a public meeting of protest was held June 2, 1856, and resolutions drafted by a committee with Richard H. Dana, Jr., as chairman. The preamble states the offense to be "defended and adopted by the slave-holding power, by their representatives and their press, and seen in connexion with the whole

course of things relating to Kansas and with other acts elsewhere and heretofore, we recognize not an isolated act of one man, but a part of a system, not the accident of passion, but the effect of causes permanent in their nature, and increasing in their powers. We see in it part of a system which aims at the subjugation of free speech and free action in the free states, and in their representatives. We see in it a part of a system, the latest and most extreme encroachments of that fearful oligarchy of slave powers, which has usurped political domination and now threatens to spread a moral servitude over the land."

The resolutions declare a "solemn conviction that the time has come when the people of the free states must unite in one earnest effort to recover their personal liberties and political equality and to retrieve the honor of the country. The Constitution puts in our hands, by legal and peaceable means, the power to do all this. Let it be done."

The speeches on this occasion were from Professor Joel Parker and Professor Theophilus Parsons of the Harvard Law School, and Professor Huntington. Hon. Richard H. Dana presented the resolutions with remarks which were received with great applause. From personal acquaintance he made this tribute to Mr. Sumner: —

"When proposed as candidate for the Senate, the highest office Massachusetts can give, — while his election hung trembling in the balance, week after week, when one or two votes would secure it, and this or that thing said or done it was thought would gain them, nothing would induce Charles Sumner to take one step from his regular course from his house to his

office, to speak to any man; he would not make one bow the more, nor put his hand to a line, however simple or unobjectionable, to secure the result. I know — I have a right to say this — I know that in this course he resisted temptations and advice and persuasions which few men would not have yielded to."

The words of Mr. Huntington at the close of his speech show the vehemence by which he himself was moved. "It has been well said that the New Testament gives us not the Resolves of the Apostles, but the Acts of the Apostles. Sir, we must hold fast these fine sentiments we utter so fluently till they take shape and consistency in action. The summer heat must not wilt them down; the summer pleasures must not emasculate them; the early and latter rain must not dilute them. The autumn frosts must not wither them. We must keep them till next November. Then we must take them between our fingers, and put them into those boxes where are the fate-books of republics, — the treasury-chests of every wise and upright democracy. And if the Missouri rioters or the renegade knighthood of the Carolinas shall come on to snatch the very ballot-boxes out of our hands, then, sir, we must put them into — but Mr. Chairman, I am a member of the Peace Society [cheers and cries of 'Go on']. No, it shall not come to that!

"If we are faithful and true it shall not come to that. A great revolution is taking place, deep in the minds of men, one of those revolutions which never, never go back."

An incident of that time is described in the "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," by Edward L. Peirce.

"As soon as Sumner's purpose to go to Boston to

vote for Fremont was known, a committee of citizens waited on him and urged his acceptance of a banquet; this invitation he declined, but he was unable to repress the popular sympathy which sought expression in a public reception. This became an imposing demonstration, unorganized, spontaneous, and heartfelt. A committee of whom Professor Huntington of Harvard College, since bishop of Central New York, took the lead, arranged that it should be 'without military display, but civil, dignified, and elevated in character.'[1] (Professor Huntington's letter, October 10, 1856, to Sumner.)

"Professor H. presented Sumner as one who 'had come, a cheerful and victorious sufferer, out of the great conflicts of humanity with oppression, of ideas with ignorance, of scholarship and refinement with barbarian vulgarity, of conscience with selfish expediency, of right with wrong' This to the mayor. He was presented to the governor by Professor H. as one 'whose friends are wherever justice is revered, who has a neighbor in every victim of wrong throughout the world, now returning to his state, her faithful steward, her eloquent and fearless advocate, her honored guest, her beloved son.'"

It has been mentioned in the correspondence of Professor Huntington that owing to the inadequacy of his salary to meet the expenses of his position he was obliged to devote part of his time during the winter months to the lecture field. In spite of the pressure of other duties, and the necessary absence from home, he enjoyed meeting audiences of thinking people and felt

[1] Edward Everett was first asked to deliver the address of welcome but declined for political reasons.

the animation which numbers and enthusiasm give to a public speaker. That there was nothing of the commercial spirit in the contracts into which he entered may be gathered from the following anecdote, published in the "Utica Observer," of June 22, 1903. Speaking of Bishop Huntington, then the bishop of the diocese, the editor says: "It was when his pastorate of a Boston church was at the height of its brilliancy that he was induced to come to the interior of New York for the first time and to lecture before the Utica Mechanics' Association. His engagement had been made without a price being named. The chairman of the lecture committee, when the arrangements were otherwise completed, wrote to him to learn what compensation he would expect. The answer was unusual. 'I have never,' he replied in effect, 'found myself able to affix a price to intellectual or moral labor. When the lecture has been delivered you may give me what you will.' That letter, cherished for years, was burned in the 'Observer's' fire in 1884 with many another epistle of less value from men ranking high in the lecture field. It was cherished as an illustration of the man so many of us have come to know better and to love and venerate so highly in these later years."

There is a personal incident connected with these days of lecturing. In the library left behind by Bishop Huntington is a volume on the fly-leaf of which the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," was written under an inscription made "with grateful love and esteem." The author of the book, a luminous and inspiring interpretation of Divine power in the world, wrote in explanation of this tribute: —

"I shall never forget or ever pass away entirely out of the influence of an address I once heard from you (thirty-three or thirty-four years ago) while I was a student at Williams College. For the first time I felt myself lifted by a clergyman's voice into an atmosphere of natural freedom with implications also, sweet restraints, equally natural, that belong to the spiritual realm. It was the coming home to the Father's house. That firm and gentle voice will always remain in my memory. The vibrations have grown stronger during all these years, as into a triumphal psalm. Now they come back to you, in so far as I can utter them in the little book I send you."

The occasion, still clear in the bishop's mind, had been remembered by him as a lost opportunity, owing partly to circumstances attending the delivery of the address. He was obliged to leave his country home very early in the morning, after a night of anxiety through illness in the family, and taking a long drive in wet weather across the hills, arrived to find in a close and heated hall, an audience wearied with prolonged literary exercises. It seemed to him that his words fell lifeless and unproductive upon the ears of all present. When he learned long after of the effect upon one listener, he was deeply touched that the message which he deemed unheeded had not only wrought its work but was still passed on, through the eloquence of another's rendering, to many eager souls.

In the winter of 1857–58 Mr. Huntington delivered a course in Brooklyn, the Graham Lectures, which were afterwards published under the title "Divine Aspects of Human Society."

Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1857.

My dear Father and Sister: — I must couple you together, in the parting salutation of the old year. It is almost gone. As it draws to an end, my thoughts and my heart turn to you, to the old home, and I would fain seat myself with you if I could, and watch the dying embers, and feel the spell of the past, and listen to the voices of the dead, and let the solemn hours drop into eternity in the very spot where my being began. It always seems as if mother was nearer there than anywhere else. Uncle's departure has revived very vividly the feeling of her presence and the recollection of her face and form, and voice, and words. How much you must all feel this change. For although he has so long lived apart from the world, and even from the next houses, yet the consciousness that he was there remained, — and where the living are so few, one form is sadly missed.

Though absent from you, I think I have realized it a good deal and followed you along with close sympathy. Death is a much greater event there than in a crowded, hurrying population like this. It is as if the gate into eternity swung wide open, and we could almost look in. If our faith in Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life" is genuine, the prospect ought not to give us sadness, or loneliness, or fear, but peace, confidence, and joy. . . . Christmas has come and gone. There was the usual profusion of presents, almost bewildering. Some of our neighbors kindly remembered us, and the families about us have been quite social. A great deal is done, in various ways, by lectures, concerts, fairs, tableaux, parties, &c., for the poor. I heard quite an eloquent plea for them by Mr. Everett. But the merciful

God of all has done more for them than all his creatures by ordaining such mild skies, and pleasant weather.

Three of my trips to Brooklyn have been taken, and have proved rather pleasant, — furnishing an opportunity to visit various friends, and to hear prominent preachers, — of all sorts and styles, — Bethune, Tyng, Beecher, Storrs, Alexander. Only once I have preached — last Sunday morning for Storrs, in return for his favors to me in the same kind. The lecture audiences are grand, quite exciting, — some twelve hundred intelligent people in the hall, and a hundred or so standing crowded in the passages and on the staircases outside.

April 5, 1858.

To Miss Bethia Huntington.

Yesterday was an Easter of uncommon outward splendor, and uncommon joy to our hearts. Seven students and three others came forward and joined the college church. The young men are full of promise and seem to be respected in this great step.

I have waited long, and hardly dared to hope for such a sight. Many years have passed since any member of the college joined the church. God grant that others may come, and all stand fast.

The distinctive revival movement does not hitherto appear much in the college institution, though there is unusual attention to religious things, and meetings are full. This week is the anniversary of mother's birth into the fullness of eternal life, and of her first earthly entrance upon it.

Among Professor Huntington's published sermons [1] is one preached April 11, 1858, on the Sunday after the

[1] *Christian Believing and Living.*

preceding letter was written. An introductory note makes "a respectful and affectionate acknowledgment to the students of the college who received it with more than their usual attention, many of whom have asked for its publication, and whose uniform candor makes it a privilege to be their minister. May they all be 'taught of God,' and 'lay hold on eternal life.' 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'" The subject of the discourse is "Permanent Realities of Religion and the Present Religious Interest." It deals with the subject of the revival meetings which in that year occupied the public attention to a marked degree. The words of the writer on a manifestation not greatly in accord with the spirit of the denomination he represented are given in part. On the title-page is a quotation from Frederic W. Robertson, then in the height of his influence. "Sin-laden and guilty men; the end of all the Christian ministry is to say that out with power — 'Behold the Lamb of God.' — When we believe that the sacrifice of that Lamb meant love to us, our hearts are lightened of their load; the past becomes as nothing, — life begins afresh." The text was from Isaiah, lv, 6, 7: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." The writer meets plainly an opposition to the movement acting through the community — setting aside the word "revival" as a mere name and stating instead "substantial facts, which for Truth's

sake we ought to see, and seeing revere;" the sense of sonship, the feeling of God's presence, a realization of sin, repentance, the need of sympathy, the value of human social prayer." Protests are made against religious excitements. "Excitements are of different kinds and degrees; excitements that come from the senses are full of peril; excitements which, necessarily, by a law of nature, must be followed by a reaction even into *apathy*, are hurtful. These statements are past question and need not be oracularly put forth every day as discoveries. Indifference so stolid that man, made to love God and goodness with all his heart, cannot abide in it, but has to be excited out of it, is also suspicious. A coolness so complacent that it must be broken up by a wrench of repentance, is also full of peril. Your worldly unbelief is hurtful. We have to set off exposures and dangers against each other, in this world, and find the safe way or the way of salvation, by coming as quickly as we can to our Guide. We shall probably estimate the harm of religious fervor very much according to our relative estimate of the importance of religion itself. There are indiscretions, we hear. No doubt of it. The question is whether the indiscretions are so many, and so glaring, as to overbalance the palpable and lasting good that comes of engaging many people heartily in the new conviction that they have a spiritual, immortal capacity, and owe their lives to their Creator. When we have governments without indiscretion, colleges without indiscretion, manners, trade, navigation, over any sort of sea, without it, we shall have an administration of Christianity without indiscretion. But remember, the greatest indiscretion we can possibly fall into about religion, is

to let it alone. No man, it seems to me, who looks largely over the facts and phenomena of the Christian world, can dare to insist that all mankind shall take one *outward* path to Heaven. The inward path must be essentially the same for all. There is but one Door. 'By me,' Christ said, 'enter in;' 'I am the Door.' But the ways that lead to the door, with slighter or greater divergence from each other, reach out at last, over all the intellectual territory of the great continent of humanity. Who shall not rejoice to believe that, through them all, pilgrims are pressing on, sincerely, patiently, humbly; with hope, with faith, that they may enter? 'Now when the pilgrims were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."' God grant to his church ever new, deeper, more genuine revivals of pure and undefiled religion. May He pour out his spirit upon all flesh, in other Pentecosts, on every barren place, every cold church, every unprofitable heart."

Oct. 2, 1856.

To Miss Bethia Huntington.

You will be interested to hear that a goodly number of our new class are religious men. Last Wednesday I invited together all the church members of the college (most of them of Trinitarian denominations) and addressed them on their peculiar duties as Christian members of this college. It was an earnest, attentive, and very interesting assembly, of nearly a hundred young men.

Distinctively Mr. Huntington was a preacher, and this sacred calling was in his mind preëminent. His Sunday sermons were addressed not only to the large body of undergraduates and members of the other university departments, but to the professors and their families, whom he considered under his special pastoral care. He gathered the children into a Sunday school held at his own house, where classes were instructed; at one time by two students then standing in unusually close relations to the chaplain, — William R. Huntington and Francis J. Abbott. In the administration of the services he set himself to present an attractive and reverent form of worship. The building and completion of Appleton Chapel, in October, 1858, were a source of great interest to him, gratifying both his strong æsthetic sense and his growing inclination towards churchliness in the outward manifestation of religion. In order to express his conception of public worship he prepared a service-book which was used on Sunday afternoons.

Although this was done with the approval of the president, the innovation was not in accordance with the views of some of the faculty, and the attempt could not be called successful. The compilation was, as he himself explains in the preface, "a considerable deviation from the Book of Common Prayer, that is recognized as the most complete body of liturgical exercises in our language."

In the pages of his magazine Professor Huntington had for some years taken notice of the solemn seasons of commemoration of the Saviour's passion, resurrection, and ascension. In 1858 he reviewed "Christian Days and Thoughts" by Rev. Ephraim

Peabody, offering a heartfelt tribute to the reverent and devotional spirit of the book. "It strengthens the tendency which we rejoice to find growing and gaining on every side, to mark and keep the feasts and fasts of the church in a wise and truly catholic observance. If anything in laws of association and veneration is clear, it would seem to be clear that the *time* of Christendom ought to be all measured and notched and consecrated by the leading events of our divine Lord's experience while he wore the form of our humanity, and thus the atmosphere of our ordinary existence be kept within the august influence of the supernatural age. It would nourish religion, sustain Christian order, enrich preaching and private devotion, and shed fresh beauty over the hard and practical aspects of our study and work."

With this growing appreciation of the rich spiritual inheritance which has come down to us from the past, Dr. Huntington welcomed the selections from Lyra Catholica, Germanica, Apostolica, and other "hallowed minstrelsy of the Catholic communion, — the time being quite come when Christians who would be truly catholic cannot afford to lose the nourishment and consolation for the inward life which any branch of Christ's body supplies." Thus he wrote in that preface, which in June, 1858, commended to American readers the "Hymns of the Ages," a compilation made by two devout women who were his personal friends. The introduction, which has been cited as an example of his "fine culture and pure English," closes with the following paragraph. "From the whole vast range of Christian thought, experience, and imagination, — from the fresh melodies lifted in the morning air of the

Christian ages, — from that long line of consecrated and aspiring singers reaching back to the days of Constantine, — from among the lofty strains of Ambrose and Jerome and their strong fellow-believers, where the sanctity of centuries is so wrought, like an invisible aroma, into the very substance and structure of the verse that it would seem as if some prophetic sense of their immortality had breathed in the men that wrote them, — from the secret cells and the high Cathedrals of the Continental worship, where scholarship and art and power joined with piety to raise the lauds and glorias, the matins and vespers, the sequences and the choral harmonies of a gorgeously appointed praise, — from the purer literature of old England, embracing the tender and earnest numbers of Southwell, and Crashaw, and Habington, and a multitude of better known besides, — these voices of faith are reverently gathered into their perfect harmony."

In May, 1856, "Sermons for the People" appeared, the first bound volume of printed discourses which Professor Huntington published. The introduction contains a tribute to the South Congregational Society, for whom most of them were written, "a people that must always be to me, in a signification that stands alone, *The People*, — a people that I tried for thirteen years to help, whose harmony, energy and fidelity, made my work delightful, and whose constant kindness I cannot repay, save by these unworthy acknowledgments, and by an attachment that will never be changed."

Of the sermons written for special occasions are several delivered before meetings of ministers; one at the Meadville Theological School; one to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union; one on "National

Retribution and the National Sin," of which a note says that "it was preached on Fast Day, 1851, soon after the passage, in Congress, of the bill known as the Fugitive Slave Law." Those who found in the later writings of the bishop of Central New York utterances on public matters which were attributed to the pessimistic spirit of old age, may read in the stern arraignments of the young minister, at a time of intensely heated public feeling, the same unsparing rebukes to a community truckling with greed and oppression. "We may build barricades for our prison-houses, and plant guns and staves and chains about our victims; we may stigmatize or crucify the prophets that tell us the truth; we may rejoice in every fresh success of cruel usurpations over human freedom; but we cannot thereby stay the advancing steps of retribution, we cannot, by police or militia, by conventions or statute-books, by certificates of bondage or judicial forms, press down behind the eastern horizon that ascending sun which shall bring in the day of our judgment."

Most of the readings were intended for private devotional use, and the large sale of the book, its multiplied editions and circulation among different classes of believing Christians, testify to the permanent place it gained in the hearts of the people. Of significance is a plea made in one discourse, for the better social and economic position of woman, on the ground that a fair and equal chance for the development of her powers had not been afforded her in the past. This was just at the period when a complaint was making itself heard from the platform, often exciting strong prejudice against those who had the courage to speak for their sisters.

The sermon on "The Christian Woman" has cheered and strengthened many, young and old, through its rare sympathy, while it holds up a pattern of complete womanhood in its beautiful delineation of consecrated service.

A discriminating critic said of the whole volume after its writer had passed away: —

"Some of his later publications may have contained riper thoughts, but probably no one of them enjoyed so wide a circulation. The charm of these sermons, as, indeed, of all the sermons that he ever put into print, lay in a certain subtle interweaving of the practical and the homely with the idealistic and the imaginative. Always eloquent, but never turgid; weighty without ponderosity; effective while leaving no impression that the preacher had been straining after effect, — these sermons justified their title, and not only reached 'the people,' but did the people good." [1]

The eight lectures delivered at the Graham Institute in Brooklyn and at the Lowell Institute in Boston were published in 1859 under the title, "Divine Aspects of Human Society." Thirty years later this book, which had been widely read, was reprinted. It is noteworthy that at the time of its first appearance, social subjects received so little attention that they were neither dignified by scientific treatment or included in courses of academic learning. When Lord Elgin wrote to the Hon. Edward Everett requesting the titles of American publications on social reform, the latter finding himself unable to furnish any such list, notwithstanding his wide acquaintance with literature, applied to the

[1] Rev. W. R. Huntington: Memorial Sermon.

Plummer professor at Harvard as the only man likely to give the desired information.

A teacher of ethics, with a strong love for humanity, Professor Huntington was an earnest student of history and of social progress. Thinking minds of that generation had become familiar with communistic theories through the experiments made by the disciples of Fourier and Robert Owen, while from across the water came echoes of that sympathy with the Chartist movement expressed by Frederic Maurice and Charles Kingsley. Mrs. Browning's hero in "Aurora Leigh" was described as "elbow deep in social problems." The large and intelligent audiences, who at that time listened to public lectures, gave eager attention to Professor Huntington's exposition of the Christian basis of relations between man and his fellows, of mutual help as a divine appointment, of the law of advancement, of the sphere of Christ's kingdom upon earth. In after years the lofty conceptions of the university professor entered into realization when, as a leader of men, his influence was given to movements for the advancement of the interests of labor, for the reclaiming of the criminal, for the education of the Indian and of the colored race, for equal political and industrial conditions.

In the midst of the many calls and distractions of the Boston and Cambridge life the Hadley home never lost its hold upon Professor Huntington, and he frequently found a few days' leisure to spend with his brother and sister and their aged father.

In 1857 Rev. Dan Huntington printed for his descendants a series of reminiscences under the title of "Memories, Counsels and Reflections by an Octoge-

nary." His youngest son gave his personal attention to the publication, having himself a strong interest in the preservation of family tradition and in the ties of kinship. His pride in the place of his birth and strong affection for it are expressed in the oration he was asked to deliver at the bi-centennial of the town of Hadley, held in June, 1859. In this address he describes in vivid portrayal the events which led to the founding of the town, its early history, the period of the Indian wars, the concealment of the regicides in the old parsonage, the educational development of Hopkins Academy, the lives of those who "governed the flock," in the words of the epitaph on the tomb of the first minister, John Russell. He closed with a touching allusion to the village cemetery, making an appeal for its pious care and more attractive preservation.

"It is right that our long review of the generations of the living should halt here where every generation and every procession halts at last. Through the gateway of mortality every review must pass. There every history must be sifted. A hundred years hence, how many coming after us will have entered! To those who shall gather to celebrate the third centennial, what strange and quaint antiquities the surviving specimens of our customs and fashions and dwellings and forms of speech will be. But this we know: and let this be our consolation: humanity, duty, character, goodness, truth, freedom, faith, hope, charity, will all be unchanged — keeping their loveliness and majesty forever."

Always ready in after-dinner speechmaking, and admirable in anecdote, Dr. Huntington never permitted his gift for pleasantry to lead him into the

excesses of an habitual story-teller. On this occasion at Hadley, the banquet which closed the day called forth one of his most genial moods. He was surrounded by the familiar faces of his townsfolk, and by distinguished guests, a goodly company gathered to do honor to the historic town. The toast to the orator of the day seems prophetic, in the light of subsequent years: "May his active life find solace and vigor, and may his age reap the fruits of serenity and peace, amid the placid retirements of his native Elm Valley."

His concern for the community was, however, far deeper than the interest stirred by a passing pageant or any exchange of felicitations. In the spring of 1859, after a few days at the old homestead, he wrote: —

"All the incidents of my little visit were pleasant and satisfactory, and are agreeable to recall. The points that occur to me as causes for special gratification were the signs of comfort and peace in the old house, and father's evident health. The tea at Major Sylvester's was a pleasant episode. I ought also to mention, as a reason for honest and general thankfulness, that so many of you are finding a sympathy and enjoyment in the religious opportunities of your own neighborhood. I hope nothing will occur to arrest that tendency or to disturb the more liberal and spiritually earnest state of things growing up in the town. If so, the past — or all that was wrong or painful in it — may best afford to be forgotten."

At this time the family at Elm Valley were worshiping with the Russell Church in Hadley, under a Congregational minister whose pastorate was in every way acceptable. In response to an invitation to deliver a lecture in their meeting-house, Professor Hunt-

ington wrote, March 18, 1859: "There is no prospect that my duties will allow me to go to Hadley before the celebration. I would a little rather also, all the past considered, that my first acceptance of a *ministerial* invitation to appear in public in Old Hadley should be strictly in the line of the ministerial office. If the good old sound orthodoxy of the Front Street keep going on in the last of the three apostolic graces a while longer, as fast as it has for the year past, and if I should continue growing in favor, on the other hand, with the Israel of the faith, perhaps the two parties — they and I — may meet. In that case, it is only to be hoped we should not pass each other without a recognition."

Each summer Professor Huntington took his wife and children back to the old home, so that the earliest memories of the little ones were associated with it. After such a sojourn he wrote in July, 1859, to his sister: "We have to content ourselves with happy memories and sweet thoughts of your green meadows and still waters, — not unmixed with deep desires and prayers for the peace and welfare of you all. May God answer them and bless you."

The family life in the Cambridge home was a delightful one. The parents were not too absorbed in outside interests to give time and sympathy and companionship to their children. The older ones received every advantage of schooling which the period afforded, with private instruction in drawing and French. As a boy in the old country home their father had been taught to find his chief pleasure in reading, and he supplied his own household with the best books, often selecting for them some volume suited to their

special tastes. From earliest childhood they became familiar with beautiful verse, listening to him while he read aloud his favorite poems, with an exquisite expression and sympathetic rendering rarely excelled. He taught them to learn hymns as soon as they could read, and took a strong interest in the selections for their school recitation. His gift to his eldest daughter on her tenth birthday was a copy of Keble's "Christian Year," a work already familiar on his study-table. All literary enjoyment was so ardently shared by the head of the family with the home circle, that a cultivated taste was naturally developed which excluded attractions less elevated and refined. Out-of-door pursuits and healthy activities were equally encouraged. It was a happy event when the busy professor could take the children for a skating expedition or a sleigh-ride, and such delights were eagerly anticipated, with occasional drives through the lovely country which then stretched unbroken on the confines of Cambridge. The freedom of suburban residence permitted the possession of live creatures, a luxury not suited to city life but which was a feature of these earlier days. No road was too long for the energetic and hardy frame of the professor, if he had a good horse and the reins in his own hands, and many an engagement for preaching or lectures was kept through a drive across the state; while his favorite companion was a fine dog gamboling before him on a walk, or curled up by the side of his study chair. There was much rejoicing in November, 1859, when a second daughter was born. The youngest child, Jamie, was five years old and a universal favorite, having an unusually winning and social disposition. His father writes that the only

consciousness he showed of being dispossessed from the position he had occupied in the household was "when the baby was getting the attention and admiration of the whole room, he drew up very soberly to his mother's side, and said to her in a low voice, 'Mamma, do you like me?'"

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 20, 1859.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

Dear Sister: — This is Thanksgiving week. Cold and small must any of our hearts be that do not find abundant cause for cordial praise. In our own family in its different branches, how many cases of mercy, healing, deliverance, protection, bounty; new lives given and old lives spared, — plenty and affection for all, and for all the immortal hopes of the Gospel of salvation. As we have no service in the Chapel that day, I preached my Thanksgiving sermon this morning, from the text, "Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters." God's steadfastness amidst man's fluctuations; illustrated in the outward world, in society, history, institutions, affairs of religion, — with three duties inferred : gratitude, trust, loyalty, with their three expressions, — thanksgiving, prayer, obedience. The whole psalm (104th) is one of the sublimest. Herder thinks that Milton borrowed from it the inspiration of the morning hymn of Adam in Paradise.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 25, 1859.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

Dear Sister: — To-morrow I intend to send a package of books by express. I hope all of you whose names are written in them will accept them as a de-

signed and cordial gift. It has all along been my intention to give them, and the lectures have been kept back only to go in the same bundle with the sermons. The two volumes together may be said to have pressed into them, and expressed through them, the greatest amount of my inner life and thought for the last three years. God knows how earnestly I have prayed that they might do good and not evil; that their error might be overruled and their truth accepted, and our Blessed Lord's honor and cause be in some way and measure advanced by them.

Yesterday was a day full of sacred interest to us. Some of the Roxbury relations were with us, and a few intimate friends coming in, the holy ordinance of baptism was administered upon our dear little Ruth Gregson, — a domestic service, in our parlor at four o'clock. The Chapel has hardly become enough like a church to us to lead us there. Join your prayers with ours, that the new and precious life thus brought into the living body of the church on earth may also be made a member of the invisible and eternal church which is one on earth and in Heaven.

Scarcely had this service ended when we went to our public Christmas Eve worship in the Chapel, at five o'clock. The interior had been beautifully dressed with evergreens, — including cross and star, and the inscriptions on the college seals, on opposite walls in evergreen letters: "Veritas" and "Christo et Ecclesiæ." The building was full of people, and the exercises seemed very reverential and impressive. They were liturgical, much like our usual afternoon worship, only adapted to the Saviour's birth-night. The music by the students was solemn and touching.

This seemed a fit mode of ushering in the festivities and joys of the season. We then returned home, and the children distributed their presents with the usual good cheer. After the house had become still, about half past ten o'clock, as I was sitting in the study preparing for the holy duties of to-day, suddenly most delightful music, in youthful voices, broke out under my window. I raised the curtain, and there stood a picturesque group of singers, mostly young boys, muffled in cloaks and shawls, with lanterns, under the sparkling stars in the frosty night air, pouring out Christmas carols, — genuine old English carols, — in music and words wholly peculiar, and beautiful exceedingly. At first I was puzzled to make them out. I noticed that whenever they spoke the name of Jesus they bowed the head. Altogether the effect was remarkable, — as if I had been transported back into the ages of old romance and faith. On going out to ask the strangers in, they greeted me with a "Happy Christmas." They proved to be the choir of the Episcopal "Church of the Advent" in Boston, whom one of our neighbors worshiping there had brought out to his house here, where I presently joined them. It was an old-country church custom for these companies, called "waits," to carol in this way, on Nativity night, under the rector's window. You know the pathetic and moving character of the music-voices of boys. This formed a charming conclusion to the day.

In another letter referring to this event he says: "It was as if something from Bethlehem and Fatherland had blended graciously, and floated down through the starlit and frosty air to our door."

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 1, 1860.

DEAR SISTER BETHIA: — With all my heart, as the sun of the first day of the New Year goes down, in the stillness that rests upon the pure white earth, amidst the Sabbath feeling always deeper at this hour, let me offer, before you and our dear father, the fervent and devout wish that this year may be happy, and good, and crowned with heavenly blessings, to you both, from the beginning to the end. May you be blessed in basket and store, in body and soul, in affection and faith, in the joys of this life, in "the means of grace, and the hope of glory." We have just come in from our afternoon service, where we sang old "Benevento," and read the gracious 103d Psalm. The text this morning was from the Parable of the Tares; the servant's mistake and sin in not using his one talent.

You remember mother's interest in peace. This gave me interest in giving an address last Monday, before a Peace Society in Providence, in connection with Christmas. Our term ends two weeks from next Wednesday. I hope to see you all, the last week in the month.

With steadfast affection yours,

F. D. H.

The sun of the second Sabbath of the year has gone down in a flood of silent glory and as his beams have gradually faded away, the splendor of the moon has filled their place. It is a perfect night, after a day perfect in its kind, but very warm for the season. I wish you could look in upon us and spend the evening, at least. We have fitted up the back parlor and now take tea here. Among several new pictures in the room is one just given to Arria, — a large and handsome

engraving of Raphael's "Transfiguration." I have been reading aloud to Jamie, who shows great sensibility, dear child, to spiritual impressions. He has learned, of his own accord, "the Apostles' Creed" and repeats it with us when we say it, as well as the Lord's Prayer. Little Ruth, who has learned to smile in our faces, is upstairs asleep. George is busy with his books.

CHAPTER V

SPIRITUAL CONFLICT

"This is a valley that nobody walks in but those that love a pilgrim's life; yet I must tell you that in former times men have met angels here."

From the preceding chapter it may be seen that the years between 1855 and 1860, the term of Professor Huntington's residence at Harvard University, were filled with interests and activities thoroughly congenial to his tastes and aspirations. As a teacher he was brought in contact with the minds of bright and eager youth; as a preacher he counted among his hearers men of intellect and reputation; he addressed large and cultivated audiences from the lecture-platform; found wide opportunity for religious influence through the press and in his published writings; mingled with society under its most engaging aspects; lent his aid to movements of widespread beneficence. From first to last, his own denomination conferred upon him almost every distinction which official station and appointments for ceremonies and celebrations could afford; in representative gatherings of charities, agricultural societies, library associations, commencement occasions of nearly every New England college, his words were listened to with sympathy and appreciation. And yet this entire period was one of intense anxiety, of great mental strain and spiritual distress.

He said of himself that his sufferings sometimes amounted to agony, in uncertainty as to the Divine will, in conflicting views as to the demands of conscience, in the prospect of breaking precious ties, in a renunciation of much that he held dear. Alone in the struggle he was "thrown upon God in solemn solitude."

The first direct step which he took to free himself from any trammels as to expression of opinion was in 1856 when he added to the title of the "Monthly Religious Magazine," of which he occupied the editorial chair, the name "Independent Journal," with an explanation, to which he thus refers in the following number. "Denominations, nowadays, strangely overlap each other, and get mixed. To be clear of all sects is not to stand between any two, nor to court the favor of any. Our own aversion to the Unitarian name, and our desire to be independent of it, arises partly from a belief that that term is not a description of our religious convictions on several important points, and partly from a settled distrust of the general influence of the sectarian measures it covers, rather than from any want of friendship for its men, or of appreciation of its freedom." In these same spring months the columns of the periodical were opened to an article on "The Relation of the Atonement to Holiness," from the "New Englander," by the Rev. S. W. S. Dutton; a letter on the same subject by Rev. E. B. Hall, D. D., with remarks; a reply by Rev. Mr. Dutton, and a second letter from Dr. Hall. In introducing the first, by a conspicuous clergyman of the Orthodox Congregational Church in New Haven, already on fraternal terms with Professor

Huntington, the latter states that "it is a reprint entire of the 'Concio ad Clerum' delivered before the General Association of Connecticut last July. It must be borne in mind that it received the evident and full approbation of that rather orthodox body; though we are aware that to mention that circumstance will prejudice its reception with some persons whose liberality is rather in name than in reality. Others will not fail to be nourished by the truths it so fervently proclaims, finding something there that meets their hearts, and gratified by the encouragement it gives to the hope that clear and consistent statements shall yet be found for vital theological doctrines in which earnest believers can agree."

In response to Dr. Dutton's arguments, Dr. Hall, a Unitarian minister of age and learning, asked in his communication for Scriptural proofs of the doctrine. The whole controversy is reviewed at length in the quarterly issue of the "New Englander," Congregational, for May, 1856, on the ground that "Professor Huntington occupies a public position, of incalculable power over the religious convictions of the American people. Every parent who is desirous of educating his boy has an interest in ascertaining the nature of that religious teaching to which he will be subjected in the oldest and wealthiest university of our land."

An extract is given from an article on "The Divinity of Christ" published in the "Monthly Religious Magazine" for May, 1851, in which Professor Huntington says: "We believe, therefore, we cannot but believe, we are as unable as we are undesirous to doubt, that in regard to that deep, wide line that distinguishes the Infinite from the finite and the Divine from the human,

Christ the Redeemer does not stand by his nature on the human side. We discover no way in which an estranged, lost family on earth, not knowing God by all its wisdom, and condemned by a law which it had not power or will to keep, could be raised, restored, and justified, but by one who should bring the Deity to the earth, while he lifts up man towards Deity. The Redeemer must make God manifest in the flesh, mediate between heaven and humanity, show us the Father to move and melt the child."

The writer in the "New Englander" goes on to say of the passages quoted, that although 'the *animus* of the entire production cannot be apparent as in the eloquent whole, these few blossoms will show the nature of the mind whose fruit was then but forming, and which we trust may long continue to ripen rich earthly harvests, before transplanted to the Paradise of God and of the Lamb."

It is significant that while Professor Huntington closes the discussion in his "Monthly" with an appeal to the Unitarian denomination to enter upon fresh studies of the life of Christ, "and to reach beyond the old standards for views which promise a profounder peace to the heart," the reviewer proceeds with an inquiry whether such a candid exposition of belief would entitle its exponent to be received into the orthodox fellowship. "He has in a manful spirit addressed his old companions by a free and frank avowal of disagreement with their opinions. He does not ask to publish in our periodicals his confession of faith; but he publishes our confession in his own monthly, for the benefit of his Unitarian friends, and explains and defends its principles. Has he not the

same claim on our sympathy and recognition, which those fathers of our churches had, who left their own communion at the commencement of the present century and sundered their ancient associations at the expense of personal ease and consideration? Let any one who wishes to be informed of the parallel, peruse the strictures on Professor H. in the Unitarian papers, or read his remarks on the discussion. Moreover, he is coming forth from his childhood's faith, and from all his earlier habits of religious belief; while those with whom we have compared him only separated from their friends and teachers because the latter avowed doctrines which they had not imagined them to hold, — doctrines which were directly at variance with the public confession of the churches where they ministered. Ought not the memory of that severe trial to quicken the generous yearning for a mind that is struggling to obtain the truth, and brave enough to accept and avow it wherever discerned?"

It will be seen by this open vindication in a periodical which circulated extensively through New England, that the position of Professor Huntington in the religious world was a subject of wide interest. He had neither concealed the differences of belief which separated him from his brethren nor had he gloried in them.

His withdrawal from the "Monthly Religious Magazine" in December, 1858, was due to a desire for relief from "fourteen years of editorial work and time for other studies. Considering the mutabilities of modern journalism, this is long enough to establish a respectable reputation for constancy. Considering all things, it is long enough for edification.

"In the confidence that the future progress and prosperity of the church depend on a nobler catholicity, a more simple and direct communion between the believer and the person and the heart of Christ, we have striven hard not to speak of any religious organization, or any earnest disciple, with bitterness. But he must be a slight observer of the mysteries of his own nature, who does not know that these biases creep upon us in unsuspected signs. We are not unwilling to acknowledge that we have printed some words, under what now seems a mistaken impression of duty, which we would gladly blot out. For all needless offenses, against men or bodies of men, we sincerely declare our shame, and ask forgiveness.

"No attempt has been made to turn this journal into a vehicle of the editor's theological belief. We have not been anxious that a complete creed, not even that our own creed, should be gathered from its pages. On many points, and those not the least vital to Christianity, regarded as a body of truth addressed to the mind, our views have undergone serious modifications since we slipped, half accidentally, into this editorial chair."

Many years afterwards Bishop Huntington wrote out the history of his religious experience during those years of unrest. We have already given his estimate from the point of view of later life, of the Transcendental Movement. He had felt with other minds of his generation, the quickening influence of philosophic idealism. Speaking of himself in the third person he goes on to say: —

"It appeared to H. that beneath the shiftings on the current of speculation there was a change at work in the whole doctrinal basis of the denomination to which

he had belonged. Doubtless that the jejune self-interested moralizing of the Priestley and English Socinian school should be spiritualized by a lofty appeal to consciousness and insight under a direct power of the spirit of God, was an immeasurable gain. St. Paul proclaimed an eternal law when he wrote, 'Spiritual things are spiritually discerned.' But Christianity is a revelation. Of that revelation there is a record. Its credentials, its history, the general and reverential consent of eighteen Christian centuries, its marvelous power over civilized peoples, hardly less than miraculous, invest it with tremendous sanctions. There is no trace of anything like Christian culture apart from its authority. In open questions it has been what there must be, a court of ultimate appeal. Hitherto H. had seen it so held, as well in his own as in other Protestant bodies. Throughout the Unitarian and Trinitarian polemics that appeal had been made with confidence on both sides alike. The main question was: What do the scriptures teach and mean? It was a question of interpretation of documents, hardly a question whether the documents were authentic and binding. . . . In the short space of twenty years the Unitarian press and pulpit virtually ceased to make a stand on the foundation which had been known as the Word of God. . . .

" Broad room was opened for more extensive relaxations. Individual independence is a rapid but bold rider, and drives with loose reins. Institutional Christianity began to be regarded more as a superstition than as a safeguard or an obligation. Ordinances were optional. All beliefs were elective. Sacraments were not sacraments, except in figures of speech; they might be serviceable or not. . . . Any distinctive divinity in

Christ, the personality of the Holy Ghost, a sacrificial redemption, a permanent and hereditary disease of sin in human nature needing such redemption by a second Adam or head of the race, were emphatically if not passionately rejected, whether as facts or dogmas. . . .

"There would be from a believing past and from many side sources of God's gracious help, high-toned families, pure lives, encouraging and enlightening preaching, ardent reformers; but it is difficult to see how practically the upshot could be escaped that everybody is to do, in this world of temptation, error, and folly, what is right in his own eyes. That in his own eyes right would always be right, would, in that case, be nothing more than a charitable hope."

"It happened that H. was for thirteen years engaged in the diversified ministrations of a prosperous city congregation mostly gathered within that period of time, acquiescing in Unitarian views and plans, surrounded by attached and reasonable parishioners, with no sort of external obstruction. If he remained ignorant of anything doctrinal or practical, anything of public policy or esoteric consideration, anything of form or spirit, anything in charities or aggressive enterprises, belonging to his denomination, it certainly was not for want of opportunities of knowledge. With the ministers of that denomination he enjoyed with a keen relish the warmest friendships. On occasions when it might be expected he advocated and defended orally and in print those constructions of Scripture in which he had been brought up. In all quarters his treatment by his brethren was in the amplest degree generous and trustful. Gradually, however, he discovered that what he was most heartily and anxiously

teaching was less and less in accordance with the denominational spirit and form.

"When set to speak for 'the cause' he did it with a diminishing zeal. With some pain he became aware that he was oftener in a vein of criticism than advocacy, and that he probably disappointed his audience by unfavorable comparisons between their negations and the positive creed of a historical church. At first his endeavor was to find out a way of so urging the truths of Christ's divine nature and mediatorship, the necessity of a personal relation to Him, both subjective and sacramental, and the inspiring power of his cross upon character, charities, and missions, as to secure a reception of these truths without needless opposition. Substantially the same aim and line were followed in a service of five years in the chapel of Harvard College as an 'independent,' to which he was invited by President Walker and the fellows and overseers, partly orthodox and partly 'liberal,' in 1855.

"In this comparatively tranquil air everything was favorable to reading and thought, to a free comparison of systems, and an unprejudiced survey of the world outside. Certain editorial and other public engagements continued for some time, at least, a nominal relation to the body to which he owed much and to which he must always be grateful. It was a relation which, in spite of all exertions to the contrary, his own misgivings, some protests from his former associates, and some sharp attacks from one or two Congregational newspapers, rendered irksome and at last intolerable. However desirable it might be to deliver one's convictions to an assembly of young men in a leading university, to patient and unremonstrating

learned faculty-men and their families, and to others with them, he knew there must be a limit to the prosecution of that design. Looking out as intelligently as he could, he thought he saw the disbelieving and disintegrating tendencies above-named to be unchecked. He asked himself: Is there anywhere in ecclesiastical annals an instance of so swift a plunge downwards in any association of people bearing the name of Christ, simply losing hold of the central fact of revelation? He could no longer be content with a kind of Christianity destitute of a Christ in whom is all the fullness and power of God, without an inspired charter, without the law and inheritance and corporate energy and universal offer of the gifts and graces of eternal life in a visible church. . . .

"At no time, though familiar with most forms of unbelief, was H. either pressed or allured to any school of avowed skepticism. Doubts as to one and another article of the faith, he had, and they were sometimes obstinate. But neither the course of the world, nor the constitution of man, neither the mysteries of revelation nor those of Providence, neither what a scientific testimony told him of nature, nor what nescience suggested as probable, held out to him any plausible disproof that God lives, cares for his children, and speaks to them." [1]

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 20, 1859.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

If the interest taken by the public just now in my behalf awakens any new interest in you and father, I trust it will not be an interest of disturbance or pain.

[1] *The Forum*, June, 1886.

If father speaks of it, tell him I think we are one in the substance of the faith now, and shall see eye to eye hereafter. I have just been reading over his printed creed, in his book, and do not see that I differ from that. We are not in danger of believing too much, nor of erring fatally if we cling to Christ, to the Bible, and the mercy-seat. My external relations are pleasant enough, and most of those about us, though naturally a little moved by the startling public statements, treat us quite liberally.

In a few words of retrospect left among his papers Bishop Huntington wrote: "My first discontent was with the denial of the divinity and the redemption of our Lord, and this was followed by a gradually established belief in the Trinity and in the divine organization and authority of the church apostolical and primitive."

The acceptance of a full statement of the Orthodox belief was slow. On Whitsunday, 1858, Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, pastor of the Purchase Street Unitarian Church, had preached a sermon in which, as he prepared it, he wrote down, almost unconsciously, the words "Trinity in unity and unity in Trinity," an expression so decisive that at the close of the discourse he offered his resignation to the congregation. When he communicated this experience to his old friend and brother in the ministry, Professor Huntington, in an interview the next day, Professor Huntington declared, "I cannot say that." But he spoke the words with sorrow and deep feeling.

When at length he wrote the sermon entitled "Life, Salvation and Comfort for Man in the Divine Trinity,"

the light had entered his soul. This confession of a true faith was prepared for publication in the volume "Christian Believing and Living," and appeared in December, 1859. A priest of a later generation makes this tribute to the writer: "His masterful sermon, with the explanatory note thereon, uncovers the working of his philosophic faith, and reveals the patient deliberation of the investigations, with the irresistible cogency of the arguments, that attend his final decision for the church doctrine of our Lord's divinity. It is a treatise of vast value to the church. It has won and may still win many more to the faith. Holy Scripture, authors ancient and modern, philosophy, spiritual intuitions, considerations of practical purport — all are here called upon to vindicate the great doctrine and to justify the change in the author's theological convictions, from which thereafter he never swerved. His heart having been given to this truth, and his intellect fairly won to its scriptural and philosophic consistency, he accepted and declared the issue without subtlety and without quibbling." [1]

In a note upon this sermon at the end of his volume Dr. Huntington says: —

"The course of the author's experience — if such a reference may be allowed — prompts a few words further on two or three difficulties connected with the subject in minds hesitating to receive the form of the doctrine, while yet inclined by their reverence to offer to the Saviour exalted honors. The whole issue is close and brief. Jesus is either the incarnation not of an abstraction, a quality, or a principle, but of God, or else he is a created being, who *began* to be in time, so

[1] Memorial Sermon: Rev. W. D. Maxon, D. D.

that there was a time when our Lord and Redeemer was not. There is a devout class of men who speak earnestly of Christ as divine, and who yet acknowledge that they date the beginning of his being from the hour of his birth as the Son of Mary.

"Closely analyzed, the idea of incarnation which is advanced by some writers, who yet deny that Christ is God, seems to signify nothing really distinct in kind from what takes place in any living child of human birth. We may partially cover the question up with sounding words, or try to exalt the subject by dignified generalities; but unless there was a Divine Personality incarnated, there were only those abstract notions or ideas which, in some sense or other, may be said to be incarnated in every human character. More than this is certainly affirmed in the mighty sentences of the Gospel. More than this would seem to be demanded by hearts that the Gospel has quickened and enlarged. In the attempt to maintain a middle position there appears to be constant struggle between the moral posture of the student and the intellectual, between his sentiments toward the Saviour, which are essentially adoring, and the abating definitions of his formal statements. The right conclusion of that struggle is a great joy."

These sentences are not quoted merely to aid souls perplexed and questioning, for to such the complete treatment of the subject is commended, but because they were a reality to him who wrote them and are plainly autobiographical. The joy and peace were his in full measure when he found himself again a leader of minds, an expositor of living truths, after the cloud and darkness he had passed through. The following

letter to an intimate correspondent expresses what he felt.

Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1859.

To A. J.

The decisive publication has been made, in a volume of sermons. I want your sympathy in this hour of conflict, when so many friends are filled with grief and pain, when some are angry, some nobly generous, — some *surprised* — knowing that my convictions were less understood than I thought, — and when it seems quite probable that the outward relations of my life may be greatly changed. Be assured my peace is all that our Blessed Lord and Saviour promised. I was never so at rest, never less anxious, never so strong as now. As you have long prayed for me, so frame now a Collect of Thanksgiving, and offer it gladly in my behalf. And then intercede that I may be kept in an humble, meek, patient and gentle spirit, after Him, who, in great condescension, "as at this time," came to visit us in the form of a servant.

Jan. 8, 1860.

To his Sister.

Notices of my book are coming in all the time. Those on one side are very cordial and approvatory, tho' I am glad to say, to the credit of Christians, I have seen none that exult in a partisan or proselyting spirit. The other party seems to be on the whole, as considerate as could be expected.

Private letters too, are various in spirit and signification. Some of them I should like to show you. But your quiet view is good. These mysteries are too high for us, hence I am more anxious to affirm than to deny.

In May, 1859, Professor Huntington had sent to President Walker a confidential letter, enclosing a resignation of his office. Asking forbearance for misgivings already expressed to his valued counselor, he says: "Occurrences, trains of thought, remarks brought to my attention, revive from time to time with different degrees of force; tho' they are rarely subdued.

"You will not wonder that I am oppressed with the responsibility of acting as the religious teacher of these young men, under just these circumstances, away from home as they are, having no parents at hand to correct what they might deem erroneous, and without a large experience. On the other hand, you will consider how I am likely to feel about a full and explicit declaration of my convictions, so as to be faithful to Christ, and my own soul. Besides all this the question arises, and pursues, how far a mistrust or uncertainty in the minds of my hearers as to my theological place, tends to prevent a hearty, profitable reception of any spiritual influence from my services. In other respects I do not wish you to suppose my life here is otherwise than congenial and agreeable."

President Walker's reply to the confidence and trust imposed upon him in this communication was one of regret for a separation which he believed would be a calamity to the college. In availing himself of permission to retain the resignation for a time, he begged that it might be a few months, until his successor was appointed, his own retirement being then already decided upon.

During the following months the doubts and un-

certainties in Professor Huntington's mind had given place to settled conviction, and through the issue of "Christian Believing and Living" his creed was declared before the world. For a short time he found himself in the intellectual life of New England "the observed of all observers." The removal of any ambiguity in his position marked for him a plain course as to the duty incumbent upon him to resign the office of Preacher to the University.

Members of the orthodox denominations, in discussions through the newspapers and in private argument, made haste to maintain that through his selection as an "Independent" he might in all candor and sincerity preach any doctrines he pleased, urging also that the increasing number of students of Evangelical tendencies at the College Chapel removed his obligations to conform to liberal views.

He himself took a different view. "My election by the Corporation and its confirmation, after postponements and much public discussion by the Overseers (then a State Board) was well understood to be due, to my independency of denominational ties, and the fact that I refused to be classed as either a Unitarian or a Trinitarian."

Nearly twenty-five years after, a reference in a Boston newspaper recalled the incidents of that time. "When Dr. Huntington resigned his position in Harvard University on account of a radical change in his religious views, he rejected with a dignity akin to scorn the suggestion that, as he made no pledges when elected, there was no reason why he should resign. Square dealing in ecclesiastical matters is sometimes an ideal virtue, which men are willing to evade, and

follow the advice that Portia rejected, 'To do a great right, do a little wrong.' Indeed the instances are not few, where religionists come far short of the code of honor which binds men of the world, in rejecting advantages to which they are not fairly entitled."

There were, however, many who felt that the Chaplain would be doing no injury to his sense of integrity in retaining a position lofty enough to be free from entanglement and sectarian suspicion. Even Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts, in common with other eminent men, took the ground that more good could be done by remaining in the field than in leaving it.

The pressure of the arguments from sincere and trusted advisers may be inferred from the following letter to the preacher's most intimate and beloved friend on the Harvard faculty, Professor Josiah Parsons Cooke, head of the Department of Chemistry. The confidence reposed in him at this critical time, may be understood when one reads the tribute offered by Bishop Huntington, at Prof. Cooke's death in 1894, to one "distinguished in the world of knowledge and by those who are able to appreciate character, equally esteemed for that which is greater than knowledge and 'passeth understanding.' At any time since I came to know him, during nearly forty years, he would have instantly surrendered all the satisfactions and rewards of learning rather than be untrue in act or word to his Divine Master, or swerve from the way of Christian integrity. When I had the pulpit and pastorate of the College, he used to gather students Sunday afternoons for religious instruction and encouragement."

Jan. 18, 1860.

To J. P. C.

Dear Friend : — Some time ago I promised you that before actually resigning my office, I would inform you of any intention I might form to do so. Even without such a promise I should feel impelled to acquaint you with that purpose before acting upon it, and now that the time has come I find I shrink far more from breaking the matter to you than to any other person in this community, so you are the first man to whom I break it. Indeed it costs me severer effort to write this note than to write my letter to the Corporation, and I write rather than *speak*, only because it is less trying to my feelings. There are reasons for this. And first of all it is because you have been throughout my firmest, promptest, most efficient and self-sacrificing friend, and helper, among all my associates here, in the sacred work which I have had most at heart. You have seen the real meaning and aim of my ministry. You have nobly stood by me in good report and in evil report. You have incurred great inconvenience and trial on my account, and for the sake of that great object which I came here to serve. Often, I have no doubt, you have extended your favor to measures and expressions which your individual judgment would not have chosen, and from loyalty and friendship to me and my undertaking, — for Christ's sake above all. There is probably no other man here who will regret my going with any feeling at all comparable to yours. All this, I know. How deeply and sadly I feel it! How I have been obliged to struggle under the sense of it! God help us both to bear it, with mutual confidence unshaken and calm trust in God that all shall be over-

ruled for our good, for the good of the College and for the Master's honor!

Believe me, it is the true course which I am taking. I know my Christian honor is dear to you. You would not have me act, so that one slightest stain of reproach, or shade of ambiguity, or least bond of compromise, should rest upon me. Trust me, then, so far as to believe that the course I am taking is the *only one* consistent with your friend's preservation of a perfectly fair name. Over and over again I have considered the whole subject in all its bearings; have brought all that you have said, or can say, before conscience and my Maker. Day by day and night by night I have prayed and wrestled in my prayers with the Spirit who has so abundantly taught me to trust Him. And now in answer my way is clear. I must not expect others to see it, — certainly not at once. But you will not expect on your part that a view of duty so deliberately and solemnly adopted, can be easily altered. May we not both be spared the trial of a fruitless attempt?

Circumstances make it imperative that my resignation should go in to-morrow. I especially beg you not to mention it to any person till next week. It is probable I shall stay in C. many months, perhaps years. I have offered to perform the devotional exercises, if desired, next term.

My dear friend, my path, plain as it is, is not easy. Look up for me this night to the Lord of Peace and Strength, and should you intercede for the University, remember me, and my need of help from on high. God care for us, and bless us!

Affectionately, gratefully, and forever yours,

F. D. H.

On January 19, Professor Huntington presented to the Corporation of Harvard College a request to be discharged from the post of service to which he had been called five years before, prefacing this with the statement that he had already twice offered his resignation to the President, "leaving it to his judgment either to convey this communication to your Board or to withhold it. The reason assigned to my proposal to retire, was the growth and extent of my difference in religious opinion and religious faith from a majority of those addressed by my preaching.

"Aware that not a few, good men, in both the parties referred to (Orthodox and liberal) consider it best that the office should not be vacated, I have reconsidered more than once very anxiously and with a deep desire to be taught the truth. It is urged that the attendance on the Chapel services, from the several departments of the University, indicates no necessity for such a step. But it will be argued on the one hand that no public policy can be sound which involves the least compromise of personal simplicity of character. Those minds that do not attach great importance to distinctions in belief will appreciate the rule of honor. On the other hand I venture to hope that the same confidence which might lead some persons to wish me to remain, will prompt the charitable suggestion that my action is determined by considerations of which the full strength cannot be felt elsewhere than on the spot. There is no reason why I should not go further and express with respectful deference, and in the way of a report of my observation, a question whether inherent difficulties, insuperable at least for the present, do not stand in the way of a satisfactory

separate religious ministration in an institution such as this in the present crisis."

The writer, after a further review of the situation, makes a suggestion that it might be well for the students to be distributed for Sunday worship among the parishes of Cambridge, according to their own religious preferences or training, a policy since established in the college. In closing, with acknowledgments for abundant kindness to the students, to his associates and especially to those "older than myself or intimately connected with the University for a longer time, who have so simply and considerately consented to the means I have proposed for the Christian welfare of the young men, and who have rendered my residence among them delightful," the writer offered, if desired, to conduct the week-day devotional services in the Chapel for the remainder of the academic year. This was accepted, but his last sermon in Appleton Chapel, without formal leave-taking, had already been delivered on the preceding Sunday, Jan. 15, 1860.

He was called to the pastorate of the church in Harvard University at a meeting of the members, June 19, 1855, as conveyed by a document signed by James Walker, Convers Francis, C. C. Felton. The letter resigning this office was written June 30, 1860, at the end of the college term. It is pleasant to insert here a letter from one of these church officers, always a valued friend of its pastor.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. HUNTINGTON: — I have been filled with regret, at the news I have received, within a day

or two. I know that you have been led by the most conscientious motives, to resign your place in the University. I have not time now to enter into any extended argument to induce you to recall your resignation; but I earnestly hope the Committee of the Overseers and the Corporation will be able to convince you that you may, consistently with your sense of Christian obligations, continue with us as our honored and beloved religious teacher and guide. It is my personal and most decided wish; and I cannot doubt that it is the wish of the University. I shall lament the contrary decision, if you should finally settle upon it, not only as a calamity to the college, but as a great misfortune to myself and my family. I need not remind you that you were appointed without the slightest reference to special opinions or controverted questions; so far as any change of views on your part may be supposed to have affected your action, I cannot doubt, from what I hear and know of public sentiment, that you may, with entire good faith, dismiss that consideration from the elements of final decision. That your labors have been effective, useful and important to the moral and religious condition of the College, I know: but I know also, better than you can know, how difficult it is to work a visible change in so peculiar a society as that of a college. You have already made a visible change: and your further continuance in the office is essential to make that change for the better, not only permanent but progressive.

The same papers that announced your resignation, announce my election by the Corporation to the Presidency. I was not ignorant of the fact that my name was mentioned in conversation and by the press,

with others, for this most responsible position; but I had no intimation from any member of the Corporation or of any other body, that I was seriously thought of. Should the Overseers concur, I shall probably accept the office, with many misgivings and serious questionings, whether it will be for the good of the College, or my own happiness. And I should regard your retirement at such a moment as a very unfortunate circumstance.

With kind regards to Mrs. Huntington,

Ever cordially yours,

C. C. Felton.

A gratifying tribute came from three professors of the Law Department. "We believe that the University has been made better by your labors. It will be fortunate for her future history if the moral and religious influence which the example and instructions of the incumbent of the place you have occupied shall exert upon her pupils, shall be guided and animated by as devoted a purpose, as untiring a zeal, and as sincere, wise and well-directed regard for the best welfare of others as have characterized your administration of its duties." This was subscribed, with other expressions of commendation and affection: Joel Parker, Theophilus Parsons, Emory Washburn. It could not be expected that there would be unanimity of feeling among those who had sat under Professor Huntington's preaching, in the seats of the faculty, during the five years which wrought such changes in his own mind. Among some of those sincerely attached to the Unitarian denomination there was dissatisfaction, not only with the doctrine to which they listened but to the

new features introduced into the worship. Such differences were not bitter, nor loudly expressed, but their existence helped to soften the sundering of a tie, between minister and people, which had been that of a regular parish, and in many cases become an affectionate and personal relation. There were other regrets in breaking from the close associations of the past, and it seems not inappropriate to copy here a few words written from the retrospect of age.

"Of course no experience in my life can have been more important to my own mind than my separation from the Unitarian denomination in which I was born and brought up, and my acceptance of the Catholic faith of the Historical Church. What has led me into these reminiscences is a certain solicitude, of which I am often conscious, lest my change of religious faith and position should be supposed to cast discredit on my early training in my family and in the Unitarian body, or to imply that I fail to appreciate and acknowledge the actual and generous advantages which in some respects I am sure I derived from my education and association on the side of the liberal culture, the thought and life of New England during the second quarter of the century, — or say from 1820 to 1860. For these, with all the errors, one-sidedness and losses, I can truly say, I am thankful to the Providence of God. I am not quite patient at the idea that I have renounced either a love of independence and freedom or a grateful sense of those favors and honors which the liberal party of those days lavished upon me, to its utmost bounty, and beyond all my deserving; that I have passed from the sphere of sympathy with toleration, progress, and char-

ity to a region of exclusiveness, bigotry, or *mere* veneration for the past.

"Surely the wrench itself, and all that went with it, a re-beginning of all one's professional, and much of one's social career, and its scenery, with all that I have preached and published since, both positive and negative, ought to suffice for proof of the reality, thoroughness and comprehensiveness of the convictions which commanded it."

Appropriate to such reflections is the following, a copy of which was preserved with other correspondence and inscribed, "a specimen of many written at this time."

Nov. 30, 1859.

To C. S. K.

My dear Friend: — It cannot be otherwise than gratifying to me that you keep a remembrance of my ministry, and an interest in my belief fresh and strong enough to prompt you to write me at this time. As you suggest, my correspondence is very large, especially at the present moment. Letters come in, in such quantity, with inquiries, congratulations, and regrets that I lay aside, for the most part, my ordinary occupations to answer them, and certainly yours, — the letter of an old and faithful friend, — shall not be neglected. Indeed how can I find any happier and better employment than in commending to others what I find so clear, — so strengthening, and so comforting to myself?

The preaching of my deliberate and deepest convictions is the business of my life. For now I feel an assurance I never felt before, I feel certainty, now, of standing on "the foundation of the Apostles and

Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone." Now I can join in without hesitation, or reserve, with the great multitudes of the Christian ages, and of all Christian lands, in the grand and glowing ascription, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

How unnatural it would be if I did not wish to impart this joy, and confidence, and peace, and consolation, which I am sure God has given me by the Cross of my Lord, — to all whom I love, — and it seems to me that I never loved so many, nor so much before.

You will not expect me in these narrow limits to give you the reasons by which my mind has been led to its present conclusions. Suffice it to say, the process has been steady, slow and always in one direction. In spite of all the external and friendly inducements to remain where I had a large hearing, position, honors, sympathies, enough to fill the human desires of any reasonable man, my mind has been lifted up and borne irresistibly along to another faith.

Do not suppose, because you have associated this other faith with dogmatism and bigotry, that I am going to be a dogmatist or a bigot. I don't believe I am. The truth is, those are faults of human nature, rather than of religious systems. I find them too prevalent everywhere; certainly they are too rife and bitter among Unitarians. There are most truly liberal and noble and generous Christians in all sects. But we want more of them; and I hope to see them multiplied. Certainly there is nothing inconsistent with such a spirit in an Evangelical theology. You refer

to my past instructions very kindly. My dear friend, if you were willing to listen to me, and inquire with me then, listen to me and inquire with me all the more, now. What was *positive and affirmatory* in my preaching was true. What was negative and unscriptural, I hope may be forgiven. Pray come on, with me, to these still better and firmer views. These are two good texts for you: "Hold that fast which thou hast," and "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Entreat the Holy One to enlighten you; to give you a fair, candid, unprejudiced spirit of investigation; to open your whole *understanding* and *heart* to the truth. And he will "lead you into all truth."

You refer to a sermon I once preached, giving seven reasons for disbelieving the Trinity. I remember it perfectly, tho' it is a long time since I have seen the manuscript, and I am not likely to look it up. It was written in good faith, — but not half so good a faith as the Master has been pleased to give me since. And I hope you will credit it, when I tell you that, as I look back upon the real state of my mind, when the discourse was delivered, it seems to me very plain that, after all, I was not satisfied, but only trying to be so; that I was defending what human lips had taught me rather than the Infinite One who is the Light of the world.

You speak — and I thank God you can — of your faith in "the divine Sonship of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ." Now, if you carefully examine the real meaning of that language, will you not find it impossible to stop short of the absolute and perfect oneness of nature between the Son and the Father?

A clear and full statement of the reasons for his change of belief was given by Professor Huntington to his friend and former family pastor, Rev. Dr. Hall, one of the oldest and most honored of the Unitarian ministry, who had sent a letter of kindly remonstrance, which was met by a reply, written in a spirit of sacred confidence. The extract which is given manifests, in a touching manner, the depth and permanence of that mother's influence which was the mainspring of her son's life.

Dec. 15, 1859.

To E. B. H.

You speak of my mother. I think I shall always love all that loved her. Her impression on you does not surprise me, for her piety, in depth, consistency, vigor, fervor and practical force surpassed any piety I have ever known. It was too high, pure, heavenly to be associated without profanity with any sectarian name or persuasion. But in fact that piety was produced, nurtured, and matured under the influences and within the Fold of the Trinitarian Church. There for seventeen years it grew and bore expressions and fruits as abounding as it ever yielded, before the pressure of an ultra-Calvinistic discipline and intolerant personal exclusiveness drove her from the home of her heart, and even modified her statement of opinion, though never reverence for her Divine Saviour. All the secrets of that intellectual and inward process are known only to the Searcher of hearts. But next to Heaven, a holy confidence and cherished records admitted me to a deep acquaintance with all her perplexed way. She never wished to leave the Trinita-

rian communion. She never parted with the substance of her early faith. No power, under the Holy Spirit, was so efficient in bringing me where I now am, as the past communications — if I may not say the immediate action — of her love, and I suppose we were never so much at one as we are in these happy hours.

CHAPTER VI

DIVINE GUIDANCE

"Now Christian was much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary ways. And about this time the sun was rising and this was another mercy. Then said he:

"'His candle shineth on my head and by his light I go through darkness.'"

Almost at the end of his pilgrimage Frederic Huntington wrote: "It has been all these forty years and more, a chief joy and satisfaction of my life to show to others the wondrous way in which the God of Truth and Peace has led me to his Household and made it my home. I was brought up and was a minister among those who deny the truth of the Trinity. My heart's desire for all such is that they may be saved." This was the motive of his preaching, and it was in a like spirit of consecration that he gave his writings to the world. The fruits of his early pastoral work, of his religious experience and deliberate change of convictions are all summed up in the two volumes of sermons published in 1855 and 1859. Through these his reputation was established, and his name became widely known, not only in his own country, but across the sea. In 1860, quite unknown to the author, an edition of "Christian Believing and Living" was published in Edinburgh and London: the discourses printed without the Scripture texts, and with no pre-

face or explanation to indicate that the writer was an American.

The interest awakened in his readers may be seen in letters to Dr. Huntington, given in the present chapter. The following clear and discriminating estimate is from the Rev. J. G. Butler.

"No English writer, not excepting the justly deserved favorites, Robertson and Bushnell, has, in equal space, compacted so much living and valuable thought in language so clear, vigorous, terse and elegant as will be found in the two volumes, 'Christian Believing and Living' and 'Sermons for the People.' The range of topics includes a connected and practically full statement of the essential doctrines, and a similar exposition of actual Christian experience. Without employing the technical terms of theology and philosophy, yet using no feebler equivalents, he deals with every form of speculative and experimental question from the standpoint of scriptural truth. The underlying philosophy of the Christian system is discriminately applied to particular points of belief and to differing phases of spiritual life, as well as to advanced issues raised by modern infidelity, and to current social problems. As suggestive studies upon all these leading themes of the pulpit, emphatically upon the relation and bearing of a genuine healthful Christianity upon the customs and institutions of society, these volumes are eminently full, intelligible and satisfactory in both reasonings and conclusions.

"The writer's method, too, of putting thought, and his style in giving it expression strongly attract a thoughtful and discriminating reader. Uniting keen philosophical insight with great analytic and logical

power, naturally broad perceptions and balanced judgment, with the largest, most refined culture, including not only the careful study of books, but also of men in their natures, their business and social habits, and their varied experiences — there is a vitality, a directness, force and progress in his thinking that compel attention and awaken a corresponding enthusiasm.

"As a crowning charm of these books, on every page we discern a hearty scorn of shams and a righteous severity against counterfeits and pretenses, alike in religious professions and every-day life, a thorough love for realness and loyalty to truth; a genuine reverence for things, human as well as divine, that are to be revered; and an intense purpose to honor God, and to be helpful to man. As helps to devotion, therefore, as supplying, through the invigorating play of quickening thought, continual incentive to healthful, spiritual feeling, these admirable volumes deserve the highest commendation to Christian students and thoughtful believers of every name." [1]

For a short time after his resignation at Harvard, discussion and conjecture were rife over Dr. Huntington's future course. When it became known that the board of overseers had asked the chaplain to reconsider his resignation, letters poured in urging him to remain at the University. From the same sources where the appointment of a liberal to the post of college preacher had been deplored five years before, came now urgent remonstrance against his leaving.

[1] Rev. Charles Macauley Stuart says of *Christian Believing and Living* that it is "to my mind the choicest devotional classic this country has produced."

In an editorial obituary notice in a Boston newspaper it was said of Bishop Huntington's early experience: "At one time a popular preacher in the city of Boston, in a Unitarian pulpit, then a professor of ethics and religion at Harvard University, he in due time ceased to be a Unitarian, and for lack of welcome by Trinitarian Congregationalists, and because of the suspicion and frigidity of the Congregational leaders of that day, entered the Protestant Episcopal church, in which he was to rise ultimately to the place of Bishop and be one of the earliest and most ardent advocates of that form of Christian activity which is calculated to retain in allegiance to the church the wage-earners and artisans." As a matter of history, the statement quoted, with regard to the attitude of the prominent men in the Orthodox Congregational body, is without foundation. The following communications taken from the correspondence of that time are sufficient evidence that no mark of good-will was wanting. In the weeks after tendering his resignation Dr. Huntington preached on Sundays in the Pine Street and Bowdoin Street churches; the Old South; for Rev. Dr. Albro in Cambridge; and occupied the pulpit of the Shawmut Church for several weeks, all Orthodox Congregational parishes.

From Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D.D., pastor of the Mount Vernon church.

Boston, Dec. 1, 1859.

Dr. Huntington.

My dear Brother: — I am charged by a committee of gentlemen from a very important church, if we may

thus speak of any one in particular, to confer with you in regard to their desire to secure your services as their minister and teacher.

You of course anticipate every point of that conference on my side. But the preliminary one is, are you willing to confer on the subject? The inquiries I would propose are these. Are your views for probable greatest usefulness such as to preclude the consideration of becoming pastor of a church in Boston? Are your views of the Unitarian church such as to induce you ecclesiastically to separate yourself from them?

You will not I trust consider me intrusive in reviving the last point when we had closed a discussion of it. Then I was endeavoring to ascertain my own duty. Now I am acting for a large body of Christ's disciples; and you will appreciate my motives. You may imagine that the time will seem long to these brethren until I shall be able to report to them.

Shall I call on you, or will you determine your course without an interview?

Most affectionately,
Your brother in Christ,
Edw. N. Kirk.

From Rev. Nehemiah Adams, pastor of Essex Street Congregational Church.

Boston, Jan. 18, 1860.

Rev. Professor Huntington, D. D.

My dear Sir: — It has been my desire for some time to see you and express the high gratification derived from reading your Sermons, in the volume just published, which has awakened so much interest among all who have perused it.

I was pleased with the sensible and judicious manner in which you placed the disclosure of your views subordinately in your volume, without ostentation.

I never have seen the subject treated more fully, more satisfactorily, or from better points of view. The whole development and your entire position are deeply interesting to the whole Evangelical community.

While my respect for you would lead me to refrain from anything which would seem to look like endorsement, still there are duties of fellowship and private signs of interest and of desire to be one with you, for the truth's sake, which lead me to say that, if for any reason you can see your way clear to preach for me during the day or in the evening of any Sabbath it will be very gratifying to me; and if next Sabbath will be convenient to you for this purpose, my pulpit is open to you. I desire to do that which will promote your public usefulness; for you have, I trust, a good work before you. Be so good, therefore, as to make use of me in the way intimated for that purpose. If you can, will you preach at Essex Street church next Sabbath, the 22, morning, afternoon or evening?

Most truly yours,

N. Adams.

From the Rev. Ray Palmer, author of the hymn, "My Faith looks up to Thee."

Albany, Jan 22, 1860.

My dear Brother: — I wrote you simply because I felt I must express the deep interest in you and

the warm sympathy with what God has been manifestly doing *for* you and *by* you for a long time. It seemed impossible but that the trials of your position must have been many, and it appeared to me to be a duty impressed on those whose hearts were with you to say so, for your encouragement and comfort. . . .

This has struck me in reading your discourses, and it gives them a special charm, that you seem all the while to be evolving a theology from experience, rather than aiming to reach an experience by theology, *i. e.* as reasoned out by the logical intellect. As inwardly guided, you explore the field of religious truth, and at once recognize and verify the Christian doctrines, by a divine light and spiritual appreciation. When the Holy Spirit in the soul "takes the things of Christ and shows them" to the attentive and waiting understanding, with what a self-witnessing power they come! . . .

I thank you for what you say so kindly of the hymn. It is always grateful to me to hear that it aids the worship of Christ's people. The *truth* which it embodies will sufficiently explain the fact that it has found a place in the hearts of living and dying saints.

I hope to be in Massachusetts in February and will certainly come to see you, and if you have an hour to spare we will talk as fast as we can.

Believe me fraternally and affectionately yours,

RAY PALMER.

From REV. S. P. THOMPSON, D. D., pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, Congregational, New York City.

New York, Jan. 29, 1860.

My dear Brother: — It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day; and especially lawful to care for some great interest of the Master's kingdom. Last night, after reading of your resignation at Cambridge, I resolved to write you not to be in haste to commit yourself to new arguments, and especially not to throw away your individuality and your power for personal movement by entering into any of the *closer* sects; and I retired thinking and wondering what should the Professor do? To-day it has been revealed to me what you shall do; and "being in the spirit, on the Lord's Day," and having heard the voice, I make haste to deliver the message.

For three years past there have been sporadic movements toward a new Congregational church in New York. These movements would have crystallized around our beloved brother Storrs, but for the hard times, and his earnestness for a liturgy. It was thought best to avoid novelties and to start purely congregational. The elements for such an organization remain numerous and strong. The field is ample. I am most earnest for the thing.

Well, to-day, Mr. L., formerly of Boston, came to me to say that an effort must be made *to get you here.* Amen! said I; and I write at once to say that by way of introducing you to parties here, I will exchange with you at Shawmut, any Sabbath after the next, or will welcome you to my pulpit for the whole of any Sabbath which you will name.

There will be money, enterprise, strength, faith, working-power, *every*thing in short that you could desire, in getting up a church, and such a field as you

would have! and *such* welcome as I should give you! and *such* joy as I would have in you!

Write *when* you will come.

Ever truly yours,

JAS. P. THOMPSON.

Confer not with flesh and blood! Obey the heavenly vision.

ST. ANTHONY, Feb. 6, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: — I see by a paper which has just come to hand, that you have been constrained to resign your place. I greatly regret that necessity which has compelled you, and sympathize deeply in the trial through which you are passing.

I have not seen your last book, which I suppose may have had something to do with the issue to which you have come. But I was prepared to see that a bold and outspoken declaration would cost you a hard struggle. "Liberal Christianity" is not, after all, the gentlest, broadest thing in the world. This you had learned before, and so far, probably, are not disappointed.

Still the burden you carry must be heavy, and I hope you will have grace to bear it in such a way as will strengthen you. In some respects I almost envy you, — for it is really good and blessed, as I can testify, to be under any pressure that presses toward God. About the richest months of enjoyment I have ever had were those in which I was most pitied and consoled with by my friends. They wrote me about the "suffering" and "pain" and "loss," and such like forms of misery — really I did not know where it was. Under the shadow of the Almighty such things do not come.

Yours truly,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Professor Park, of the Theological School at Andover, wrote on the date of Februry 4, 1860: —

"I presume that you will recall your resignation of the Plummer Professorship. Will it be too much to ask that *if you have decided not to recall it*, you will have the goodness to inform me? I feel very desirous of having a conversation with you on one project, *in the case of your deciding to leave Harvard.*"

From Professor Park.

Andover, Feb. 13, 1860.

I have just received your kind letter.

It would be only an affectation for me to deny, that I *am* disappointed. *When I wrote you*, I firmly expected that you would either remain independent of all denominations in your present office, or else would be willing to take a position among the Congregationalists, where I *supposed* that you would accomplish more than you could accomplish anywhere else, for the cause which you love. I heard last Saturday that you had decided on a different course, and this morning I find the rumor confirmed by your letter, which is very frank.

It would be simply foolish for me to deny that I am grieved, as you supposed that I would be.

Still, I shall always entertain for you a very high respect, and I shall always cherish for you a warm affection; and although I disapprove of your course, I do not doubt but that you are as honest and candid *in taking* as I am in disliking it. Allow me to say, that you make on my mind the impression, that you are an exceedingly honest and honorable thinker; and I

shall never cease to feel a high regard for your thoughts, even when I do not coincide with them.

As the "Biblia Sacra" is not a denominational work it will very gladly receive your contributions, from whatever denomination you may send them. Let me indulge the hope that you will write for the periodical whenever you can. I can easily imagine that you are overwhelmed with letters. Do not take the trouble to answer this.

Very affectionately,
I am, dear sir, your friend,
EDWARD A. PARK.

From PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Feb. 9, 1860.

REV. DR. HUNTINGTON.

My dear Sir: — How much pleasanter life would seem if no questions of doubtful propriety or duty would come up. You asked me to preach for you. I doubted and declined. I must still think, rightly. Now I am asked to write you. I doubt and comply, and so if you think me wrong you will please remember, so great is my doubt, that we do not differ much in opinion. I am so wholly ignorant of your views, and of those more intimate circumstances which will be controlling, that anything I may say will be liable to be irrelevant if not impertinent.

The request comes from some of the Shawmut people, who think you might do a great work for Christ in that part of the city, and who would be willing to do anything in their power if they could have you for a pastor and work with you.

I am free to say that my preference would be to have you remain where you have been, and I am not without hope that such an arrangement may yet be made. If not, then I sympathize with the Shawmut people, and think you would find among them a wide and welcoming and worthy field. This is on the supposition that in changing your doctrinal belief you have not, like the most, whether clergy or laity, who have passed from Unitarianism to Orthodoxy, also passed from Congregationalism to Episcopacy, and that you will not do that. The general act I think I can account for, and on grounds some of which I think would be strongly against your doing the same.

But however that may be, I am sure I can say in all sincerity, that my simple wish is to see you where you can do the most for the cause of our Divine Redeemer, without reference to names or forms. If you think you find Episcopacy in the Bible I have not a word to say. Nor should I have to the most of those who go to that from taste, or personal preference, though I should regard it as a matter of principle. They may be better off there, and just as useful. But with a right doctrinal system, and a freedom that would put you in sympathy with the masses, you have the power, beyond most men, while you will please the cultivated and refined, to reach and stir those masses. That is what is needed, and that is what I wish to see you in the best position to do. I should be glad to see realized again, as it would almost seem as if we might, Cowper's description of Whitefield. For the end just mentioned I should be glad to see you with the simple dignity of a pastor and

preacher, relying on the power of the Spirit, having as you would have, the prayers and coöperation of your church, and the affection and confidence of your brethren, with no authority above you but that of the Master. So it was with our Puritan Fathers, and so, as I believe, with the pastors and preachers, of the primitive church. So I should hope to see the sling and the stone again doing their work.

That you will excuse this liberty I have taken, I feel confident, and beg to assure you, however you may decide these comparatively minor questions, of the deep sympathy and fullest confidence of

Yours in the common redemption,

MARK HOPKINS.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 27, 1860.

To C. J. B.

Dear Friend: — We will wait a little and see. The Master will show the way. It is not perfectly clear. Having waited on Him very deliberately, at every step so far, I must not anticipate His direction now. Only the independence must not be individualism, nor yet religious democracy. The independence must be in the souls of preacher and people, — but never mere isolation, nor living out-of-doors, — nor forgetting history, nor denying the Past and God's great Providence in His Church. We must *take care and build on the Rock* this time.

I believe in order, — in a Church Body and Form. Were I to sit down with you and the friends you speak of, I think I could satisfy some of you that the noblest and best way to bring the Gospel to the people — high and low, poor and rich, alike — would be to

offer them the service of the Catholic Apostolic Church — with her strength and stability, her beautiful "Christian Year," her wonderful variety and impressive adaptations, her fixed order, true liberty, and free conditions of Communion, her gracious ordinances, constant appeal to Scripture, and tasteful worship, her superior culture of the spirit of reverence — the inmost spirit of religion — the constant celebration of Christ, the living Head of the Body, and His cross, her true theory of the training up of the young in relations with the Church, and looking to Confirmation as their own act, and her large, active, zealous spirit of Missions reaching out among the ignorant and poor. But I have no time to enumerate, and less to explain and enforce her claims.

I came home from the old farm this morning at one o'clock and found twenty-five letters on my desk, besides other business.

Yours ever,

F. D. H.

From his own pen we transcribe Dr. Huntington's reasons for entering the Episcopal Church.

"The question remaining was where H. should go. . . . Domestic traditions would be apt to point out to him a path toward the popular Orthodoxy. In his father's library most of the theological department was supplied by Puritan divines. Having seen that scheme in its actual operation in the kindred varieties of Presbyterian and Congregational organization, together with its scientific exposition by men of strong dialectic power, he was not thereby convinced or fed. An opening was made for him in Boston where an

independent society might adopt a liturgy. He could see no root or affiliation, no brotherhood or sisterhood or fellowship for such a product, and respectfully shrank from such an undertaking. If asked why he should not join such respectable and active bodies as the Baptists, or Methodists, or Swedenborgians, he could only answer by asking why he should. Toward the Roman Catholic Church, apart from its heritage in common with all the faithful in all ages and countries, a Divine Christ, the Apostles' Creed, an inspired Bible, and a spirit of reverence for the supernatural, he found no constraining attraction. Could its three salient challenges have been sustained, the exceptional attention he gave to them might have resulted in a surrender. Moehler's 'Symbolism' and Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ' were laid in his way together at the outset of his theological education. One by one the three papal challenges broke down. The argument of a final authority overruling and extinguishing private judgment was met by the ready reply: 'If I take you at your word, I shall negative your position by employing in my acceptance of it the very faculty and right which you deny that I possess.' The pretension to catholicity and unity fell to pieces at the exposure of the included heresies, shielded abominations, schisms, intolerance, and papal inconsistencies in the Roman obedience. The pretension to apostolicity, as to the differentials, gave way completely under the weight of more than three hundred years of intervening church-life and conciliar decree between the last of the Apostles and anything that could fairly be called a papacy.

"Judging no man and no system, knowing well, and praying for grace to remember, that to one Master only each must stand or fall, H. believed that a church to which he could whole-heartedly and gladly yield both allegiance and service must wear upon its outer and inner constitution certain marks of truth. Its creed or symbol of faith must satisfy the requirements of the three agreeing tests — God in Holy Scripture; God in one kingdom, set up as He declared by Jesus Christ; having laws; a covenant, a door of entrance, a history, and a continuous common life; and God in the testimony of His Spirit, in the spirit and mind of man made in His image. Bound by this threefold cord and upheld by this threefold support, a church promised to afford him room, light, safety. Its entire visible economy, in sacraments, orders, and discipline, must be a direct outgrowth of the Word made flesh, or the Incarnation, not a rule imposed, but a divine development. Its worship must be liturgical, the utterance of the brotherhood after Scriptural models; its conditions of communion must be large enough to make admission possible for universal humanity, men of every nationality, temperament and foregoing conditions. It must habitually publish the moral law and illustrate it. It must protect wedlock and the household by religious sanctions and by stringent regulations as respects marriage and divorce. It must invariably recognize as divine and primal appointments the state and the family, along with the church, and, in times of lawlessness or disorder join its spiritual force with that of the government, and all the more if government is free. Its prescribed offices must be absolutely im-

partial and uniform as respects all social and class distinctions, from the highest to the lowest. It must treat character as a growth carried forward by a disciplined will, under regenerating and superhuman helps, not as the happy issue of an ecclesiastical charm or as a mere supplement to an emotional 'experience' and must therefore make the training of character the prime element in education. In such a church H. sought out and thinks he found a home." [1]

The following letter was written to an old friend who had long been a communicant in the church.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 25, 1860.

To A. J.

It should be from me, and not from any other that you learn that, this week, on the Eve of Ash Wednesday, I sent in to the Standing Committee of the Diocese my papers making application to be considered a Candidate for Orders.

Praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost! I do not now regret that the process has been so slow, and so painful. It only emphasizes the joy of deliverance, and gives greater assurance. My study of the origin, history, constitution, and practical economy of the Sacred Body of Christ has been protracted enough to give me confidence; and my enthusiasm and loyalty of attachment will match yours. "The King's Daughter" already appears to me "all glorious within" as without. Thro' all this "strife of tongues" the Lord has remembered his promise, and kept me safe and warm in His pavilion. Sometimes averted and altered faces have been colder than the frosty skies; but there

[1] *The Forum*, June, 1886.

has been Spring within, and almost every mail has brought me strong and tender assurances of fellowship and blessing from the wise and good all over the land, — not a few from the Bishops and Clergy of *our* Church. Of course the Orthodox Congregationalists will be disappointed in me. But many of them are very generous, feeling the Evangelical faith to be greater than the Ecclesiastical difference.

Of course I have six months release from preaching, — a sound and wise provision, and one that I need for calmer thought and rest and study.

Preaching never looked so attractive as now, and *Church work* altogether, for I never had so much to preach.

In 1902 Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, then Bishop of Rhode Island, wrote to Bishop Huntington in a letter on some other subject: —

" I remember a day when you were settled in Boston as a Unitarian minister, I went around with Dr. Vinton to hear you preach, and on the way home he said to me, 'I wish that you and I could preach as that man does.' I remember another morning, when I was living on Asylum Street, that you called upon me and said that you wished to talk with me a little while about something in the Episcopal Church which interested you, 'especially,' you added, 'in regard to the rite of confirmation,' and after you had left, I said to myself, 'I think that that man will bring up in the Episcopal Church before he dies.' All this occurred fifty or sixty years ago and little did I dream then of the present event."

The rector of Grace Church, Boston, was not

alone among the clergy who had remarked the inclination growing in Dr. Huntington's mind towards their own Communion. But it was a matter of significance to himself that not one of them advanced argument or persuasion to induce him to enter the ministry. He was wont to say afterwards that nothing could have impressed upon him more deeply the historic claims of Episcopacy than the fact that its followers were content to leave an intelligent and earnest seeker to find his own way into the Church. Among his many interests and intimacies there were few close ties or friendships connecting him with the body of Christians toward which conviction was leading him. His old and valued associate, Dr. J. I. T. Coolidge, had taken orders in the Episcopal Church, but he had left Boston and become assistant minister at St. John's Church, Providence. In the city and its environs there was not one to whom he turned for sympathy or counsel. It will be seen that the following letters of approval and welcome were all from comparative strangers, but they were none the less hearty in their expressions.

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT,
BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1860.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: — I am reading your volume of Sermons, and though I have not finished the perusal of all, nor indeed of any as I hope to do, for they are sermons for devotional study more than for reading, merely, yet I have read enough to fill me with joy and gratitude to God. May I not also be permitted to express my thanks to you?

To me it is very marvelous that one occupying

your standpoint, could become so true and valiant a defender of "the faith once delivered to the saints." For I have generally regarded such an attainment as almost impossible, without the long-continued teaching of the Church Catholic by the instrumentality of her ecclesiastical system of worship and sacraments. Pardon me for saying this, which I did not intend when I first took up my pen, my object being only to express my exceeding thankfulness and joy.

Praying God's blessing upon you, I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obliged friend,

JAMES A. BOLLES.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 6, 1860.
(Twelfth Day).

MY DEAR SIR: — I cannot forbear to write to you any longer, seeing I have so fine an opportunity. Miss Phelps called on me, bright and early this fine morning of the Feast, to show me your letter to her, and to put the question you so kindly referred to me.

But before answering it, "laud be to God" that it is in your heart to think of it! May the blessed Spirit ripen into action so good a thought, and show you the blessed inheritance you will provide for yourself and your children, at so *great a price* — for it is a great thing, and must be a trial, to change old relations, and lose (perhaps) old friends. I assure you that any who can love you less for so conscientious a sacrifice will be amply made up to you, by the warm and loving hearts that will welcome you to the fold of your fathers again and by that ennobling sense which

an Anglican enjoys, of sympathy and unity with the illustrious men of our race and with the worthies of Primitive Christendom. Truly — the insensibility of our educated countrymen to the loss they suffer by living out of the religious heritage of the "Anglo-Saxon" people, and out of sympathy with its gigantic achievements, is (as the French say) *ignoble.*

The Canon has no reference to the prayers of a College-Chapel which are virtually "Family-Prayers," — and which any bishop, who understands himself, will pronounce entirely out of the limits of our Legislation. If it should be requisite I am sure I can give you the opinions of some of our best Canonists to that effect.

Believe me, I am greatly obliged to you for all your kindness.

Faithfully your friend and servant,

A. Cleveland Coxe.

Middletown, Conn., Feb. 2, 1860.

Rev. and dear Sir: — I am almost afraid you will think me impertinently intrusive in addressing you; and yet I am unwilling to refrain any longer, from doing what I have long desired to do.

It will not surprise you to find any one saying, that he has followed your steps with interest and thankfulness. I certainly have done so, feeling both in no ordinary degree; and I am sure you will not wonder, I trust you will not be displeased, when I say, that it has seemed to me, that the branch of Christ's Church in which I am an unworthy Minister, might finally offer you a house of rest.

Whether that be so or not, I beg to be allowed to ex-

press my strong sympathy with you, in these convictions, which have led you from the same religious body in which I myself was educated, and for many members of which I retain a very strong affection.

My dear Sir, may I ask you, at your convenience, and if and when it is agreeable to you, to favor me with a visit here? I have perhaps some right to ask this, of which you do not know. My father was in his lifetime a friend of yours. And, unless I am in error, a brother of yours married a near relation of mine. In our New England usage, this may be an excuse for what, even with it, perhaps, is a great liberty.

At all events, you will I trust permit me to offer the assurances of my sincere respect and admiration, and to say that I am very sincerely yours,

JNO. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Bishop of Connecticut.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4, 1860.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: — I hope you will not consider me obtrusive, if in obeying an impulse that has possessed me for some days, I presume so far upon our slight acquaintance as to offer you my sincere sympathy and gratulation in reference to your present position, both theological and ecclesiastical, specially the former.

I have been, in common with many others, mindful of the progress you were making in Divine knowledge, from your articles in your Magazine, and likewise aware of the peculiarity of your relations at Harvard, which seemed critical of great results.

When I learned from the papers that you had re-

signed your position I had a strong feeling of disappointment amounting almost to the sense of defeat. Your labors in the college seemed so prosperous that there needed only to be toleration to work a thorough change in the character of the Institution, and for this the friends of the Evangelical faith hoped and prayed.

Of course it is no matter of surprise that the toleration was not granted freely or that it should be strenuously refused, just in proportion to the force of the demand and the activity of your efforts. But, without knowing precisely how much of personal discomfort you might have to bear in consequence, I did hope that your persistency would live down the opposition and make you hero and confessor even if martyr.

I do not of course presume in my ignorance to judge of the propriety of your resignation, but I may tender you my sympathy as a brother in Christ and my thanks for the noble work you have already done.

I am challenged to this, all the more, from having read with delight your last volume. My heart goes out towards you as I read, and I feel the wish to take you by the hand and say so.

I remember, moreover, a remark you made to me one evening at Mr. Savage's in reply to a question of mine, *viz.*, that if either you or Mr. Coolidge would leave your positions you would find your place in the Episcopal Church.

Your feelings may be changed in this respect, although I suppose, still, that both your deliberations and your feelings, the more ripe they are, will determine you the more towards this conclusion as the repose of your soul. Be this, however, as the guiding

spirit shall direct. Let me assure you of the earnest and fraternal interest with which I am, and shall be,

Your brother in Christ,

ALEX. H. VINTON.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL,
NEW YORK, April 3, 1860.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: — I take the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of begging your acceptance of these pamphlets, herewith sent, which I flatter myself you may look over with some interest, — at least, they will serve as one way of acknowledging the great interest and pleasure with which I have read your eloquent and more generally edifying pages.

I am more in your debt than you may be aware. I have not waited for your Episcopal ordination to let your voice be heard in my church, — you have preached to my congregation more than once, and greatly to their satisfaction, having learned to listen when I discourse to them in other words than my own, and so to enjoy the privilege of hearing the great preachers, the living or dead.

Greeting you as an able minister of the new Testament, — and welcoming you to a field of labor in which we shall be nearer neighbors, I am yours,

Very respectfully and sincerely,

W. A. MUHLENBERG,

Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion and of St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

The following extract from a letter written by a churchwoman, then a resident in Cambridge, embodies the sentiments of a large circle of devout be-

lievers among the laity. "How can I express to you the congratulations and thankfulness I feel, that you are so soon to become joined in very deed to the visible body of Christ's flock, henceforth to devote all your energies and influence to doing the *most* good in the *best* way. I have heard that you said that Episcopalians had done nothing to persuade you to join them, but they *did pray*, and how earnestly, God knoweth."

As soon as his final decision was made, Dr. Huntington found a home for his wife and children at old Christ Church, Cambridge, where they were made welcome by the excellent rector, Rev. Dr. Nicholas Hoppin. There was much that was agreeable in the ecclesiastical impressions gained from this historic building; "our ancient Church," as it is called by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the memorial poem, where he describes it as standing beneath the loftier spire of the edifice on the other side of the old burying ground.

> "Like sentinel and nun they keep
> Their vigil on the green;
> One seems to guard and one to weep
> The dead that lie between."

On the day before the family began their attendance at Christ Church, George Huntington received from his father the following words of counsel: —

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 21, 1860.

DEAR GEORGE: — In order to help you in a full and easy observance of all the parts of the Church-Service, I present you a book for use in the church, which contains not only the "Common Prayer,"

with the Psalms and Hymns, but also the Proper Scripture Lessons for the several days, in order.

In becoming accustomed to this mode of worship, — so venerable, impressive, and beautiful, — you will find much assistance in *beginning* with an entire compliance with *all* the usages of the place. Otherwise you will not feel in harmony with those about you, and a sense of strangeness will hinder your prayers and praise. If you would enter happily into it, and get your soul engaged in it, comply with each reverential custom from the outset. What is half-done is never well done. I refer to such acts as kneeling, responding, keeping the place, following the minister throughout. It is a proper and reverential custom, on first taking one's seat in the pew, each time, to kneel and to bend and cover the head, saying a short petition or invocation for a blessing on the service; a prayer for right thoughts, and that all forbidden desires and fancies may be kept away; that a real spiritual benefit may be obtained; that God's Holy Word and Commandment may be understood and obeyed faithfully and received into the heart; that the Day may be kept holy, and the place holy; with other such requests, having a proper beginning and end, like the Collects. Indeed you can take the language of some of the Collects in the Book, or frame one for yourself. If you like, commit a form to memory. Only let it be sincere, reverential, and not omitted.

Nothing is more just and right and graceful, and few things are so good, for the manly heart, as for a man to go upon his knees. Begin so, and you will hereafter be glad.

My dear George, I rejoice in you, more and more,

as a good, obedient, believing son. I am satisfied you mean to follow our Saviour, and live by his holy religion.

May that blessed religion always guide you! I desire nothing for you so much, because there is no good so great.

Affectionately yours,

F. D. H.

In the month of May, Professor Huntington went to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. To his son he wrote a long account of St. Luke's Hospital, which he visited with Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. The spirit of the Institution and of its founder filled him with enthusiasm and delight.

"As I walked away, seeing what this good man, with his beautiful charity, his tranquil, pure face, and white locks of hair, was doing as he moved about tenderly among the victims of disease (beside having started a very strong Free Church in the centre of the City and educated many young men for the ministry), I could not help feeling how noble his life had been, and how willing he might be to die. Surely, he will have the promise: 'The Lord shall make all his bed for him in his sickness.'"

To his Sister :

I made acquaintance with many of the clergy and laity of the Church I have joined, and of course it was interesting to me to see and study the system, where it is so full of activity, strength and missionary zeal. May some of the lessons I learned bear fruit in my future works!

After his last sermon preached in the Congregational Church in Cambridge, Sunday evening, Feb. 26, Dr. Huntington, now a candidate for Orders in the Episcopal Church, became himself a worshiper at Christ Church, teaching a large Bible class in connection with the Sunday-school. On the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1860, he received the rite of Confirmation at the hands of Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, the Bishop of Massachusetts. His wife and eldest son and daughter were confirmed in the class, which was a large one, including a number of mature people.

Rev. Dan Huntington, the professor's aged father, had been reared in the traditions of Connecticut Puritanism, and not even the liberalizing tendencies of his later years could eradicate its prejudices. He knew nothing of bishops, and distrusted with all his might the system which conferred power upon them. The needs of his religious nature were satisfied with the simplicity of the ecclesiastical training of his forefathers. His son's departure from the old ways of Congregational polity was unintelligible to him. The following letter was written to allay his uneasiness, so far as was possible with an old man long past the age of controversy.

CAMBRIDGE, March 17, 1860.

MY DEAR FATHER: — My intention now is to come to you on the 26th., Monday. That evening I have to give a Charity lecture for a Baptist (not an Episcopal) Parish, in Springfield. Most of my services in that line are given to denominations that I do not belong to. In fact they give me so much to do

in that way that I am busy enough without doing much preaching. You have misapprehended Bishop Eastburn entirely. If you knew him at all, you would respect and love him. He is one of the most earnest and devoted Christians I have ever seen, — simple in his manners, kind in his disposition, loving all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and glad to coöperate with them in helping on the kingdom of Heaven among men. He has nothing at all to do with affording me this pleasant and profitable vacation, which I needed so much and am enjoying so much, — except to carry out a wise and useful rule of the Church to which he belongs, as he is in duty bound to do. Indeed he has not come near me with any interposition or command on the subject. I have joined a branch of the Church where this rule is followed, with my eyes open, and of course I choose to follow the rule. I consider it, for many reasons, a wise and good one, — in my case as well as others. But Bishop Eastburn has no pleasure in my omitting to preach. Indeed he has done and said everything that a Christian gentleman could do and say, to make my way easy and pleasant and to avoid the least appearance of dictation. He would be glad to have me come and be his colleague in old Trinity Church. Indeed, I think, he would resign his ministry there, and give it up to me altogether, if I would accept it.

You speak of my "not doing anything which cannot be undone." Of course the way *out* of any Church is open, and whenever I wish to do so, I can leave one Fold for another. But for the present I love the Episcopal Church. I honor it more and more; I long to be at work within it; Providence permitting, I shall

be a Preacher in it next Fall. I am ashamed to have been so long ignorant of its claims to belief and attachment; its historical foundation; its glorious Saints and Martyrs; its liberty and piety; its generous and comprehensive doctrine of the Communion; its dignified, orderly, and impressive worship; its internal peace and harmony; its love for children and youth. When you consider what I have given up and gone thro' for the sake of belonging to it, you will not suppose that I can be easily turned aside from the course in which God is leading me. I am sorry it is not the way of my fathers. But I am sure it is the way of my fathers' fathers, for ages.

Let us be less anxious to have those we love think just as we do. God's love is very large. Heaven is open to all that love, believe and obey —

> "Where the Saints of all ages in harmony meet,
> Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

Wherein we differ let us wait till we reach the world of light.

Your very affectionate son,

FREDERIC.

CHAPTER VII

THE PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK

"Whose delectable mountains are these, and whose are the sheep that feed them? The mountains are Emmanuel-land, and are within sight of his city, and the sheep are his."

THOSE who rejoice in the present strength and activity of the Episcopal Church in Boston will recall with interest the conditions existing half a century ago. In those days its character was distinguished to a marked degree by a strict conservatism, a dignified respectability, an acknowledged exclusiveness. It stood with emphasis for what it represented, but there was little concern for church extension. The head of the diocese adhered strongly to the tenets of doctrine which are distinctly Protestant. While his personal qualities made him decisive in administration and unfaltering in pulpit utterance, in leadership of men on the delicate and difficult lines of the episcopate his jurisdiction failed to leave a permanent impress. The ecclesiastical matters which most occupied his mind were connected with what was then known as the "Tractarian movement," just coming into prominence, and which aroused his intense opposition. But in the years following 1860, while the use of altar decorations and the practice of unaccustomed ceremonials were openly rebuked, there was no such direct contention over matters of ritual as to disturb

the currents of Church life. Of the sixty-seven parishes in Massachusetts there were at that time but seven directly within the city of Boston, all stable and prosperous; Trinity under the pastorate of Bishop Eastburn himself; the Church of the Advent, devotional in spirit and zealous in good works; and St. Paul's, long influenced by the powerful ministry of Dr. Alexander Vinton. At the latter's departure in 1858, an unsettled feeling arose among some of his parishioners. From this and other causes it became evident to men's minds that the time was ripe for a new parish. It seemed natural that it should be established west of the Public Garden, on the new-made land which promised soon to be occupied as a residence portion of the city.

There was much involved, however, beyond the advantages derived from selecting a site in a locality likely to be surrounded by an influential population. To the minds of those associated with this enterprise, came undoubtedly an impulse from the religious Revival in England, following the Oxford publications, balanced by strongly Puritan tendencies, prejudice against externalism, distrust of clerical prerogative and dread of a sacramental system. Another influence, especially attractive to a certain class of minds, was the school of thought, led by Arnold and Maurice, which aroused enthusiasm on lines sure to be predominant in a new organization. Some of those who had made part of the congregation at St. Paul's were drawn thither from the Congregational body by Dr. Vinton's deep scriptural instruction. To their earnest seeking after truth the devotional spirit of the liturgy made a strong appeal. Others came from the

Unitarian societies disaffected with Theodore Parker's popularity in his own denomination, and deprecating further departure from the liberal thought of Dr. Channing's day. The agitation on political affairs, the unrest of approaching civil strife, tended to make this period one when the sundering of old ties and the forming of new ones seemed a part of the religious as well as of the outer world. The little band whom these compelling forces drew together, met for the first time at the residence of Dr. William R. Lawrence, at 98 Beacon Street, on March 17, 1860, to take the initial steps towards the formation of a new parish, which organized as Emmanuel Church, on Easter Monday, April 27, 1860.

Already an informal engagement had been made with Dr. Huntington, and it seemed most suitable that the choice of a rector should fall upon one who was conspicuous for a course which some of them had followed, and who held in his own nature the differing elements represented in the movement itself. No man could be better fitted to control the attention of hearers, and to unite into a harmonious parish, those who were descendants of the old Standing Order of New England, Boston liberals, Evangelical believers, and the new generation who sought a more catholic observance of the Christian year, and a fuller expression of the spiritual beauty of the Church's services, than a preacher who had been reared in Calvinism, nurtured under the noble utterances of the early Unitarian divines, and yet, through conviction as well as taste and inclination, had found his way into the bosom of the Mother Church.

It has been seen that in the consideration of the

future, various paths opened before the Plummer professor, on his resignation. There was at the first some fascination in the suggestion which presented itself unbidden to his imagination, of an independent Society, fashioned on his own lines, welcoming those who were of congenial taste and religious affinity. But this vision melted before the grave question whither it would ultimately send youth, trained under an individual enterprise, and going out from its fold. It gave place to the strong claims of an historic Episcopate, and an organized Christianity, to the grander conception of the minister as an ambassador of the Kingdom of Christ.

One of the first proposals came as an offer of the place of assistant minister at Trinity Church, Boston, on the Green Foundation. In his letter of reply, Dr. Huntington acknowledges the honor done him and expresses a strong sense of the attractions held out, but explains that he had already pledged himself to another field of labor. How ardently this latter fired his enthusiasm and appealed to his aims and hopes, may be seen from the letter announcing the decisive action for the formation of the new parish.

CAMBRIDGE, May 1, 1860.

To A. J.

The gracious Head of the Fold has permitted the organization of the Parish of "Emmanuel Church." I think you will like the holy, significant, and musical *Name*, and see its fitness as emphasizing the great doctrine which the Spirit has revealed to me. The plan is to worship in a hired hall for a year or more, while the Church-building is erected on the new lands at

the foot of the Public Garden; and to begin in September, immediately after my ordination as Deacon, the date of which is not yet fixed. Everything seems sufficiently promising so far. The men enlisted are in earnest, and if God will we shall prosper. That "God with us" may there manifest his glory in turning souls from error to truth, and from Satan to himself, let us humbly and faithfully pray.

My confidence, hope and joy and peace in the ministry, were never before what they are now.

On September 12, 1860, Frederic Dan Huntington was admitted to the Order of Deacons in Trinity Church, Boston, by the Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of Massachusetts. The Rt. Rev. George Burgess of the diocese of Maine preached the sermon. On the following Sunday the opening devotional services of Emmanuel Church were held by the new rector at the temporary place of worship in Mechanics' Hall, Bedford Street. A large congregation assembled, and the first sermon before the flock thus gathered together was on the subject of "The Cross, its threefold glory, and its blessing."

In a communication, the previous June, to one of the prominent laymen of the parish, Dr. Huntington had suggested that provision be made in the hall for those who could not afford to pay regularly for seats. This was the first of the protests, which he never ceased to repeat, against the policy of hired pews in a sanctuary. A courteous reply from his correspondent, Dr. William R. Lawrence, engages that "provision will be cheerfully made by sittings appropriate to such use, and also by seats hired and

not used by those who have united with us. Nearly all have taken more seats than they require for their families." In the leaflet which was immediately distributed among the worshipers, provision was made for all the ministrations of a thoroughly equipped parish, both on the side of the rector and of his flock. Each week, was a Friday evening service and a Wednesday afternoon Bible class. For the carrying of the Gospel and its beneficent influences, spiritual and temporal, to the less privileged, ten departments of work were planned, with an introductory note intimating that every regular attendant at divine worship was expected to select from them one or more lines of personal service.

From the beginning Emmanuel was a working church. However powerful the preaching might be in attracting hearers and building up a strong congregation, it was not upon spoken words from the pulpit, but by the living testimony of devout believers, through their own acts of self-sacrifice, that the record of the future was to depend. The training of the children of the flock, with the necessary measures for the conduct of an efficient Sunday-school, came first in importance, and connected with it were committees for looking up youth who were strangers in the city, for hospitality to occasional worshipers, for the direction and observance of the festivals of the Church. In the line of aggressive missionary work was the opening of a Sunday-school in the neglected portion of the city, care and visiting of the sick, hospital relief, and charitable assistance to the indigent. The rector himself opened the Mission on the evening of Jan. 6, 1861. Before the New Year

the first confirmation in Emmanuel parish was held at Trinity Church, when a large class was presented, the greater number of persons being in middle life.

Frederic Dan Huntington was advanced to the Priesthood on March 22, 1861, in the Church of the Messiah, Boston, by the Bishop of the diocese, Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry Burroughs.

After the organization of the parish there had been no delay in preparing plans and prosecuting the work of erecting a suitable church edifice. The site was on Newbury Street, just beyond the Public Garden, which at that time formed the western boundary of the improved land. Beyond, where had been the waters of the Back Bay, was a wilderness, with the gravel-trains bringing in the substratum for the new lands and the tall skeletons of the pile-driving machines outlined against the sky. Arlington Street was soon appropriated to stately private residences. From thence to the Common, Boylston Street was in those days a quiet residence district. It was here, conveniently near the new church, that Dr. Huntington established his household. The home seemed small, after the commodious quarters in Cambridge, but it was made sufficient not only for the family but for parochial purposes. The rector's study was in the back parlor, and the front room served for committee meetings, parish conferences, and the weekly Bible class. While, on one side of the folding-doors, the busy pastor wrote his sermons or listened to varied appeals for sympathy or counsel, on the other the young assistant rector held interviews with his corps of helpers and inaugurated the Mission work. Rev.

William Reed Huntington began his ministry in a little room over a carpenter's shop. Giving part of his time on Sundays to Emmanuel Church, most of his energies were devoted to seeking out and instructing stray souls in that neglected district which made up the Mission field. In this rude chapel Dr. Huntington himself loved to preach. His own vision for Emmanuel had been that of a great People's Church. This plan was not carried into effect, partly because the minds of those controlling the movement for a new parish were not prepared for all that was involved in the abandonment of a system of rented pews, and partly because the stress of financial uncertainty, accompanying civil disturbance, limited the size of the structure. A further modification in the plans adopted by the building committee caused Dr. Huntington some disappointment. He greatly deprecated their decision to erect the side and rear walls of brick, with the façade only of stone. With the style of the architecture, the form, proportions, and details he was abundantly satisfied. But he earnestly advocated a spirit of genuinenesss in the complete work. "A building with a front of one material for show, and an inferior material for the parts a little less exposed, is an insincere building." In spite of this appeal, made at some length and with all the arguments at his command, the building committee felt that they had a practical situation to meet. In order to keep within the funds placed in their hands they were forced to make some changes in the original plan. Permission however was given to the rector to raise an additional sum of five thousand dollars to carry out the design. One subscription of a thousand dollars

was made, but this was all. The "sermon in stones," so much in accordance with his own integrity of character was not to be, but in other respects the beautiful structure was a joy and a cause of thanksgiving to the preacher whose ringing words echoed within its walls for seven years. In his weekly record of Services Dr. Huntington writes on December 15, 1861: *Emmanuel Church opened, Laus Deo!*

The consecration took place April 24, 1862, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg preaching the sermon. In his annual address to the Convention of the diocese Bishop Eastburn says of this auspicious occasion: "May the sanctuary thus dedicated to the Most High be ever a place in which His presence shall dwell, and in which many souls, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit in the Ministry of the Word, shall be born into the new life of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" a prayer of Episcopal benediction which we must believe to have been answered, in the fullness of Divine mercy.

One of the first questions which the rector of the new parish had to meet was that of his attitude towards those parties within the Church known as "High" and "Low," a nomenclature now happily less often applied. Even before his ordination a note of timidity was sounded through the remonstrance of an influential member of the society just inaugurated. Some words uttered by Dr. Huntington on a public occasion, were repeated with alarm, lest in exalting the Church which had lately won his allegiance he might be open to distrust by those who, as the good layman admitted, were ready "to scent Puseyism in a gesture, and Popery in the cut of a garment."

In the following spring a letter of inquiry from another source elicited the following more detailed rejoinder.

Boston, April 19, 1861.

My dear Sir: — Perhaps it would comport best with my practice, not to say my rule, to offer to your letter the general reply that in all party questions in the Episcopal Church I take little interest, and can take no side. A certain tone of manly frankness in your communication, however, touches me, and moves me to a different course.

To an earnest mind standing without this Branch of Christ's Flock, the evils and mischiefs of its party division appear even greater than they do within it. Multitudes, throughout the country, are seen to be restrained from joining it by this unhappy cause. I came in, after a very careful and patient study of the religious systems prevailing about us, — under a deliberate and thorough conviction that our ecclesiastical economy, tho' by no means perfect, is yet, by far, more in conformity with the gospel plan and the primitive pattern than any other, better suited to the hearts of men, and better adapted to all the proper offices of the Lord's living Body in this age and country. The times and sacrifices incidental to my change of relations, the attention necessarily given to the distinctive points, and the large opportunity I have had for observing denominational peculiarities, have naturally occasioned in me, I suppose, a strong and lively preference for the Church of my adoption. On the other hand, the greater part of the partisan controversy in this Church seems to me weak and wrong.

I do not mean to deny that real and important differences exist among us, such as a due honor for the Master and his Truth will not allow us wholly to ignore. It may even be said that there are two definable *tendencies* at work, leading to two extremes. A few persons, on either side, may have traveled to those extremes. But the vast majority do not admit of any such twofold classification. There is no clear line dividing them. They are of all kinds, shades and intermixtures. For example, it is evident that there is such a thing as an ultra-ecclesiastical, a sacramentarian view of Christianity which is dangerous and false, not in Romanism only, but also within our Protestant Episcopal organization. I have no sort of sympathy with it. I protest against it, with all the convictions of my soul, and with all my might. And yet when I hear men who seem to me humble, and holy, and Christian sweepingly charged with setting up sacraments before Christ, the sin of uncharitableness seems to me equal to the sin of bad doctrine. The language is too indiscriminate, and names of the parties are vaguely, erroneously, and sometimes cruelly applied. . . .

As to Ceremonialism, if I know myself at all, it is neither in my blood, my tastes, my culture, nor my convictions. I do not feel drawn that way. In postures, and decorations, and all that pertains to what are commonly called *externals*, I want nothing beyond the dignified, decent and reverent observances common to the great majority of Church people in both parties. In most matters of administration I probably incline to rather more than the usual liberty and variety, *where the Prayer-Book and Canons do not direct.* . . .

Much as I love this Apostolical Order, my whole life would have been lived to little purpose if I did not recognize the Christianity of other Households of Faith. I believe in a rubrical and spiritual worship, an Evangelical pulpit, and a canonical and liberal discipline. But you propose a specific inquiry, or a particular case supposed. Should I vote in Convention on a strictly party question, with the delegates of my parish for the sake of Parish agreement? I cannot answer that because the case does not stand out simple and clear before my mind. With my limited knowledge of Convention proceedings, it is not easy to conceive of a *purely* party question divested of all other elements. If such a question should ever arise, I should be likely to feel very little respect for it. I should hate to vote on it at all. If voting at all, I should try so to vote as not to express a party-feeling. As to the delegates, I should be perhaps as likely to expect them to vote with me, as to conform my vote to theirs. But, as I said, I cannot shape the condition in my thoughts clearly enough for a satisfactory reply.

Permit me to add that I am glad to see an intelligent layman sufficiently interested in these subjects to take the trouble to seek for opinions of no more moment than mine.

I confide in your promise to make no public use of these private words and no unnecessary reference to them.

Yours very sincerely,
F. D. Huntington.

An indorsement on the above shows that the MS. was returned after a copy was taken to read to the

vestry of Emmanuel Church. Its occasion was evidently the approaching Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts, the first at which Dr. Huntington took his place among the clerical members, although he had been afforded a seat by courtesy in the previous May, while a candidate for Holy Orders. Henceforth, he was to be a power for the extension of Christ's kingdom in that assembly, which he attended for eight succeeding sessions. In June, 1863, he was made by the Board of Missions chairman of the Executive committee, a special missionary agency, at that time appointed to "present the cause of missions in such churches as might be willing to receive their appeal." The two clergymen thus empowered to begin an active campaign of missionary enlightenment were Dr. George M. Randall, rector of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, later a pioneer bishop in the West, and the rector of Emmanuel Church. Dr. Huntington threw himself into this enterprise with all the ardor of his nature, and that energy which delighted to endure fatigue and overcome difficulties. In his Report to the Convention of May, 1864, he says of himself and his co-worker, that "they have traveled over nearly all parts of the territory of the State and have visited and addressed, besides the District Associations, thirty-five Parishes." A plan of systematic offerings for missions was recommended in these visits, so as to "encourage not only every man and every woman but every child to signify in writing beforehand how much each one would give at stated intervals. The time seems propitious for extending the knowledge and influence of our Church."

In 1865 Dr. Huntington was elected chairman of a committee on new parishes, a position which brought him in close connection with the organized efforts for establishing the church in growing towns and in those districts where the services of the church had not been held. These places he personally assisted, often by his own visits and preaching, by providing lay-readers and clerical supplies, and obtaining gifts and stipends to continue the work. The first service held in the town of Woburn was arranged through him and a missionary station established. During the early months of his ministry in Boston he gave his Sunday evenings to St. Peter's, Cambridgeport, then weak and in need of assistance. From the beginning of the Malden parish he interested himself in its welfare, continuing his aid until his son, Rev. George Putnam Huntington, after serving as a lay-reader, was called to the rectorship. The first services at Grace Church, Amherst, an important point in the diocese, were held by Dr. Huntington himself during his summer vacation in 1864, and he entered into the organization of the parish with all the enthusiasm which his love for his alma mater, and for the locality of his birth, naturally inspired. The beautiful stone church, in the erection of which he took much delight, was largely due to his efforts. For the remainder of his life Dr. Huntington rejoiced to minister at the altar of this sanctuary which became a place of worship for his household while at Hadley.

It was the custom at Emmanuel to hold the second service on the Lord's day in the afternoon, and this left the rector free to afford assistance on Sunday evenings to other parishes. Sometimes a call came for an

occasion in the city, in the interest of some public cause, but more often he went out of town to some small flock. His own record shows that during the nine years of his ministry to a large congregation of his own, he preached in fifty-six of the sixty or seventy churches of the diocese, not only once, but frequently a number of times, in the same place. Especially was this the case among the smaller flocks within reach of his summer home, and, like his father before him, he traveled by carriage up and down the Connecticut Valley and across the hills, seldom resting for a Sunday during his vacation.

Circumstances placed him where the care and oversight connected with the growth of the diocese became an interest and an obligation. In 1865 he was elected chairman of the Standing committee to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Dr. Randall to the Episcopate in the missionary district of Colorado. In the following year Dr. Huntington presented, for adoption by the Convention, a new missionary canon, the result of which was the unification of those organizations already in existence, and the establishment of a board elected by the Convention, and entitled, "The Executive Missionary Committee." Under this provision Dr. Huntington was made chairman of the new committee, and his full report to the succeeding Convention in 1867 reviewed the field open for mission work in Massachusetts. While the speaker complained that the finances were in arrears and the missionaries not fully paid, he boldly asked for *double* the sum contributed the past year. He said: "It cannot certainly be suffered that the value of the knowledge of the Gospel of Salvation and of the Church through whose

ordinances it is ministered, is less to a given number of souls here in New England than in any other part of the world. It will be a long time yet before this part of the country ceases to exercise on the newly settled territories a powerful moral and intellectual control. The current of civilizing and refining, and to great extent of evangelizing influences, must continue to set from the north and east to the west and south. The changes that are going on in religious thought and conviction offer a peculiarly favorable opportunity for the introduction of the truth of Scripture through the Apostolic System, to almost any village in the Commonwealth. We know of many considerable settlements where no sanctuary for the worship of the Most High God is built. In a very large number there is already a disposition to welcome our Church services both for the edification of grown people, and especially for the training of the young. . . .

"Throughout the land our church appears to be awaking as never before to her great commission and to be conscious of her neglected privilege. Are we moving with the stirring movement under the breath of the Spirit?" With such earnest appeal the opportunity was laid before the clergy and laity assembled and practical suggestions offered for holding services through a special missionary in new communities, such work to be strengthened and ministered to by neighboring rectors. The chairman urged that the amount to be appropriated for the ensuing year be again made twice that of the past. He reported that the appropriations had been promptly paid through collections made at Emmanuel Church. Here, among his own people, the rector ceased not to urge, exhort,

admonish, concerning the duty of making liberal gifts for the support of the gospel in other fields. In an address before a delegate meeting of the Board of Missions in Providence in 1866, Dr. Huntington spoke on the "best means to be used by the parochial clergy for awakening and maintaining Missionary zeal in their own parishes."

Out of his own rich experience and unusual success in arousing his congregation to a generous response, he mentioned, among other means of enlightenment, the value of giving detailed information as to the needs, the opportunity, the mode of operation and the probable or actual results of labors in the field. This was his own habit, and on some occasions an allusion to a special incident was made so telling, by the magnetism of his speech and his consummate art in arousing the feelings of his hearers, that the response came not only in large offertories, but in many private and generous gifts. Another point emphasized in his missionary address and carried into practice as a branch of his own parochial system was the importance of interesting the children in missionary objects. At the meetings which he inaugurated in his parish to arouse young and old, he gathered in the scholars of the Mission, who gave frequent and animating songs to add to the heartiness of the occasion. One of the measures of the new committee had been the inauguration of missionary convocations, and one of its reports mentions that at Emmanuel, after the stirring addresses in Epiphany, 1868, a choir of children gave the carol, "We three Kings of Orient."

Another line of effort to carry the gospel to neglected districts took shape in the organization of the "Epis-

copal Evangelization Society," of which Dr. Huntington was made president. Its purpose was to employ itinerants to hold services in the churchless regions among the indifferent and neglected, such preachers being known as "Evangelists." A notice in the press says that the address of the presiding officer, in which he laid before a public meeting the great possibilities of such a work, and the obligation incumbent upon Christians to sustain it, held "the congregation in the most rapt attention for three quarters of an hour." His argument was that the Apostolic custom might well be renewed, to go from place to place, "in journeyings often," and he urged that the times of great missionary effort are times of great refreshment to home churches.

Among the objects of systematic offering which the people at Emmanuel were instructed to make was that of preaching the gospel to the Indian tribes in the West, interest in which was awakened through the labors of Bishop Whipple. In the autumn of 1863 a class of young women in the Sunday-school, under the instruction of Mrs. Homer, began to contribute to that object. The following spring, a society of churchwomen was formed called the "Dakota League," which became a general organization in the diocese of Massachusetts, for the advancement of work among the Indians, resulting eventually, in connection with some similar efforts, in the formation of the great Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

Dr. Huntington's own sympathy with the missionary work in the West led him to send his eldest son to the frontier, as a teacher in the Seabury Divinity School. George Huntington had graduated from

Harvard College in 1864, and in that summer while absent on a vacation he received from his father a letter opening the plan.

HADLEY, Aug. 9, 1864.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — In reply to a letter of inquiry from me, Bishop Whipple and Dr. Breck have sent me a proposal to receive you at Faribault as an assistant in the instruction and management of their new Church-Seminary, consisting of a Divinity School and Preparatory Department. Your work will of course be in the latter, and you will be called to teach nothing to which you are not fully competent. These gentlemen suggest that you should only pursue the study of Hebrew, which you can acquire there to advantage, giving the rest of your time to tuition, and that you should be free to make new arrangements at the end of a year.

This brings before you an important question for immediate decision. Without attempting to prejudge or to overrule the free choice of your own mind, I shall only put down the reasons as they appear to me. In favor of this plan then are the following considerations: —

1. Direct helpfulness. Every day you would be rendering a service of some value to others; and more than that, a service bearing upon the highest interests, the ministry and the Church of Christ.

2. A discipline for yourself. You will be in a constant practice of strengthening your faculties and communicating your knowledge. Maturity of character, self-command, ease of manners, facility of language, a larger intercourse with men, a firmer pos-

session of the rudiments of different branches of study, would be in some measure at least, among your gains; and these would be a great help to you in any profession you might follow afterwards.

3. You would have the best possible chance to test your attachment to and fitness for *one* of the *two* professions which you have determined to adopt, and thus your ultimate election would be a wiser and clearer one.

4. You would be in immediate communication with gentlemen of as noble and fine a spirit, as high and disinterested a character, and as genuine refinement as can be found connected with any institution in the land, and joining to these qualities a very rare degree of energy, force, and practical sagacity. Thus you would come in contact with the ministry at the right point.

5. You would be cast aloof from the set of associations and influences with which you are thoroughly familiar, upon a fresh field; and this of itself would help give breadth to your education. Cambridge and Faribault, Massachusetts and Minnesota, would make a capital mixture.

6. Your Harvard diploma and your good name would give you a good start in a community where a grand work of civilization is to be done.

7. The climate is as fine as any on the continent.

It is true all these promises might not be realized; but there are fair elements in the case, and there is nothing extravagant or visionary in trusting them.

There is a great deal else I should like to say, for my affections, sympathies, hopes, convictions are all deeply involved in this crisis of your life. Every day I pray God to direct you. Nothing I can conceive of

holds out as good a promise as this proposal. I hope it may strike you favorably.

Affectionately, my dear boy,
Your father,
F. D. H.

Boston, June 5, 1865.

Dear George: — From our Easter collection I have directed the General Secretary to forward to Bishop Whipple, or in his absence to Dr. Breck, for the Missionary purpose of the diocese, $200; to Mr. Hinman, for the Dakota Mission, $100; and to Mr. Tanner $100.

I was interested in your account of the Indian question, and received the paper giving a description of the recent murders. It would be childish in the Government to modify its policy, so far as it was favorable to the Missions, for one such outrage, or for half a dozen. The more savage the natives are, the more they need the softening and restraining influence of Christianity; and I trust General Grant's counter order is an indication of moderate and comprehensive measures.

I will send you a cheque before you start for home. Would you not like to take this opportunity to see the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and the Natural Bridge in Virginia? You might go from Chicago to Louisville, call on Dr. Craik, take the cars to the vicinity of the Cave, pass over to Virginia, and perhaps stop at one of the battle-fields, returning by way of Washington and Philadelphia. Regarding it as an advantageous part of your education I should be willing to provide the extra sum necessary for your expenses. It often

occurs to me as a deficiency in my training that I have traveled so little. Some of the Parish here have lately been urging me to go to Europe; but I feel little inclination, and very likely shall never undertake to cross the ocean. Perhaps your mother mentioned that, being on a journey to Buffalo, a few days ago, to look up a Headmaster for St. Mark's, Southboro, I had a few hours, asleep and awake, at Niagara.

No other plan presents itself for you, I believe, than to spend the next year at home in theological study. I can easily point out work enough for you in that way, and perhaps I should make the attempt, in my busy, broken days, to pursue some investigations, including Hebrew, with you. You will, I have no doubt, be ready to act *for* me, if occasion requires, and to identify yourself with the best aims we are capable of following in the house and in the Church.

The Rev. Dan Huntington passed away, in the fullness of age, in October, 1864. Writing to him just before, on his ninetieth birthday, his son said: "I wish we could all join together in a service of family thanksgiving to the God and Father who is the Refuge of all generations. But we can all render up our several offerings of gratitude to our Preserver and Deliverer. This is one of the duties you have taught your children, by precept and example. I hope that both your memories and hopes on this occasion will be pleasant and cheerful, as they almost always are. The Gospel gives you strong promises that in the time of old age you will not be forsaken."

To his son, in Minnesota, Dr. Huntington wrote: "Everything about your good old grandfather's death

was peaceful and happy as his life had been. His last articulate words were those of the Apostolical Benediction with a fitting 'Amen.' This was Sunday evening, the last day of his life and ministry on earth; the next morning, at four o'clock, the mysterious wheels of mortal animation stood still. The sacred illusion of his illness was that every day was Sunday. When we buried him it was near sunset, the air was still, and the splendor of a brilliant autumnal sky poured itself into his open grave, as was meet for the end of a course so genial and so beneficent as his."

On December 22, 1864, the customary greeting was sent to the old homestead, this time to the sister alone, who remained there after her long and devoted attendance on their father.

"I wish you could be at our Christmas Eve service in the Church, and at the Christmas Communion. Everything is good that unites more closely the family in Heaven with the family on earth, and both with the living and loving and glorious Head, who came to be one of us, and die for all."

The ancestral mansion had now passed into the possession of the youngest of the family, through purchase from his brothers and sisters. One of the many generous acts which testified to the affection of the parishioners at Emmanuel Church for their pastor was a gift from a number of its prominent men to complete the payments on the estate. Henceforth the care and management of the farm in all its details was Dr. Huntington's pastime and delight. The months of summer residence there undoubtedly lengthened the life of the hard-working priest and prelate. The home was one of abounding hospitality,

maintained with patriarchal dignity and the simple habits of Puritan inheritance. While the head of the household passed hours during the days and evenings of the vacation at his desk, engaged in literary work, or in directing parish and diocesan affairs through correspondence, he found leisure for long drives with his family and guests, exploring every road and byway through the valley and across the hills. In the haying season he did the work of one able-bodied laborer in the field, entering into the occupation with a zest and ardor which never abated. From his study-table at the end of the hall he had always in sight the movements in the barn and the large yard. Many a morning he was busy with his writing at the early hour when the cows went out to pasture. To the north his window looked into the old garden, and the changing pageant of earth and sky, the fruits and blossoms, the flower-bordered walk, the butterflies and the birds, offered a scene of quiet repose which was always grateful. He never wearied of drawing the attention of guests to his beautiful display of hollyhocks at midsummer. Here at twilight he sat with his book occupied in reading and meditation, or he would join his wife and children on the lawn in front of the porch, his dog at his feet, while he entered into the conversation or shared with the group around him some subject with which his mind was engaged. Sometimes he would stroll away into the woods or to the edge of the pasture to make friends with his Alderney heifers. After supper, on a beautiful evening, all would gather on the quaint "stoop," along the length of the house in the rear, to enjoy the gorgeous tints of sunset across the river, to listen to the sounds dying out in the village street

beyond its banks, to watch the purple glow fading into darkness on the mountain ranges and the first star twinkling in the heavens. After the lamps were lighted came the letters and newspapers, a little reading aloud, and an early bedtime.

In the summer of 1860 the Hadley host wrote to a friend: "Our time here is spent principally out-of-doors. We ride a great deal, and when we get up on to the high grounds, into mountain scenery, I assist the children's anticipations of next month by telling them how *that* is like Berkshire. The beauty of the valley is indeed very different from the majesty of your grand elevations; but I cannot allow that there is anything in this world more lovely, more perfect, — in its kind, — than this beloved old homestead where I was born; with the windings of the river, — the 'green meadows and still waters' of an earthly Paradise, — the flowing outlines of the distant Western hills, — the splendid urn-shaped and sheaf-shaped elms around us and over us, — the woods, not far off, at the East, — with large grassy yards and hay-fields on every side. It is doubly delicious just now, after a Sunday's visit to Boston in this intensely sultry weather."

It was in such healthful and simple employment of the holidays that the busy pastor stored up strength for the multiplied engagements of the winter months. In September he was again in the pulpit at Emmanuel, and from then to succeeding June not a Sunday passed without arduous work. Added to the two services in his own church and the third devoted to missionary engagements, or to some special call, the rector never failed to be present in his Sunday-school, making himself personally acquainted with the children, catechising

and instructing them. One of the strongest influences for good which those who were young women at that time ever afterwards recalled with gratitude was the Sunday Bible class, taught by Mrs. William R. Lawrence, to which the rector gave his earnest sympathy, and frequently the encouragement of his presence.

This was only one instance of the personal solicitude he felt for the members of his large parish, watching over their spiritual life, visiting them regularly, becoming acquainted with the interests of people in all walks of life. The following letter was written to a student at Harvard just before his confirmation. The young man was the son of a valued parishioner, and in later life became conspicuous for his noble influence and active Christian work. After his death his old rector wrote (in 1900), "The service he rendered by his character, testimony, and bestowments to the Church cannot be taken away or forgotten."

BOSTON, April 4, '62.

To J. D. W. F.

My dear Friend:—Since hearing from you the good news of your intention to come openly into the Fold of Christ, I have thought much about you, and have wanted to tell you again how heartily I rejoice in your decision. You may be sure it is right; for you are following the plain direction of your Saviour. It is He that has put this purpose into your heart. You must depend entirely on Him to carry it into effect, in a true, consistent Christian life. You are now a Soldier of the Cross; a great and noble work is given you to do; but you will also have great helps and encouragements in doing it; and so you are never to be

disheartened. If you sometimes fail, let that only nerve you to new diligence. Religion never appears with more grace or power, than in the character of a young man; and especially, perhaps, of young men in college. I think they sometimes make the mistake of supposing they shall recommend their religion, and make it acceptable, by keeping it in the background. But almost everybody, even worldly and careless people, have a secret respect for Christians who thoroughly carry out their principles, show their colors, and stand by their Master.

Your success will depend chiefly on your private devotions. Keep some time sacred every day for these. Find out when you can best manage to be alone and let nothing interfere with your retirement for reading the Bible, and prayer.

Some of the most quiet Christians in the world have been the firmest. Let your acquaintances see that while you make no noise about your piety, your principles are fixed, your course is deliberately chosen, and your spirit clad in the whole armor of God.

I trust the Sunday evening will be to you, to many more, the beginning of many happy years of Christian progress and peace, and that you will always look back to that scene with a grateful memory.

I am most truly and faithfully,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

HADLEY, July 10, 1862.

To A. W. S. C.

In the retirement and leisure of these still days, in this still place, my thoughts go out after one and another of the dear young believers that have con-

fessed their faith in Emmanuel Church; and they turn to none oftener than to you. Life, at the longest, is so short; our powers, at best, are so poor; the souls for which our Master has died have such inestimable value; and "the world" presses so hard upon the aspirations of our higher hours, — that I can hardly consent to let the service which Christ has entrusted to me in his Church wholly cease even in these days of summer rest. I long, at least, that the impressions of our holy seasons in the months past should not be lost while we are scattered apart, and are set free for recreation and pleasure. I don't know how you find it; but, for myself, I think it always needs a little more than the usual watchfulness and self-control to keep the hidden life of faith and holiness up to the right standard, during these periods of pleasure and play, more than when the various helps and supports of our regular winter habits are about us. The times of daily devotion are apt to be interrupted in one way or another; the order of our private religious exercises falls apart; the spirits are excited and borne away with the round of social gaieties; and so the spiritual tone is sometimes relaxed or lowered. Others, however, — and perhaps you may be among them, — are greatly aided by this change from city to country. They feel nearer God amidst the simplicity, the grandeur, and solemn beauty of his hills and forests and open sky, than under the dust and noise where multitudes jostle against each other. The difference is owing, probably, in part to temperament, and in part to the peculiar circumstances of each individual. The true way is to look at *every* change as having something to do with our religious training and dis-

cipline. The God of both winter and summer makes everything beautiful in its own season; and it is only we, in our willfulness, or selfishness, or negligence, who turn his appointments into snares and temptations. But what a blessing that promise is, that he will not suffer us to be tempted "above that we are able," but will, *with the temptation*, if we are only faithful, make a way of escape. I dare say you are often dissatisfied with yourself. All earnest Christians are. You do not seem, perhaps, to be making the advances you have desired. Almost three months have gone since that sacred Confirmation evening; and it may be that you do not see in yourself much growth in purity and in likeness to Jesus. But take heart, and do not be discouraged if it is so. While you trust the strength of God's promises, guard your actions, and their inward springs. Be always seeking out some opportunity of ministering good to the other members of the family. The scene of your self-denial may be familiar and tame, and your best efforts may not always appear to be appreciated. But your Saviour sees them, every one, and remembers them; and it is thro' just these little trials that your spirit is to be "endued with power from on high," and matured into a noble Christian womanhood. . . .

It occurs to me that you may have known nothing, or but little, of the movement in which our Emmanuel people are now so generally and deeply interested, — the building or buying of a Mission Chapel for our work in the ninth ward. And as I have lying by me an unused copy of the sermon with which I initiated the measure, I will enclose it for you and your mother instead of writing out a description of the plan here.

My whole heart is in this enterprise for the neglected Pagans close by us in Boston. I have been laboring incessantly for it ever since I saw you in P. (this sermon was preached the very Sunday after), and I have had the satisfaction of seeing even those that were coolest at first becoming engaged in the project. You will not forget to entreat the Head of the Church to prosper it. He has done so already; for we have about eight thousand dollars subscribed, in these hard times.

On Sunday afternoons it was often Dr. Huntington's habit to minister at one of the hospitals, occasionally at the House of the Good Samaritan, in which he was much interested, and quite regularly, for some months each season, at the Home for Consumptives, then just opened and enlisting his strong support. Its founder, Dr. Charles Cullis, was a parishioner, and the earliest plans for the work were submitted to his pastor for counsel. His simple faith and spiritual character endeared him very much to Dr. Huntington, who endorsed and aided his work. Among other new objects of charity to which the busy minister gave time and assistance was the Dedham Home for Discharged Female Prisoners, which he frequently visited.

Holding a firm belief that almsgiving should be systematic and intelligent, he employed a parish visitor, under his own oversight, who was largely engaged in befriending such as personally applied to him. With most of those who came to the door seeking relief, an occurrence more frequent in the days before the establishment of organized charities, he spoke himself; and in his busy hours some unfortunate was pretty sure to be seen sitting in the hall waiting for an interview.

Practical measures for the improvement of the conditions connected with poverty occupied his mind, and he was much concerned for the better housing of families of the Mission congregation who inhabited damp and unwholesome tenements in an ill-drained district. The establishment of the Rector's Aid Society, a body of earnest young men, resulted in the erection of Huntington House, completed and named for its founder, after his removal from Boston. It was through this same organization that in April, 1866, Dr. Huntington's strong desire to have under his control a church building free to all worshipers of Almighty God, became realized in the consecration of the Chapel of the Good Shepherd. It was distinctively stated from the beginning that this sanctuary was not intended for a single class, but as a place where rich and poor should meet together. The name expressed the teaching connected with it, that those who entered the doors and attended the services "should constitute a special flock, on equal terms with each other before the Saviour of souls; that their ways should be kindly and that the Ministry should serve them cheerfully."

Near the end of his life, October, 1899, Bishop Huntington wrote, on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, to the rector, Rev. George Prescott, this retrospect of the Church of the Good Shepherd:—

You know, in part at least, how dear and precious it was to me from the hour of its birth as a mission, during all my ministry in Emmanuel. Indeed, I should never have been satisfied to be the pastor of a congregation made up largely of families of wealth and

leisure, without the balance of a flock of a less favored class, wherein I and my parishioners could expend our sympathies and unbought labors. Therefore, just as soon as the Parish was organized, I struck off into the comparatively unshepherded population in and about Church Street, and the district east and south. The first "Chapel" was a rude upstairs section of a carpenter's shop, partitioned off with pine boards. There we gathered a Sunday-school, and sang and prayed. From there, in due time, we removed to Nassau Hall, on Washington Street, between Common Street and Hollis, where we had services, sacraments, preaching, and where the benevolent women and girls of Emmanuel administered their charities, and where some of the noblest, best bred, most refined and efficient daughters of Boston had their training in the manifold departments of church work, for which Boston and other parts of the world have been better ever since. How that scene of practical Christian activity was afterwards transferred to Cortes Street, and by what successive and honorable steps in industrial and spiritual enterprise advanced to its later and well-known distinction, you will not need that I should call to mind. I wish that I had time to pay the deserved tribute of my esteem and gratitude to the true and devoted pastors — shepherds, indeed — who were with me and came afterwards, and especially to the present admirable successor, whose wise administration, unwearied toil, patient sacrifices, and lovely disposition need no praise from me. God bless him, his home, and all his people!

Faithfully,

F. D. Huntington.

Another recollection of those days comes from the first assistant minister.

"How can I begin to do justice to that morning of bright hopes, that epoch of quickened faith, glad sympathies and high endeavor? The people who rallied around Huntington, helped him to found this Church, and gave, not only their money, but themselves to the task of edifying the body of Christ, were a choice company. They loved their leader, they believed in him, and unfamiliar though he was with the ways to which most of them had been accustomed from their childhood, they felt no shadow of a doubt that, out of the very novelty of the conditions by which he found himself environed, there would come a stimulus that should make him more effective even than before. Nor were they disappointed in the event.

"How eagerly we listened to the sermons; how earnestly we talked among ourselves of the rector's rapidly unfolding plans; how impatient we were to escape from our temporary place of worship, on the other side of the town, and to enter upon occupancy here, where the new Boston was taking form." [1]

In a sermon preached at the end of the first year of parish life their rector had told his flock: "My view of the work of this Church is very simple. It is that every person in the congregation, of either sex, of all conditions, and of every age, if not disabled by severe disease, ought to have some kind of service in hand to be done as circumstances allow, in virtue of being a member of that congregation, under the direction of the rector, and in the name of Christ, who is the ever

[1] Memorial Sermon: "A Good Shepherd," Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D.

present Head of all under-shepherds and of the whole flock." This was no passing admonition, left to chance to take practical effect, but a programme laid down as strictly for himself, by the leader, as for those under his spiritual care. It was his untiring business from week's end to week's end to watch over and to encourage the various departments of service in the parish, and to enlist personally in these ministrations every person who occupied a seat on Sunday. One who was at that time a young girl recalls how promptly on her return home from boarding-school a little note came from the rector, assuming as a matter of course that she would engage in some line of usefulness, and suggesting where her efforts would be of most benefit to herself and to others. The Mission field was a large outlet for sympathy and coöperation. Among the visitors enrolled to go into the homes of distress and want, one finds printed in those old reports names still remembered in the community for influence and high position.

Although the rector took the initiative in the building of the Mission chapel, the wardens and vestry assumed themselves the work of parish enlargement, and there was no stint in funds for the prosecution of all branches of parochial activity. In 1864 a chapel was erected adjoining the church to provide for lenten services and for the Sunday-school, and the following year a transept was added on the west, giving two hundred additional sittings.

When, many years later, a fine ecclesiastical structure was erected in Lynn by one of the noble churchmen of Massachusetts, the donor said that it was his old rector at Emmanuel who "first taught him how to

give." The liberality of this layman, as of others who sat under that preaching, was indeed the result of Christian principle, which regards the acquisition of wealth as the enlargement of sacred obligations. Those who occupied the heads of the pews half a century ago, were the solid business men of the commonwealth who, beside managing their affairs with sagacity and prudence, practiced habits of life which knew nothing of ostentation. Others in that large audience were students, lawyers, judges, men influential in counsel, wide in their sympathies, conservative in their tastes, deliberate in their judgments. Among the larger interests which their pastor presented to them with earnestness was that of clerical education, and generous offerings were made to the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry." In a letter to his son George, who was preparing to enter Berkeley Divinity School, Dr. Huntington expresses his strong desire to see a similar institution planted in the vicinity of Harvard. It was therefore in a spirit of hearty congratulation that he announced to his congregation one Sunday morning the munificent gift made by one of their number, Benjamin Tyler Reed, for the founding of the Theological School at Cambridge. He became a visitor of the seminary, was a trustee of Trinity College, of Vassar College, and of St. Paul's School, Concord, and still further manifested his strong interest in education as one of the founders of St. Mark's School for boys, Southboro.

It seems in place here to give some reminiscences of the rector of Emmanuel, written by one who was in his youth an active worker: "He was particularly kind and watchful to young men who were away from

their homes, and in Boston, either as students or in business. Dr. Huntington was the great preacher of Boston in those days. He ever seemed to endeavor to impress upon his hearers that it was a very solemn thing to live, that the responsibility was great, and duty to God and man must be done no matter what happened. His sermons were always deeply thought out, expressed in choice, often magnificent, English of good length, but never too long, the words distinct, his voice and accent fascinating, his manner serious, stately, dignified, yet at the same time humble rather than pompous.

"I recall to mind his interest in the church Reading room. The young men desired to have a room centrally located where the church publications could be found, and where the Boston churchmen could meet for conversation during the evenings, the clergy could find a mutual meeting-place, and where the services and special church occasions could be bulletined. The Doctor was our most interested supporter, and his influence was a great help to us. Some were afraid of it because it was to be distinctively churchly, and Bishop Eastburn had no sympathy with the enterprise. The church Reading room struggled for years, but it lived, and the Diocesan House is the result and its historical continuation."

January 1, 1865.

To A. L. P.

We have turned the corner in our winter work of the year. Too little room is given to old friendships, to quiet communion and the simple genial enjoyment of the hearts we love, in this eager, noisy, human life.

We are in the midst of winter work — the Mission and its charities, which take a great deal of time. We get better and better organized every year. I wish you could have been with us at our Christmas festivity and that you could see the Church in its evergreen dress. You cannot conceive the change that has come over our Community in its observance of this Festival within twenty or thirty years. I can remember when not a sprig of green or a public service marked the day, except with a few scattered Church families. Now, scarcely a house is without its celebration. But there is a great deal to be learned yet.

Dec. 31, 1866.

To his Sister.

That date I have written, I suppose, for the last time. It is the last night and almost the last hour of the year. I have been writing letters not only to various parts of this country, but to England, to France, to Africa, to China, and now the last word shall go to you, my faithful, true-hearted, loved, revered, only sister.

We are growing old. The other day Hannah and I got our first eye-glasses. Luckily they are just alike, so that if they change places it will not discomfort us. We ought not to mourn the flight of time if we believe that this life is the antechamber and beginning of Life Eternal.

Old Madam Hooper is gone, the oldest, most venerable and lovely "Mother in Israel" of my Parish. Her death was entirely beautiful. She liked to have me tell her about father. As it was just before Christmas, I took the text of Simeon and Anna and preached a

sermon on *Christian Old Age.* But the better sermon was her life.

Christmas was bright and cheery, with its great Memory, its animating worship, its noble music, its Holy Communion, and its family pleasures. How impressive it is to think of all the millions of deeds of kindness, plans, and schemes, and surprises of disinterested good-will and generosity all over the world-wide Christendom, and all springing from the act of love 1800 years ago. To-morrow morning at nine o'clock we begin the New Year with a service and the Holy Communion.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KING'S MESSENGER

"You did well to talk so plainly as you did.
There is little of this faithful dealing with men now-a-days."

It should be borne in mind, that during the years of planting and growth in Emmanuel parish, while its life was becoming more vigorous, its activities more varied and effective, the community and the nation were passing under the clouds of civil strife, of bloodshed, apprehension, and financial insecurity. The lessons to be learned through public events were pronounced from the pulpit with the clear utterance of the prophets of old. On Sept. 14, 1862, Dr. Huntington preached a sermon, afterwards reprinted as a special contribution to the "Christian Witness," from the passage in II Chronicles xx. 12.

"O our God, . . . we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." He introduced the subject by referring to a discourse "in which less than two years ago we took this language as text for the general doctrine of God's providence, giving it a figurative application to the anxieties and perplexities of our individual and common life. Few minds could believe then that within twenty months the words would come to have a literal meaning for us

as a nation, in the battles, the invasions, the abused patience of a peaceful government, the multitude of confederate assailants, the heathenish cruelties, the mortal agonies, of these alienated and armed States.

"This morning, only change the names of persons and places, and the whole passage sounds as if it were written of our own people, with weapons in their hands, with the visions of streams of blood before their eyes, with supplication on their lips, and with something fearfully like dismay in their hearts." The complete sermon is a powerful plea, as the title indicates, for "A Nation's Look toward God," beginning by pointing out strong and vivid analogies with Old Testament history. "God binds men together, organizes them, and trains them up through the mutual affections, sacrifices, and services of corporate Institutions: first the Family, secondly the State, thirdly the Church. The Church is both Family and State, a divine Family, a divine State; visible and historical as well as spiritual and perpetual. Hence the national character is a holy thing. When it is prostrated and polluted it is the most terrible of degradations. A people without religious patriotism is a mob of weak and one-sided insurgents, held together, if at all, only by interest and fear. . . .

"The philosophy of sheer individualism is an unchristian philosophy. It lacks the purest, the loftiest, the most unselfish aspirations of humanity. Christ comes, not only to make righteous individuals, but to build a righteous kingdom, whereof each individual is a member, so that no one can say to another, I have no need of thee. Open the Scriptures almost anywhere and you will find that God's people loved their nation, prayed for it, lived for it, died for it, as a divine thing."

In closing, the preacher reminded his audience of the character of its noble heritage and the public iniquities which had led to adversity and anguish. "We have trusted to our enterprise, our trade, and our wealth; and now a debt of a thousand millions or more is to impoverish us. We have bought and sold votes with money and for party; and now we are learning, by lessons burnt into our hearts, what law and government are really worth, and what they cost. We have professed liberty, but beyond all the obligations of the Constitution, have been willing that our fellow men should suffer the wrongs of slavery; and now our brothers are captives and prisoners, while slavery is at the bottom of the whole boiling cauldron of our troubles. The scourge is upon us, are we humbled by it? We are under the rod, do we acknowledge who holds it? We recruit the ranks with bounties in money, which may be well, as a proof of the willingness of those that offer them; but is an army so recruited like one that moves to battle only for justice and truth? The air is full of criticisms upon this or that commander — crude, impatient, self-glorying, or partisan speculation! But how many of our people go into the closet, and there, on their knees cry, with the Hebrew captain, in the humility of a self-forgetful faith, 'Our eyes are upon thee'?"

On Nov. 17, of the same year, Thanksgiving Day, the rector, in a discourse on "The Chastened Feast," took for his text the verse of the Psalms, "Rejoice with trembling," and struck a note of gratitude for mercies, in the midst of discipline, rather than of warning and admonition. He dwelt, appropriately to the occasion, upon the fact that of the three terrible dealings of God with

man, two — famine and pestilence — had been averted; dwelling, however, not alone upon the material causes for thankfulness, but upon assurance in the divine promises.

On the fourth of March, 1863, Dr. Huntington wrote to his sister: "The date reminds us naturally that just one half of President Lincoln's term of office has expired. What a troubled and fearful administration! And how anxiously we must look forward to the remaining half! At the close of it shall we be a dismembered country, with local strifes and bitter jealousies, or one people again? Will the curse of slavery be removed from the land forever; or will it have an empire of its own, founded on the horrid principle of legalized oppression? It is not easy to believe the latter. One of my parishioners lately said to President Lincoln, in Washington, 'I remember seeing you, Sir, when you were president of a railroad company in Illinois.' 'Ah, yes,' was the characteristic reply: 'and if I were President of the railroad company now, instead of being President of the United States, I guess I should sleep better o' nights.'

"Our mother, I believe, was equally a lover of peace and of liberty; equally disapproving war and slavery. How strangely the two ideas have come into conflict with each other! But God is a God of *both* peace and liberty, and He can guide the storm. We are in the midst of Lent services. The frequent worship is delightful."

In April, 1863, the leading article in the "Church Monthly" was from Dr. Huntington, on the subject, "Loyalty and Love," a reconciliation between the two conflicting conditions of peace and war. It was possibly somewhat out of character that one who had

been brought up as a believer in the establishment of universal concord, and who had been an advocate of the Peace Society, should defend the maintenance of any cause through military force. But the spirit of the times stirred even those far less ardent in temperament to sympathy with the passage of armies, the rejoicing in victory, "the tumult and the shoutings" consequent upon victorious conflict. The writer ably sustained the moral strength of the principles involved, and their nobler aspect. He quoted from an eminent statesman, who said, after extensive travel through the country; "I have nowhere found any feeling of exasperation against the people of the South, but in every point a solemn determination to uphold the government, at the same time with a sadness and a depth of tenderness I will in vain endeavor to describe. This is not a war upon the people of the South, but a war undertaken for their defense and for their deliverance."

After a picture of what true Christian soldiership might be, the article continues: "Light is given us in this line of thought to see how it is, and to see that it is just as faith ought to have expected, that the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe, who is the only giver of all victory, carefully keeps the issues in His own hands. His are the sicknesses that waste, the drought that famishes, the tempests that wreck, the winds that hinder or speed fleets, and the rains that swell rivers, and the frosts that chill in one place and destroy miasma in another; and He means to make it manifest, doubtless, before the eyes of mankind, that by Him nations are ruled, squadrons turned, and wars made to cease. Numbers, armaments, drills, revenues, experience, courage, strategy — these are the instruments of

war; but the Almighty must accept and bless them before they prosper. He blows upon them with His indignation, and they are like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor which the wind driveth away. May He grant that as defeat and loss school us into energy and order and humble dependence upon Him, so every success may lift hearty anthems to His praise!"

On the national Fast Day, that same month, April, 1863, another exposition from Hebrew history was delivered to the flock at Emmanuel, from the text, "Hear now, O house of Israel: Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?" Ezekiel xviii. 25.

"An exile with his exiled fellow-countrymen, sitting by the mournful river Chebar, on 'the hill of grief,' the faithful Ezekiel, himself a splendid example of patriotic loyalty, inflexible in his integrity, unflinching in his faith, summons the guilty Israelites to an august reckoning of their sins, in Jehovah's name. 'Hear now, O house of Israel:' O house of America! 'Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?'"

It was a time when distrust and discouragement began to be more openly expressed through the prolonged continuance of the struggle. "Divided counsels, party passions and corruptions, weak defenses and fruitless campaigns, delay, and the new levies, and the fresh millions of appropriations," were bringing to light "the moral falsehoods which kill the Nation's true life more effectually than sword or shot or all the diseases of the hospital and camp." The lessons to be gained from the "long and severe tuition" were obedience to the voice of God, patience, Christian endurance, solid adherence and loyalty to a fixed principle, through all disasters, defeats, and delays.

"Stubborn resistance and exhausting sieges where we looked for easy victories; massive fortifications of rivers and seaports and inland capitals, where we predicted open and exposed approaches; thousands found in arms where only hundreds were expected; combination and determination, and promptitude, and energy, and perseverance opposed to us, where we told each other we should encounter only laxity, and weakness, and confusion, and vacillation; treachery and division and incompetency discovered on our own side, where we flattered ourselves there would be nothing but honor and unity and signal ability to command and to prevail. This is God's method of saying to us, in the stern and instructive language of facts, Are you in earnest? Do you believe as you profess? Is your faith only in yourselves, or in the Lord, Eternal and Holy, as your Nation's God? They are God's 'equal' and righteous way in the war, purging and correcting us for our 'unequal' ways before it came."

On the fourth Sunday after Easter, April 24, 1864, a sermon was delivered and afterward printed by request of the wardens and vestry, which was entitled, "Personal Humiliation demanded by the National Danger." This was no hopeful summoning of multitudes to battle for the right; no kindling assurance of the marks of Divine favor in time of tribulation; no softening of chastisement by lessons of humble submission and faith. In the powerful language of a prophet was depicted the widespread apprehension of impending public disaster which possessed serious minds.

"After an interval of comparative quiet we seem to be approaching one of those critical and fearful turns

of campaign and battle where the vast fortunes and interests of a kingdom have often been gathered up for a revolution in some dreadful valley of decision. Long processes of planning, accumulations, transporting and concentration of forces, are about coming on both sides to their maturity and their trial. It would seem as if the people must be hushed with awe, as nature seems to be, before the crash of the thundergust from the full magazines of the sultry air. . . .

"Hostile armies, numbered by hundreds of thousands of soldiers, officered by determined and exasperated leaders, with national life, pride, and honor at stake, do not meet and part without making the earth groan under them and far around them. If you leave the great moral considerations, and pass on to call up and prefigure the separate and particular shapes of terrible anguish which are to darken and distress the land the moment these waiting collisions come, these sleeping monsters of armies awake and uncoil, and the lightnings are loosened, — anguish on the battle-field, in the heat and thirsts of the sun, and the chill of night; anguish in ambulances and hospitals; anguish in thousands and tens of thousands of desolated homes all over these mourning States, — why, if we are creatures of sympathy or sensibility at all, is it not enough to restrain this eager chase for ostentatious riches? "

Then follows, in scornful words of indignation, but in sorrow and in sadness, an arraignment of that state of society, due to the rapid rise of fortunes; "an inflated estimate of material things, with the absorbing and heated pursuit of wealth. What wonder if some whispers of discontent creep through the encamp-

ments of the army and the cabins of the navy? From the capital, through all our large cities and seats of commerce, out to the remotest hamlets, and from rulers in the highest stations to subjects in the meanest, men are calculating the profits of their opportunity. Making all allowance for benevolent alleviations of the sufferings of soldiers, these facts yet remain undisputed. Religious humility and that reverence which the Nation's God designs by His discipline, and demands in His Word, are not generally produced. We are not repentant. We are not sobered. We are not on our knees. We are not a people bringing forth fruits meet for repentance." In conclusion, the better way pointed out through the text, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God," was plainly enforced; "the patriotism of the true citizen, which, by daily speech, by gifts, by sacrifices would strengthen the impending movements of the forces; with an increase of sympathy which binds classes more closely together, an abatement of outward extravagance, more retirement, more recollections, redoubled devotion to the offices of worship and charity.

"The nature of a devout and humble mind must have changed very much since the Scriptures were written, if, in looking forward to the season of blood and sorrow that is before us, really good men do not feel it to be safer and wiser to be wherever prayer is wont to be made, in Church or in Chapel, on hallowed days or any days, than in pleasure parties, or convivial clubs, or an unremitted application to the world's business. Whatever else we do for the torn and bleeding country, we must pray for it. Whatever else we leave undone, we must urge our petitions to the God of for-

giveness, the God of concord and unity, and the God of victory for it. However else we fail, we shall never really fail in intercessions for the right and for the defenders of it, for magistrates and chiefs, and for all the people, before Him who heareth prayer, and who made Israel to prevail while the commander's arms were lifted up in supplication."

A few weeks later the preacher wrote to Hadley: —

Boston, June 7, 1864.

The world of nature is full of gracious beauty, and the season must be favorable to the setting and growth of grass. But the human world is full of mourning, lamentation, and woe. The battle-field and disease together make great havoc.

In his own family Dr. Huntington had no losses during the Civil War, although nephews and other kinsmen served honorably in the field, and one suffered the horrors of a southern prison; but as pastor of a large flock he was called upon to minister consolation to aching and bereaved hearts. Splendid young men, parishioners and communicants, perished in battle or died in the hospitals; and mourners multiplied as the struggle drew to an end. Spoken and written words of sympathy, visits to the afflicted, last services to the departed, formed no small part of his labors as a pastor during those dark months. It was at such times that his rare power of sympathy, and the sustaining strength which his own spiritual experience afforded to those who came to him for counsel and courage, were deeply felt. Prayers, fervent and scriptural, such as in the earlier days of his ministry helped

to lift the hearts of his congregation to the throne above, were poured out in private devotions with the sick, with the anxious and heavy-hearted who turned to him in trouble. Among other forms of strength and refreshment brought to such sorrowing souls he was a strong believer in what he pronounced "the high office of sacred poetry." In the Introduction to "Lyra Domestica," the title of a collection which he made himself,[1] he says of the early German hymn writers: "They abound in those clear annunciations of spiritual truth which a genuine experience of divine realities always readily recognizes as the result of a similar experience in another. They reach down into solemn depths of sorrow and up into holy heights of joy; but they do both with an unbroken tranquillity of spirit which makes us feel that the joy is chastened and the sorrow not comfortless." Of the concluding poems in this volume, from different sources, the editor says: "They are sublime confessions of Christ before men, preaching his gospel, commending his sacraments, calling to his baptism, celebrating his Eucharist, glorifying his Nativity, Easter, and Pentecost, honoring the noble army of his Martyrs, and breathing down the hallowed fire of their piety and prayers through worshiping generations."

In a Preface to "Hymns and Meditations," by Miss A. L. Waring, in 1863, he expresses his own poetical taste and discrimination. "The ideas of a Christian life which are wrought into the poetry are always both strong and tender, vigorous and gentle, brave and trustful. We find few traces of that refined religious selfishness on the one hand and that feeble sentimen-

[1] *Lyra Domestica:* with additional poems, 1866.

talism on the other which vitiate so much of the pious literature, and especially the metrical pious literature of modern times. A state of comfortable pietistic complacency is not here put instead of a self-renouncing submission to the perfect will of God, nor does the call to action ring out with less clearness and power because we see laid open before us the divine depths of a complete and serene communion with the indwelling Christ."

Two years later poems, "fugitive and permanent, old and new, near and distant, open and obscure," were gathered together in a volume called "Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment," with this motto: "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees, and encamped there."

Dr. Muhlenberg wrote of this collection, "How did you get together so many beautiful hymns?"

Among the authors were some little known in America at that time. Dr. Huntington especially delighted in the noble verse of C. F. and of William Alexander. The latter, then Dean of Emly, and later Archbishop of Armagh, said in a letter acknowledging the receipt of "Elim:" —

"I am glad that my wife and I occupy a niche in your volume, and hope that we may be liked by our cousins over the sea. My wife has written much, and she has won her way to a real position, I think, among living poets. I have written but little, scattered, vagabond, unfinished pieces. I was at Oxford, where I have obtained poetical prizes. The muses demand a life; and I have only had half hours to give them." That Mrs. Alexander's claim to recognition was genuine is

proved by the fact that in our present "Church Hymnal" there are no less than twelve hymns of her composition.

Notwithstanding his strong love of poetry, a taste which belonged more to his own generation than to the present, Frederic Huntington gave little to the world. He wrote, while a Unitarian preacher, some hymns for special occasions, with "A Supplication," of twelve or more stanzas, expressing deep spiritual communing; and a few touching lines in old age. The following estimate is both true and appreciative:—

"Though he lived almost an ascetic life, so far as personal indulgence went, his sense of the beautiful, whether in nature or in art, was of the keenest. Especially was his critical judgment of value in matters of style. Perhaps no American writer ever had so full a command of devotional English as he. His hold upon the adjectival resources of the language rivaled Jeremy Taylor's. His imagination played around a sacred subject like a flame, lighting up whole territories of contiguous truth. Save for a few hymns written in early life, he adventured little in the way of original verse, but there was no lack in him of the vision and the faculty divine, the soul of the poet shone ever through the mantle of the prophet and through the fair linen of the priest.

"Of the collections of religious poetry which he edited, none, I think, was so markedly illustrative of his personality as the volume entitled 'Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment.' Nowhere else does the large catholicity of his spiritual nature, his ability to sympathize, alike with the catholic and with the individualistic conception of Christian truth, more distinctly

reveal itself. There is a mysticism that is sacramental, and there is a mysticism that is non-sacramental, — nay, almost anti-sacramental, — Huntington did justice to both. Probably he would have made but an indifferent professor of systematic divinity, but that is because he was so well versed in the divinity which outlives all the systems, the simple divinity which finds centre and pivot in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ." [1]

It has been already remarked that there was hardly any time when the earnest preacher did not express himself from the editorial chair as well as from the pulpit. In 1861 he took charge of the "Church Monthly," in conjunction with Dr. George M. Randall, in the interest of the extension of the Church in Massachusetts. In order to bring the principles of the faith, its doctrines, and historical defenses within the reach of the uninstructed, the use of a column was obtained in a daily newspaper, the "Boston Traveller." The introductory letter, signed F. D. Huntington, explicitly set forth that it was not intended for controversy, partisan strife, or personalities. "We shall not conceal our purpose to recommend, so far as we fairly can, the scriptural standards, orderly ways, primitive discipline, and catholic spirit of this apostolic communion, believing as we heartily do that no greater blessing can be offered to our fellow men, to their families and their children." When the articles closed, at the end of the year 1865, after nearly the whole round of the Christian year, it was stated that, "We have been able to continue much longer than we had any reason to

[1] Memorial Sermon: "A Good Shepherd," Rev. William R. Huntington, D. D.

expect would be possible. For the most part the Christian bodies around us in this country, under a benign and patient Providence, are working out their experiments with religious sincerity. We are more than content that the truths of our fold have a fair and equal opportunity for development among them. We have no right to demand recognition for them except as they furnish a superior and scriptural power in the great conflict of the age, between faith and an unbelieving self-will; except as they tend to mould the characters, manners, homes, and social institutions of men into righteous, noble, and reverential forms; except as they offer Christianity to the understanding and affections of the people as a commanding, genial, and beautiful reality: — even the power of God and the wisdom of God unto their salvation."

Another branch of church teaching through the press was the publication of a number of tracts on different subjects. One of these was delivered in the series of "Price Lectures," "The Roman Catholic Principle." "Two Ways in Religion" contrasted "in a most admirable manner, and without offensive epithets or accusations, the Unitarian and Trinitarian systems." An address before the Diocesan Board of Missions claims "Massachusetts as a Field for Church Missions." The principle of the tithe is treated in the pamphlet entitled "Systematic Offerings for Christ," a presentation of the Christian duty to lay aside each week a fixed sum for the support of the Lord's house and the extension of Christ's Kingdom, which might well be taken to heart by thousands of careless or uninstructed communicants at the present day. Among other published addresses was "A Plea for an Open

Church," which resulted in an organization to promote the establishment of free churches, at a period when to sell pews or rent sittings was a fixed custom with the wardens and vestries of a parish.

Rt. Rev. Carlton Chase, Bishop of New Hampshire, wrote to him, June 13, 1863: "It is a beautiful quality of your mind that you see every nail's head — and if it needs striking, you strike it — and you miss it not. I have seen two or three of your things lately, which I admired exceedingly. Nobody surpasses you in the analysis of character and truth. At brushing away mists you have a wonderful skill. I have often recommended 'The Rock of Ages' to persons who I thought would admire the beautiful preface, if they did not yield to the force of the book.

"May you live long, my dear brother, to bless the Church and the world with the precious fruits of your studies. I do not see how you find time to prepare for so many special calls."

One of the most important treatises published by Dr. Huntington, after he left the Unitarian body and became a priest of the Church, was the Introduction to an American edition of an English theological publication: "The Rock of Ages, or Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead," by Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth. It is impossible in so short a space to give sufficient extracts from what was in fact Dr. Huntington's last word on the subject of his change of belief, to those who had assailed him for it. The whole argument which he thus commends, is an appeal to "the one Book," the texts classified and carefully collated, so as to present the weight of evidence as simply and directly as possible. The fact that its author

passed from under the cloud of intellectual doubt into the acceptance of Catholic truth through the devout study of God's word made the work especially valuable to one who had himself experienced uncertainty and spiritual distress. He knew, no man better, the agonies of the New England conscience over definitions of dogma as well as the joy received through divine illumination, and it was from deep conviction that he wrote in the opening sentence of the Introduction, "The doctrine of the Trinity, offered to man as a benignant revelation of practical truth, ought always to be handled in a spirit of Christian tenderness." The last volume of sermons he ever published opened with a discourse entitled "The Trinity a Practical Truth," which closes with a solemn appeal: "Has this wonderful and blessed doctrine entered in, to bear its gracious fruit in your own weak and tempted lives? Do you personally, laying aside your own pride, humbly repenting of your sin, believe in God, as they must believe who are to live and not die?

"Daily having confessed Him, are you proceeding in a godly life more and more, growing into a higher sanctification of every power and affection of your soul?

"Only he who so believeth, saith your God, is saved." [1]

In a letter on his birthday, May 28, 1867, Dr. Huntington wrote: "Forty-eight! How much there seems yet to be done! How little accomplished! There are those thirteen years of a ministry, not exactly of Unitarianism, to be sure, but in the Unitarian denominational interest. How shall I get them back? Alas, only by trying to prevent others from a like mistake."

[1] *Christ in the Christian Year: Trinity to Advent.*

In the eight years passed as a presbyter, Frederic Huntington's public services were rendered almost entirely to his own diocese. In the meantime, however, his reputation increased and his gifts and influence became more widely known. When the death of the Right Reverend George Burgess left the Church in the state of Maine without a spiritual head, the choice of the Convention fell upon Dr. Huntington. The decision which led to his declining the Episcopal office at that time, was made, as he stated to the standing committee, on broad grounds, the comparative claims of the fields of labor. The usefulness, abundance of resources, and grave responsibilities of his position in Massachusetts could not be lightly estimated, and the voice of the Church concurred in his choice.

The only General Convention of the Episcopal Church which he attended as a member of the House of Deputies, was that held in New York, in 1868. He took part with deep interest in all the proceedings, but it was not his temperament to feel tolerant toward excessive debate. A later newspaper communication, signed "Connecticut River," expresses something of this impatience, and he makes there a suggestion that each deputy, "before he introduces any new matter for consideration, ask himself at least five times, and perhaps some judicious friend once, whether it is required by the religious interests of the Church;" and that "when it is pretty evident to common sense how a question is to be decided, those of a contrary mind shall generally give over the forensic part of the fight."

He himself gave unremitting attention to the work in committees, which he believed to be important in saving valuable time to the House.

Writing to his sister, Nov. 3, 1868, he said: "Contrary to many timid apprehensions and some unfriendly prognostications, there was a remarkable harmony from first to last. No ill-feeling, — no bad temper, no faction, no strict party vote on any question. Even the most critical topics were discussed and disposed of with entire courtesy and kindness, sometimes with playfulness, generally with seriousness and dignity. When the regular business was sometimes interrupted for a brief session of silent or spoken prayer, on some peculiarly weighty subject matter, pending the deliberations, like the choice of a Missionary Bishop, the effect was very solemn indeed. Many people outside are disappointed at reading the reports, because they are so much taken up with matters of law and order. That is doubtless one of the characteristics of our Church. But the fact is that the real moral and religious interest of the occasion is not shown at all in the reports of the secular papers, because it centres in the great evening meetings, when the manifold and extensive missionary operations of the Body are considered.

"I suppose you have seen the account in the 'Spirit of Missions,' of the grand gathering at the Academy of Music. I have hardly ever been more awed than when four thousand persons repeated the Apostles' creed, with a voice like the sound of many waters; and at the name of Jesus the whole vast assembly bowed low, as if a wave of the Spirit swept over them, bending every head. It was a great pleasure to me to become acquainted with many Churchmen, Bishops, and others, from distant parts of the country, those, from the South not having been North for many years."

In 1869 the rector of Emmanuel Church was still in the prime of life, reaching in that year the age of fifty. He occupied a position conspicuous for public usefulness, he was honored by the community in which he lived, beloved by his parish, with a large flock listening to his words and dependent upon him for instruction, guidance, and sympathy. The Church in Massachusetts was rapidly extending its field of influence, and the promise of his future labors in the diocese were such as to satisfy any man's ambition. The weight which pressed upon him most heavily, as a burden he felt unequal at times to bear, was that of so presenting the Word of God, in season and out of season, as to win hearts to Christ and to keep alive their spiritual consecration. In his sermon entitled "Christian Loneliness,"[1] the preacher undoubtedly drew from passages in his own life, which occurred not only when he struggled with the uncertainties of religious belief, but in connection with the sacred calling of a shepherd of souls. With his lofty conception of what preaching should be, he was more and more oppressed with the difficulty of gaining time for adequate preparation. It became a necessity for the busy pastor either to do his writing at midnight or to betake himself to another house where he could be undisturbed. These inconveniences, however, were of no account, compared with his dissatisfaction over the result. The greater his facility of composition, after the practice of years, the more abhorrent it seemed to his sensitive conscience to produce a sermon which lacked spontaneity and the inward inspiration. No task, all his life through, was so delightful as to employ his intellectual gifts upon a

[1] *Christian Believing and Living.*

subject in which his mind was deeply engaged. But it was proportionately difficult to feel that he could always do justice to his audience in the composition of two, or even one new discourse a week. The reality of this state of mind, familiar to earnest natures, but at this time in him almost overpowering, may be seen from a letter written just before his son was admitted to the diaconate.

Boston, March 23, 1868.

My dear George: — We shall expect to see you at the end of the week. As you will naturally see, the solemnity and sacredness of this period of your life are felt by me as well as by you. Twenty-six years of service in the ministry have not made it look commonplace, or easy, or otherwise than awful. The attractions, privileges, blessings, of the office are real, but they do not lighten the weight of accountability; nothing can. I believe you are prepared for the work, so far as preparation can go before the work itself. But it is a school, a discipline, a tentative, unmastered business all through, from the beginning to the end. Whoever does not expect to learn only from hour to hour, or God's heavenly grace in it, and to find it a path of incessant humiliations, had better forsake it early. I think I can truly say that the agony, the crucifixion of hope and pride and ambition, that I habitually suffer, Sunday nights, would long ago have driven me from any other calling. The Bible, the promises, prayer, the love of the Church, the loyalty to Christ, these are the stay and staff.

After a season of incessant labor there was great refreshment in a visit to the farm. From thence, on a

short spring vacation, he wrote to his two little girls at home.

HADLEY,
DEAR OLD HADLEY, May 11, 1868.

DEAR RUTH AND MARY: — After what I wrote Jamie about Lock you will be glad to hear that he has been found. He and Ponto have had a good time all day. The squirrels have been very troublesome, eating up and carrying off corn; and I have shot two. One of them the white kitten took for her portion; the other, Ponto buried, — for future use I suppose, in the garden, in one of the flower-beds, not yours though. If you plant squirrels, what will come up? I don't know; — hops, perhaps. The carpenter has been here and we have been building a new arbor. This morning we got up before five o'clock and liked it so well that we mean to do it again; it gives such a long day for the work.

Cousin Charlotte has bought a new carpet for her parlor and invited some of the North Hadley people to come to-morrow afternoon and help her make it up, and then take tea with her. It seems to be a way they have here. Your Aunt Bethia is going, and I am expected to go to the tea and meet Mr. Beaman.

We saw in Hadley Street the largest flock of birds — swallows — that I ever saw anywhere. There must have been several thousands. This evening there are bonfires in the fields, and they are very beautiful.

Now I am going to read the paper your mother sent me. Give my love to her, and to Arria and Jamie.

Your ever affectionate father,

F. D. H.

In August, 1868, Dr. Huntington wrote to a parishioner who had begged him to find an opening in Massachusetts for a certain presbyter, of whom she had formed rather an undue estimate:—

"If B. is doing work where he is, by all means let him stay there. He evidently thinks Romanism and modern Protestantism are the only Christianity there ever was in the world: does n't remember that the Kingdom of God stood some six hundred years before either of them;— takes St. Paul's mention of his peculiar and individual vocation to preach as upsetting the practice and doctrine of the original Twelve, and even the Saviour's own institution and commission;— confounds the tolerance of continental Protestants (who were orderly but not regular) temporarily with the radicalism of these days;— puts Whately above the whole line of Anglican Divines and Early Fathers,— overlooks all that the N. T. insists upon as the Gospel of the Kingdom;— fails to see that 'exchanges' between denominations are always inconsistencies (for if there is a real difference in sacred things, enough to base a separate denomination upon, how can it be right to ignore it in the public instruction?), and would make a perfect farce of the Church's ordaining a Congregational Minister, if he may let a Congregational Minister into his pulpit the next week;— and does not consider that the moment you open the doors for altering the Prayer-book you are quite as likely to put Ritualism into it as Puritanism.

"The summer hastens fast. Monday next I go to Boston, and so work begins.

"Brooks at Trinity will be a great accession to our cause in Boston."

It was at the General Convention in 1868 that a favorable report was made on the creation of three new dioceses within the state of New York. Not many weeks after, these jurisdictions elected their respective heads. At the Albany Convention Dr. Huntington was a strong candidate; a little later the first Convention of Central New York elected Dr. Abram Littlejohn, who became the choice for Bishop of Long Island, the following week, and accepted that invitation. At a second election, held in Syracuse, January 10, 1869, Frederic Dan Huntington was chosen Bishop of Central New York.

This new call to the Episcopate came to him with a far more compelling force than the preceding. One element in a change of feeling was the altered aspect of parochial activity. The prosperity of Emmanuel Church seemed assured, under the divine blessing. Its congregation, zealous in good works and united in spirit, had completed its Mission Church, and was likely to enlarge still further in that direction. Meantime, although Dr. Huntington was doing in Massachusetts, as openly conceded, much of a bishop's work, this could not fail to be under increasing disadvantages. To the head of a new diocese, in the founding of its institutions, and the extension of its missionary work, there opened a field, made attractive by its harmony, its sympathy between clergy and laity, and its history under the leadership of Hobart and De Lancey. The Bishop of Western New York, from whose oversight the recently united parishes were removed, was a warm personal friend, eager to welcome a brother with every expression of affection and good-will.

Frederic Huntington was not one to meet so august

a call without careful consideration. He was as deeply impressed with a sense of his own unworthiness for the higher office as of his insufficiency to reach the standard he had set for himself as parish preacher. His was not a nature to rush lightly into any new path opening before him, or to set a value on the worldly inducements of honor and preferment. It was the large interests involved and the high ends in view which induced his acceptance. In a spirit of humility, but one of hopefulness and anticipation, he sent to the standing committee of the diocese of Central New York, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, a letter signifying his acceptance, subject to ecclesiastical concurrence.

Boston, Jan. 19, '69.

To A. J. P.

You will be interested, and the others,[1] to know that I shall have an Indian Mission in my Diocese, on the Onondaga Reservation.

Yesterday was a terrible day. I sent in my letter of resignation, and the remonstrances and persuasions and offers of every kind of pecuniary and other inducements to stay here were hard to bear. They break sleep and distress the spirit. It touches me that you are so merciful.

Ever affectionately,

F. D. H.

Boston, Feb. 6, 1869.

To A. L. P.

We are walking, of course, among sad faces and weeping eyes, and pleading remonstrances. Only one

[1] The Dakota League.

comforter can turn the valley of Baca into a well of spiritual refreshment, and through this "Achor" open "a Door of Hope." The roots that have been striking nearly thirty years in one spot are all to be torn up. This is the third time such a wrench has come; but never before have we been dislodged from this community. I trust my decision of the question is right. The nature of the office, its sacred and solemn demands and peculiar opportunities, the fine Missionary field in the Diocese, the unity of feeling and action among the Clergy, the strength and wealth of my Parish here, my own need of change of work to save health and prolong life, are among the chief reasons. It is a comfort to find that the wise and good men of the Church, standing aloof *from either local interest*, the Bishops and others, uniformly bid me go. May Christ's strength only be made perfect in my weakness, and may the Church be served and advanced!

Through Lent I want to give the dear flock here everything I can. Bishop Smith writes that he should prefer to have the Consecration in Boston, which, of course suits *us* all.

Among the friends in New England who were disappointed, his brethren in the diocese gave expression to their sense of loss and of sincere regret. Although an invitation to a "Clerical breakfast," when privately suggested, was declined, from a characteristic distaste for functions and laudations, the letters of sympathy received at that time were preserved with deep appreciation. In resolutions sent by the annual Convocation, "the growth and prosperity of the Church in Massachusetts during the preceding years" were attributed

"in a great degree to the blessing of God upon your faithful and loving labors." Most of the Church newspapers commended the elevation to the Episcopate of one eminently fitted for the office. To his personal characteristics, private correspondence and the press of that period bear interesting testimony.

A Boston contributor to a Chicago weekly calls him "a perfect steam-engine in his untiring and amazing zeal." A brother clergyman expresses his admiration for one who, having a wealthy, fashionable metropolitan parish, still retained and kept ever aglow a "Missionary heart" to care for and go after the poor and dispersed.

An editorial speaks of "the warm-hearted sympathy with every effort to advance the kingdom of Christ or to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, his accessibility to every claim upon his attention, his unwearied patience, kindliness, and gentleness of manners." One of the leading bishops of that time, writing of his thanksgiving over the choice to the sacred office of one whom he esteemed and valued, continues, in a strain more personal and peculiarly appropriate: "While for the Church of God I rejoice, for yourself I can only express deep sympathy. The experience of over seven years in the Episcopate, and that, too, under the most favorable circumstances, shows that it is a position of unusual care, great self-sacrifice, constant perplexity and annoyances. To one who has nestled closely to the heart of an attached congregation, and been able to feel under his head the pulsations of their love, the isolation of official dignity and the complete divorce from all parochial ties, is felt with fearful power and pain. No honors given to the Bishop are as sweet as the warm love given to the

Pastor; and you will often yearn for the glowing affection and kindling sympathies produced by parish intimacies, not found in the higher office to which you are called." These words from the Bishop of Pennsylvania [1] were prophetic to him whom he addressed, of many future pangs of separation from the generous and devoted flock he was leaving and of the immediate pains of parting. They are thus expressed in the farewell sermon at the conclusion of eight years of ministry: —

"Ever since I had notice, through the voice of the Church, that the Master had another post for me, and especially during all this solemn leave-taking Lent, when I have occasionally turned my thoughts from the absorbing occupations here to the untried office assigned me, I have wondered how I could spare all the intimate and tender attachments which are possible to a Minister and his family only in pastoral relations. After the air has been so warmed for us, all our lives, by affections strengthening every day, our hearts will be likely to find almost any other climate less genial and less comforting.

"We have endeavored to subordinate what is personal to the claims of the Kingdom of God. Less worthy influences may have stolen in unawares; and at any rate I have no idea of setting up a claim for the merits of a great sacrifice. I only ask that you will hold in occasional recollection my dependence on the Spirit of God, my inexperience in the way I am to take, and my need to be kept, through the power of your Christian intercessions, a wakeful watchman, a wise builder, a diligent Missionary, a patient and impartial

[1] Rt. Rev. William Bacon Stevens.

pastor of a large and vigorous Flock, led hitherto by Master-shepherds."

Associations and affections, so precious and so comforting, are not of the earth alone. The last Christmas of his life, Bishop Huntington wrote to a former parishioner by whom the beautiful Memorial has been erected in Emmanuel Church to its first rector: —

" No member of the dear old Flock is more mindful, I believe, than you are of those happy days when you and your father used to sit before me, and close to me, in 'Emmanuel.' Yes, 'Happy Days' they were, and all days since have been better for them."

CHAPTER IX

ENTRANCE ON THE EPISCOPATE

"Then said he: I am the guide of those pilgrims that are going to the Celestial country."

The diocese of Central New York, organized in Convention Nov. 10, 1868, was set apart from that of Western New York, and included fourteen counties in the centre of the great commonwealth, numbering within its jurisdiction one hundred and six parishes and missions, and one hundred and seventeen clergy. Of the six large seats of population the choice of a See City fell naturally between Utica and Syracuse, although cordial overtures looking towards the bishop's residence were made from several other cities. Reasons laid before him decided the future diocesan to select Syracuse; one strong inducement, in view of his relations to the whole flock under his care, being the convenient railroad facilities in all directions. The region, which he soon rapidly traversed from end to end, is one of unusual loveliness, fertility, and agricultural resources, with trade and manufacturing interests which have steadily increased. Its most commanding educational institution is Cornell University, but it includes Syracuse and Colgate Universities and Hamilton College. All through the rich farming country are quiet villages, the abode of a refined and stable

population, the older communities to be found in the hill towns, where churches, courthouses, and academies were erected in the early days. The picturesque lakes, the smiling valleys, the grand stretches of upland looking towards the wilderness, combine advantages of climate and scenery unsurpassed in our northern latitudes.

The salt springs in Syracuse early attracted a company of settlers who developed these natural resources and laid the foundations of a prosperous city, its opportunities for trade and manufacture being still further increased by the opening of the Erie Canal. From the beginning, the active spirit of the great West pervaded this business centre, while Utica, only sixty miles nearer Albany, retained the conservative character of that section of the state.

The consecration of Frederic Dan Huntington to the Episcopate took place in Emmanuel Church, Boston, on April 8, 1869. Rt. Rev. Benjamin B. Smith, of Kentucky, then the presiding bishop, was the consecrator and Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York, the preacher. The occasion was one of much interest; impressive in the beauty of the service and the deep sympathy manifested by those present. On the following day the newly-made prelate ordained his eldest son, George Putnam Huntington, to the priesthood, and, after holding a confirmation for his parishioners at Emmanuel, set forth across the Hudson for his new field of labor.

His first service was held in Grace Church, Utica, where, among the floral decorations, the text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," impressed the new chief pastor by its touching significance. Following directly were

confirmations in New Hartford, Auburn, in the three parishes in Syracuse, and the two in Oswego. From the latter place the rector of Christ Church had written, early in March, concerning the coming visitation: —

We are counting the days, and are very much like children at school looking forward to the pleasure of home with their father. May God give to us all his blessing is the prayer of

Yours very truly,

Amos B. Beach.

In January, 1869, Rev. Joseph M. Clarke, later one of the presbyters attending Bishop Huntington at his consecration, sent him a long and confidential communication.

After expressing his own satisfaction and that of his parishioners at the choice of their spiritual overseer, he says: "I well remember my own delight when I first saw that the former well-known Chaplain of Harvard College had been confirmed in the American Catholic Church. A member of my parish here gave me the two published volumes of your sermons, and I have made use of them and of the 'Rock of Ages' in winning to the faith, and confirming in it, those who have been under alien influences.

"If you come to reside in Syracuse, as I trust you will, you will find the atmosphere here, I think, not so very different from that of Boston. We are the headquarters of the *isms* for Western New York. Our city being about the geographical centre of the state as well as the diocese, progressives, generally, as well as

the politicians, hold their conventions here; and there is sufficient of each of the elements to welcome them and make them feel at home. In the midst of all, the great Conservative power here, as elsewhere, is the Church. St. Paul's parish has four hundred communicants; my own, which, as well as Trinity, is a free church parish, started in 1848, has three hundred.

"The Church is growing very rapidly, and we are looking forward to doing much work in city missions, in parish schools, and in charitable institutions, in which it will be the greatest possible help if we can have the bishop's residence and influence here. Syracuse, too, is finely fitted to be a centre of influence in evangelizing the region around it. The Church has suffered much in Central New York by the emigration westward. There are many feeble parishes, and many more stations where there are a few scattered sheep that ought to be looked up by some 'Evangelist' of Christ."

From St. Paul's rectory, April 23, 1869, Bishop Huntington wrote to his family in Boston: —

"It is six o'clock and the full sunlight is pouring in at the doors of the study of Mr. Hills where I am writing. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. With many hours of depression and great bodily weariness, I get through each day without sinking down. Monday I came here and held service, and confirmed at Trinity in the evening. With a very short night I started off Tuesday morning for Oswego, so as to breakfast with Dr. Beach. This was my hardest day. It was oppressively hot, and all the courage and strength in me seemed to be gone. At the forenoon service, though the Church was full, I could not rouse myself to any

interest or vigor; the words seemed to fall flat. A despairing conviction took hold of me, which I have felt before, that all my sermons would be useless to me, and that I could never meet the expectations of the people in the preaching part of my work. Through most of the day the agony was fearful. After dinner the people began to pour into the house to see me. Two or three times I went upstairs utterly exhausted; but each time some important body or other called and must be seen. About six o'clock a pouring shower came up from the lake, and I went to my room and fell into a deep sleep for half an hour. In the evening I got through better, confirming fifty-two at the Church of the Evangelists.

"The Oswego people talked a great deal about the Fishers,[1] and were as kind as possible. Next morning I came back to Syracuse. The evening service at St. Paul's went off finely, so did that of the Convocation yesterday. It looks oddly to see a church full of *men* and women in the middle of a week-day forenoon. It makes me realize the greatness and solemnity of my position and responsibility. I can hardly describe my feelings as I stand surrounded by twenty or thirty of the Clergy all looking to me for direction in every particular. It is impossible for me to doubt that they are really and heartily satisfied with their Bishop. You will not suppose that I am elated or carried away by the demonstrations; on the contrary, I am often sad and bitterly self-distrustful in the midst of them. But you may find a momentary gratification in knowing the fact that a more cordial and general expression of personal satis-

[1] Bishop Huntington's eldest sister, Eizabeth, married George Fisher, of Oswego, which was their residence for many years.

faction and favor could hardly be conceived than I meet everywhere, in churches, dwelling-houses, streets, cars, and newspapers. The whole people take pride in doing me honor. You would be amused at some of the forms that their pleasure assumes. One Auburn man objected to my calling on Secretary Seward before he called on me, for, says he, 'The Bishop 's smarter than Seward any day.' The business men say the Bishop is practical, and the women have various ways of making it appear that they like his looks, and the little girls take hold of his hands and say that they are glad he is going to live where they can see him in the street. The old church people pay him their best compliment when they say his ways and manners remind them of Bishop De Lancey, and the old Democrats when they observe that he looks like Governor Seymour. How thankful I shall be if God grants me the blessing of reunion to you all, dear wife and children. It is but a dreary business without you; and as to hurry and labor, I have never, in all my busiest and hardest Lent work of the parish, seen anything so fatiguing. But I have had no headache at all. I generally sleep until five or six o'clock, and the last two days have been fresher than before."

To his youngest son, Jamie, he wrote: "You would have been impressed very deeply to see the Onondagas come up to the chancel yesterday. There were thirteen of them, mostly men, but some women with red and green shawls over their heads, some old and some young, but all with the sad, solemn look and movement characteristic of their doomed race. There were some magnificent figures and gray heads among them. They all sat near the door, waited till the rest of the

congregation had partaken, and then in single file ('Indian file,' we used to say) they moved up the aisle and knelt down to receive the sacrament. The Saviour died for them as much as for us. The Church only honors Him and herself in welcoming them. I have hardly ever felt more moved than at this touching sight. A kind of awe seemed to fall upon all our hearts, and there was a silence that could be felt. They remained after the service, and I shook hands with each one. They looked intently at me with their piercing eyes, but said little. They have a name for me, I am told, and shall try to find it out.[1]

"You will find beautiful walks around the city hillocks. The street that bears your name is one of the handsomest I have seen anywhere. Dr. Wilbur has brought me some beautiful hepaticas."

SKANEATELES, June 18, '69.

TO THE SAME.

My dear Boy: — You will remember this as the place of beauty, lying seventeen miles southwest of Syracuse, which we were to have for our rural retirement, and to which you were sometimes to walk of a Saturday? Well, I drove over the road yesterday with a fine pair of sorrel horses fresh from the stable, and a light open barouche, having for companions a former Governor who lives here, and two doctors of divinity (Clarke of Syracuse and Wilson of the Cornell University), and a splendid ride it was, along noble slopes, covered with thriving farms. But, although you have

[1] This note was left among Bishop Huntington's papers: "Your Onondaga name is Ka-hen-do-wah-nen. *A very large field*, with an indirect reference to the harvest."

"W. M. BEAUCHAMP."

got a pretty good pair of legs and know how to use them, I think you would find them a little tired at the end of the walk. The Village nestles in a Valley, on a hillside, at the end of the lovely lake, — tho' the whole region is high and open to the light. As we drove in just before sunset nothing could be more perfect in appearance. The centre of the lake, surrounded by graceful shores, partly wooded and partly dotted with settlements, was still, and reflected the sunlight in many brilliant and more delicate colors. The little boats lay on the water, with their sharp outlines, and here and there a man was pulling across with his oars. Then as we walked home from the little Church down by the water-side, at ten o'clock, after a very animating service, the moon was bright, and we had a scene of another kind, but equally picturesque.

I wish you could have been at the Convention, the proceedings were so orderly, the worship so grand, the services so earnest and everything so satisfactory. Wednesday evening there was a superb reception given in the Bishop's name at the residence of Roscoe Conkling, Esq., U. S. Senator, where I stayed. In all my ways thus far, going and coming, and prosecuting my sacred work, I have been greatly prospered and happy, as you have prayed that I might be.

Friday next, I hope to see the dear old home, and to rest about ten days. On Monday, July 5th., I shall have to start again and go Westward.

God bless and keep and comfort and strengthen you for every duty. Give my love to all in the house. Ever most affectionately,

Your father,

F. D. H.

The greater part of the first summer was passed by the new Bishop in his diocese, with occasional short vacations at the farm in Hadley. In September he took his family to Syracuse to a home purchased for their use by some prominent churchmen of that city, under the lead of the Hon. George F. Comstock, who from the first urged upon Bishop Huntington this choice for his headquarters.

HADLEY, Sept. 29, 1869.

To A. J. P.

Right glad you made me by your pleasant words from Shelburne. I should have been sorry to turn away Westward without something coming from you. This setting our faces away from Boston, instead of towards it, this particular season when all the associations are connected with a return to the familiar scenes of labor and fellowship, makes the change in our life more a reality, perhaps, than it has been before.

But we have no misgivings, I believe, about the Divine call and the duty; and that makes hard things easier. All my life has been so abundant in blessing and in the fulfillment of my plans and desires that it would be mean and ungrateful in me to take up my staff with complaining. I like the work of my office, and it seems to me it may favor the growth of the many neglected graces in my character. There seems to be less temptation than before to put self uppermost: and that is certainly one of our commonest and greatest dangers.

It seems as if I were writing to all of you.

It will be a great relief to hear that there is a Rector at "Emmanuel." The "Good Shepherd" must depend

much on that. We can keep saying, "The Lord reigneth."

There seems to be no time for a league meeting that I can attend at present.[1]

Christ love you and keep you always.

Faithfully and affectionately,

F. D. H.

A few months later Bishop Huntington wrote to another of these personal friends at Emmanuel Church, making his first appeal outside the diocese for aid in the work among the Indian people of his own jurisdiction. Speaking of the Onondagas he says: "They have hardly waited for us to seek after them: they have come seeking us, — asking for our instruction, our worship, our faith, our blessing. They are ready to receive the Gospel at our hands. They want, they say, the 'Old Church' that Bishop Hobart offered them. One of the Chiefs said to me to-day in my study: 'Now that you have come to live so near us we feel strong: we believe you will take care of us.' I must try to do it.

"Our Missions are extending so rapidly that all the funds of the Board are in demand for the regular Missionary operations. I believe that some of my dear parishioners of the former days will be glad to send me something for this most interesting and touching charity. May God bless all the givers."

From the response that came from this effort on the part of women who undertook it, the church building

[1] The Dakota League, started, and carried on at first largely, by a band of women at Emmanuel Church, a number of whom were together at Shelburne, N. H., when this letter was written.

on the Reservation was repaired, a chancel made, and a bell hung in the belfry to summon the flock to worship.

The house on James Street was large and attractive, shaded by beautiful trees and situated in a delightful neighborhood. The only children now left at home were the daughters, a third having been born in Boston. The elder son remained at Malden, Massachusetts, where in 1874, he married Lilly St. Agnan Barrett, continuing in charge of St. Paul's Parish, a post of steady and arduous labor, for sixteen years. His brother was absent from the family circle at school and college until 1876, when he returned to Syracuse, prepared for sacred Orders at St. Andrew's Divinity School, and took charge of Calvary Mission. Much of the correspondence which has been preserved is from the Bishop to his sons, usually hasty epistles written in the brief periods between constant journeys, but giving glimpses of the interests which filled his life and the strong ties of home and family.

In a birthday letter to one of his daughters, in 1870, he says: "About the time this reaches you, you will be passing another milestone. It adds to my homesickness to be absent from the circle at the Feast. Another year I don't believe we shall want to repeat the experience of this; and yet after all, I shall have to be away from the family just so much. As we go on, we all feel more and more, I suppose, that the great objects life is given for are few and simple; and that they lie largely outside of ourselves. The family, home-affection, constantly becomes, with me, a larger and larger share of the whole interest and comfort of existence."

Syracuse, Jan. 1, 1870.

To Miss Bethia Huntington.

My dear Sister: — That date I write for the first time to you. It is before breakfast, and for a wonder the sky looks as if the sun might smile upon us. I hope and pray that with the New Year much gentle and comforting light may shine upon you, — upon your heart, your home, your daily life, your inward communion with God. The years come and go; but not so our love for each other, which is independent of the changes of time; not so either our faith in Christ and His mercy to us, — which are above all accident and decay. He *is the same*, yesterday, to-day, and forever, — whatever else fluctuates. In the Church we commemorate to-day the beginning of his suffering in the flesh and his obedience to the law, but He may be in all things an example to us, even in subjection to outward ordinances. It is very impressive that the Lord of glory should so respect and obey the regulations of a religious economy which is adapted to human necessities and mortal infirmities. How thoroughly and entirely He took our nature upon him!

You don't know how much I enjoyed my visit with you. It would do me good, I believe, if I should so spend a day or two every month. It was a real rest, and a delightful communion. We all unite in messages of love and hearty greeting,

Ever affectionately and faithfully yours,

F. D. H.

The first season brought its taste of inclement weather, traveling across country in the days when railroad communication was limited.

Syracuse, March 10, 1870.

Back again, by a ride in a driving storm through eighteen miles of snow-drifts, in an open sleigh, four horses, from Central Square, — so called, from being the centre of nothing, but just beyond "Cicero" and "Clay."

Twelve months after his consecration to the Episcopate Bishop Huntington wrote:—

Syracuse, April 8, '70.

Dear George:—This is an anniversary of searching thoughts, and, I am sure, of sincere gratitude. I feel as if I had only yet made a few scratches on the surface of the ground. But there has been no disaster, no grave disappointments or discord, I believe.

In our home, how many blessings we have seen!

Binghamton, Monday morning.
(May, 1870.)

To Mrs. Huntington.

Saturday I was as homesick as a schoolboy after his first vacation. How can I ever get the better of it? Bright weather always makes it worse. Close work and the remembrance of God's goodness and of duty to Him are, I believe, the best remedies. Yesterday we laid the corner-stone of the House of the Good Shepherd, under the bright sun; a long file of S. S. children escorted the procession and cast bunches of flowers upon the stone after it was laid, moving in a circle, and covering the spot with a floral crown. Hymns and chants, Glorias, prayers and addresses, filled up an hour. Of course Mrs. Wright was very happy. The Mission is conducted by a League, and as usual the

work outward is blessing and strengthening everything within. To-day I move Westward to two Missionary stations. Would it not be nice if I were with you all to-day? Jim is starting off for Manlius, I suppose, and the two darling girls for school. The Lord bless and keep you.

Ever faithfully and lovingly,
Your husband,
F. D. H.

Tell Pattison the hat was polished up in the nick of time, as it was forced to come under the eyes of the multitude yesterday.

The P. S. message, to a devoted presbyter and intimate family friend, indicates a characteristic of Bishop Huntington, whose disregard of externals sometimes laid a burden upon his household. His easy habit of preferring old clothes to new became apparent as he went his rounds, but such unconventionality was unexpected in a newly-made prelate.

The wife of a distinguished citizen, herself as unworldly as she was preëminently gifted, used to tell a story of her first impression of their new neighbor. They were driving past as he left his own door, and when her husband told her who it was, Mrs. S. exclaimed: "Why, Charles, he wears as shabby a coat as you do!"

It was not in dress alone, however, that he preserved a simplicity of life, which grew upon him, rather than diminished, as age and honors increased. He always insisted upon carrying his own traveling-case, heavy though it might be, and for many years walked with it in his hand to and from the station, or jumped off the

moving train as it passed near the house. He planned his journeys, went and came, expecting nowhere deference or distinction. The habits of early rising in order to get the work of correspondence off his hands promptly, of moving rapidly from one point to another, and of reading and writing during the hours of travel; his hardihood in driving long distances through any weather to avoid delay, — all these contributed to the accomplishment of a multitude of affairs.

In business matters he was clear and methodical, without giving much concern to the acquisition or the expenditure of money. In his Boston parish the salary barely met the expenses of city life and the education of his children. As a bishop his income was still less, and there were many demands upon it. While he never desired riches for himself or his family, he used to say that he sometimes occupied his wakeful hours at night planning how he could dispose of large sums for the objects in which he was interested. These were visions which, in spite of kind assistance in the diocese and without, were never realized. Faith and courage on his part were not wanting when a definite thing must be accomplished, but it may be that the fact of his never obtaining large use of wealth from its stewards, is accounted for by an ingrain Puritan austerity, which is not the temperament for the attainment of material ends.

SYRACUSE, May 25, 1870.

DEAR GEORGE: — It is good to get back from a long and tiresome visitation into this quiet, shaded, resting home, — for a few days. I had nearly three services a day, for nine days. Your mother met me at Norwich,

and saw the valley of the Chenango, and the gem of it, Oxford, with its beautiful stone church, ivy-covered; its elms, lawns, lovely Rectory and accomplished Rector.

Next week I must write my address for Convention. We have just closed our semi-annual meeting of the Board of Missions, showing vigorous work in all directions, and nearly $3000 in the Treasury. We prize your brief notes, not for their brevity, and keep near you in your Parish work from day to day. Hoping to see you the last week in June,

Ever faithfully and affectionately,

Your father,

F. D. H.

SYRACUSE, May 28, '70.

MY DEAR SISTER: — You see by the date that I have come to another of the way-marks. One hardly knows whether to make a birthday a Feast or a Fast. If we think only of God's mercies, — of health and home and friendship, of prosperous undertakings, of faith and hope and the privileges of the Church, — it should be a Festival. But the remembrance of our own failures and faults puts upon it somehow something of the character of humiliation.

I wish you could see the beauty of this spot; everything is so fresh and bright; the foliage is so abundant and the whole street and scene are so rural, — so unlike a city.

You are in the beloved old home. How perfect it must be! We think and speak of you every day, I believe. The work I came here to do seems to be going forward prosperously; and yet the progress of sin, of

all sorts, especially in the great cities, is fearful. We might all despair, but for Him who sitteth above the floods.

At the end of that summer, after a rest at the farm, a few lines in pencil, written to his sister on the journey back to Syracuse, express the inevitable sense of separation from much that was left behind.

DELAVAN HOUSE,
ALBANY, Oct. 7, '70.

Our visit in Boston has given us the sight of many dear faces, and made us feel afresh that we are not wholly forgotten there. Indeed it is doubtful whether in any new place friendships quite so deep and warm can ever be formed as those in Massachusetts. I feel it more than before. Abundance of good-will, kindness, courtesy, respect, consideration, we have in the home we have lately made: and if we do not forfeit them by some fault of our own we may reasonably expect they may be continued to us. It is true, nevertheless, roots are not easily struck after fifty years of age. We are content and thankful. It is plain that my work is in my Diocese and not in Boston. The sense of being engaged in the Master's service, and in this way, is enough. Syracuse is much more natural and attractive than it was a year ago. And there has been much of Hadley and Boston we have been permitted to keep.

HADLEY, Sunday evening,
Sept. 11th., '70.

To M. M.

My dear Friend: — We have thought and spoken of you several times to-day, feeling your absence. By

God's great goodness, after meeting a great many persons of my Diocese within the week at Syracuse, visiting schools and flocks, setting some wheels in motion, and finding the outlook generally rather encouraging, I got back in time to help make ready for the nuptials and to greet the arriving guests.[1]

This morning the air was almost supernaturally glorious, and so it has continued. Fair weather came out of the North, with an atmosphere of a blue so deep, a transparency so rare, a splendor so surpassing, that the Sunday seemed as much of the New Jerusalem as of the earthly expectation. As I sat reading, just before church-time, a messenger from Amherst rode up to say there was no preacher there. Of course I stood in, and the First Lesson and the Epistle suited the sermon on the *Water out of the Rock*. At four o'clock we had our Evening Prayer, and I read a sermon of Liddon's. Then we strolled out: H. and A. and the little girls, Ponto and the cat; all that are left here except my saintly sister. Over all the landscape — valley and hill — the sharp light glimmered and blazed; and the noble shadows had their edges cut as with the finest chisel; and just the faintest tinge of Autumn lent pathos to this stately Sabbatic pomp. We went to the barns; then down into the meadow towards the river; then out south of the buildings to get a full, long view of Holyoke, shifting its shade every moment as the sun sank lower; — and here the bell sounded out, and never more musically; — then across the sheep-yard among the apple-trees, firs and maples; then to the stump of the grand old elm that used to mark the bounds of our estate; then across the road, down the maple avenue,

[1] The wedding of a niece, in the old homestead.

into the pastures; and home again, grateful and content.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 4, 1871.

MY DEAR SISTER: — I have been sitting by the fire and thinking of this date and what it brings to mind. A great deal can be remembered: — but how little in my life now could have been foreseen when mother died. Next after what our parents were to us, among the family blessings, I am thankful that the homestead remains, and that you and Theodore are so near to it as to be identified with it.

The winter wears away rapidly. My visits to Philadelphia and New York, — where I went to preach, and to attend a council, — took me through great storms. These absences make the intervals at home very precious. There is a good deal of meaning in that little phrase, "They shall go no more out." Let us know how all is going with you. Wishing you peace and comfort,

Yours affectionately,
F. D. H.

Rev. George Huntington was much engaged in obtaining the means for the erection of a building for St. Paul's Church, Malden, and his father, who heartily aided in the undertaking, wrote to him concerning the subscriptions, a large part of which came from his own old parish of Emmanuel.

Feb. 18, 1871.

DEAR GEORGE: — We were all much excited by the news of the $1000. It certainly comes as an answer to

many prayers, from Him who turns the hearts of men. Your want has scarcely been out of my mind half a day since you were here. Let thanks be given to God! Ought you not to proceed at once to complete the subscription? Will not this gift stimulate others?

I send two pamphlets that may interest you. Prof. Lewis's observations on the traces of an original primitive monotheism in Homer, especially in the Homeric titles of Zeus as compared with the Scriptural praises of Jehovah, are very interesting. They bear on the great question whether the world's civilization is a progress *ab initio*, or the recovery from a lapse; — two philosophies.

We have had a branch of the Perfectionist agitation here. Brother S. thought of staying to preach on Sunday, but proved amenable to gentle advice, and finding he must use the Prayer-book and get leave of the Rectors, amiably went home. Their mistake is not so much heresy as sentimental disproportioning of the Truth.

To-morrow I go to the Indians to confirm. Keep Moberly for Hadley. I am reading Vaughan's sermons. They are the best yet, — better than Liddon's or Robertson's as *sermons*.

Syracuse, April 14, 1871.

To A. L. P.

It is two years to-morrow since I came into this Diocese. When you intercede for me, pray that the years to come may witness in me increasing devotion, self-forgetfulness, gentleness, courage and efficiency in serving both the inward and outward Kingdom of our Lord, — the Crucified and the Risen. With my own

supplications are mingled "humble and hearty thanks." How much to be grateful for, so much open opportunity for work: good-will, kindness, a diocese harmonious and united to a degree, I suppose, remarkable and perhaps unparalleled. And in my home what countless blessings!

SYRACUSE, May 28, 1871.

MY DEAR JAMES: — It is my great privilege to be at home on my birthday. Your mother and I came back yesterday, after a week's visitations along the Southern line of the Diocese, in cities and villages, large Parishes and Mission-stations, taking us up Cayuga Lake and through a great deal of beautiful scenery which I want you and George to see some time with us.

To-day the Whitsunday glory has been complete. A clear still splendor has covered the fresh green earth. This morning I went up to "Grace" to Communion and preached. I never had a happier birthday, I believe. Thank you for your remembrance. *Labuntur anni.* I don't know that I should prefix the *Eheu* to the *fugaces.*

> "Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
> To feel, and act, with strength and skill,
> To reason wisely, nobly dare, —
> And speed your courses as ye will."

Our times are in the Father's hand. His goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

As to examination, — take it easily. Dismiss anxiety. Even mistakes, — mental mistakes, — before twenty years can be made up; with character it is more difficult.

With deep, strong, tender love,

Your father at fifty-two,

F. D. H.

My dear George: — Our thoughts are much with you to-day and no doubt with all your cares and occupations you remember us. I know well what a confirmation-day is to a Parish Priest; every year it not only tries and proves him, what manner of man he is, — and searches him through and through, — but it yields him also generally "the joy of harvest." Your Bishop spoke so cordially of you the other day that, in addition to deeper satisfactions, I hope you will find his visit agreeable and encouraging. It is pleasant to a Bishop to receive, as he leaves a Parish, some grateful word from the Rector, as an indication that he has not wholly missed the mark or labored in vain.

Your mother and I came back yesterday. Her company was a great comfort to me all the way. The life I lead is essentially a solitary one. Nobody comes very near the Bishop — however many may love and care for him at a distance. I have never been lonely till within the last two years; — it is good for me, I dare say, — and it is about the only drawback on a most favored and blessed lot.

Bishop Huntington set himself in the beginning of his Episcopate to found a Church boarding-school for boys, which was opened in Manlius in 1869, and soon after established there on a fine property, with a suitable building and equipment, largely due to the liberality of Judge Comstock. This institution was, for the rest of the Bishop's life, an object of interest and solicitude. He carried for a long time the burden of its finances, and took a responsibility for its management. When relieved of these cares he continued to give it his spiritual support and sympathy.

Syracuse, Oct., 1871.
Sunday evening.

To Miss Bethia Huntington.

To-day I have been to visit St. John's School, at Manlius. The boys seem contented and happy, and they are remarkably reverential in Church. What a blessing it would be to our land and the world if that noble and beautiful trait of character were more common.

We start to-morrow morning, God willing, for Richmond and Norfolk. My thoughts are often with you all and almost everything about the farm is remembered. It is all safe in Theodore's hands, under the Great Guardian. We had a summer full of blessings. One of the chief comforts was your being with us so much.

My address will be House of Bishops, Episcopal Convention.

The Triennial which met in Baltimore in the autumn of 1871, was the first in which Bishop Huntington took his seat in the Upper House. It was in keeping with the reserve and self-distrust of his nature that he was occupied solely in listening and observation, and did not utter himself in motion or debate. It is said that at subsequent Conventions he seldom gave expression to his opinions as a speaker.[1] There was much, however, both in the legislative proceedings and in the missionary work, in which he took the keenest interest, and he greatly enjoyed contact with men of wisdom and learning.

[1] The venerable Bishop R. H. Wilmer of Alabama wrote in 1892: "Looking back on several General Conventions I recall with admiration your still silence."

The committee work which he most enjoyed was that devoted to the preparation of a new Hymnal; and the final adoption, at this time, of a collection to which he gave many weeks of labor, was a source of great satisfaction. Although later superseded by the one now in use, the Hymnal of 1871 was far in advance of the previous one and was received with favor.

Events in the Church at large had made this Convention one of anxious anticipation and its results were a cause of thanksgiving.

BALTIMORE, Oct., 1871.

The harmony of the Convention in both Houses is extraordinary. Bishop Whittingham told me yesterday, as I was dining at his house, that after an experience of fifty years he has never seen anything like it, the manifest and felt power of the Holy Ghost, answering prayer, and this just when the Church was thought to be on the edge of anarchy.

SYRACUSE, Nov., 1871.

MY DEAR SISTER: — On this day of preparation for the Feast, when the guests used to assemble from different quarters, — as I suppose they do still in some New England homes, — our thoughts, at least, naturally draw together. How distant the remembrance is of the scenes in the old kitchen forty odd years ago, — every part of them, in all their details, from the great blazing oven to the little many-shaped tin pie-pans, when the favorite pie of each one of us was baked. Rice pie with raisins was always my choice. Mother's figure moving in the midst of all the busy goings-on, with her remarkable blending in face and manner, of energy

and thoughtfulness, conscientious care and tender affection, is as distinct as can be. I have a particularly clear recollection of helping father, one such Wednesday, clear up the garden and front-yard, making ready for a tremendous snowstorm, combing the ground with our rakes, he said, for its white powdering. We shall think of you with love and prayers to-morrow.

I have just finished my circuit of visitations for the season, returning yesterday. It is a relief to be at home, tho' there is always much that is interesting in my journeys amongst the Parishes.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 28, 1871.

DEAR BETHIA: — May the Christmas be cheerful with you and the promise of "Peace on Earth" be fulfilled to your own heart. Frost and moon promise to make it sparkling and Christmas-like. The cold is intense and the snow keeps falling. It sometimes falls here in such clouds as we never see in New England. Last night Hannah and I, returning from an Ordination and Consecration some fifty miles away, were caught in a snow-drift in the morning. We had a Methodist minister with us, who sang hymns, and, among others, Mother's old "When marshaled on the nightly plain." It almost made me cry.

I am very much engaged on the "Messenger," *hoping* to issue a Church paper which at least will be without personalities, polemics, or partisanship, and will help the readers to be better Christians.

"The Gospel Messenger," a Church weekly, was originally established in 1827, in Auburn, for the western part of the state, "in the interests of evangelical

piety and sound religious information." At the time of the division of the diocese it was ably conducted, in Utica, by the Rev. William T. Gibson. Circumstances led to a formal conveyance to Bishop Huntington, by Bishop Coxe, who had received it from the executors of Bishop De Lancey, and the editorship and office were transferred to Syracuse, in January, 1892. Subsequently it became connected with the "New York Church Journal." In 1876 a monthly organ of the diocese of Central New York, known as the "Gospel Messenger and Church Journal," was begun in Syracuse, and remained, excepting for a short period, under the Bishop's sole editorial supervision during the rest of his life.

Amidst the many duties of office, with editorial work, special sermons, and general correspondence, there was leisure found, between frequent journeys, for a task particularly congenial, the preparation of a devotional work, "Helps to a Holy Lent."

The introduction points out that "each daily portion, including something of Holy Scripture, meditation, hymn and prayers, bears an analogy to our liturgical appointments, and is a kind of faint reflection in miniature of the order of Divine service. A considerable part of the pages is original. Most of the Collects are taken from English sources, though many of them are traceable to a more Eastern origin." Of this publication the Author wrote to his son at Harvard : —

Feb. 20, 1872.

Two copies of "Helps" have just gone off for you,— one for yourself, and the other to give away as you choose. Mr. Dutton writes that he has great difficulty

in filling the orders, and that the demand in Boston has been too much for the supply. This is pleasant, but it won't turn our heads, — if we mind what the book teaches. It seems remarkable that your Church-fellows in College should keep up a service, however brief. God grant the blessing of His spirit on every gathering! With that and the Bible lessons of Mr. B. you will have a good Lent.

On Monday I go to New York to lecture in the course on "Religion and Modern Thought." I half wish it were at Cambridge instead.

In the following summer a change took place in the diocese of Massachusetts, through the decease of Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, its bishop for thirty years. The question as to the choice of a successor to so important a position was a matter of anxiety to the clergy and laity, and to no one more than to Bishop Huntington, in whose affections the Church in New England held a large share.

He wrote to his son, the rector of St. Paul's, Malden, from Hadley, Sept. 29, 1872.

"I can make no better use of a part of this sacred day than to tell you why I should rejoice if this Diocese should choose Dr. Paddock to be its Bishop. It is because, while he has other qualifications in a satisfactory degree, — judgment, wisdom, experience, patience, culture, and decision, — he is eminently godly. He has the spirit and the aims, the tone and the manners befitting the office. He would win confidence, and that would go far to reconcile differences and strengthen the Church."

Of two clergymen whose names were mentioned for

the sacred office, the writer says: "They are good and true Christian gentlemen, and faithful priests. I am, as you know, attached to them both. But they are both, not in the worst sense, men of the world.

"The Kingdom of God should be led by men not of the world."

Syracuse, Oct. 1, 1872.

To his Son James.

Here we are at the post of service again. The place looks finely, within the house and without. We found flowers and fruits awaiting us, sent by kind neighbors. The children seem very happy. The spasm of home-sickness, is, I suppose, about over with us all; and now we will all put our shoulders to work and care again, as in God's sight, and for the honor of Christ.

Oct. 18, '72.

It is late and I am tired with my day's work. You know I have taken charge of St. Paul's; but the Vestry have, at my recommendation, elected Mr. Lockwood, Rector, — one of our best and ablest and most scholarly young Clergymen.

May this be a new era for the Church in Massachusetts! I could wish that Diocese were more like mine, which is doing nobly.

The first number of the "Gospel Messenger" of the diocese, chronicles two events of interest: one was the earliest general meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese, held in Watertown on January 5, 1876; and the other the opening of a building erected for the House of the Good Shepherd, Syracuse. This charity, which was Bishop Huntington's peculiar charge from

its inception, started, as is often the case, from what seemed an incident of no great importance. In the winter of 1873 two strangers, Canadian women, were taken with illness, and found refuge at St. Joseph's, then the only hospital in the city and under the charge of Roman Catholic Sisters. Owing partly, perhaps, to the strength of religious differences in the community from which they came, they felt unhappy and lonesome among those not of their own household of faith. The case came to the attention of the Chief Shepherd, who in the care of his flock never forgot his consecration vow, "to be gentle and merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help." It emphasized the fact that the Protestant Christians of Syracuse had made no provision for their own people who desired services of Divine consolation in time of sickness and absence from home. The population of the city was increasing so rapidly as to warrant hospital extension. Bishop Huntington laid the matter before the congregation of St. Paul's Church on a Sunday morning, with the result that at the close of the sermon, one of the members offered the use of a private residence for three months. Here the House of the Good Shepherd was opened, with such encouragement that larger quarters were found, and a trained nurse placed in charge. The Church Sisterhood, established by the Bishop to unite the women of the several parishes in active work for the sick and destitute, assisted materially in securing furniture and weekly provision for the new institution.

When the first hospital building was planned, a fine site on the hill near the University was presented by Judge Comstock; and means for its completion were

obtained by the Bishop, as he describes in the following letter.

HADLEY, July 5, '74.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If you and Lilly were here our joy would be full. The sense of rest is very palpable. Just at the time when work begins to subside, usually, *i. e.*, at our Convention, it seemed to be necessary to take hold of the Hospital project in earnest. Several distant visitations had to be disposed of first, and in fact less than a fortnight's time remained for the whole business of raising the subscriptions. It was plain that the task must be mine or nobody's. To make it harder the Board voted that nothing should be done till $20,000 should be subscribed. This was supposed by many to be a deathblow to the project. Everybody looked on the attempt as Quixotic, the idea as preposterous, and the achievement, *in these times*, and in Syracuse, as no more likely than a miracle. I resolved, by the help of God, to put off smelling the breath of the cows and hearing Ponto squeal, till I should get the subscriptions. That it would be done so soon I did not venture to hope or imagine. I took the last subscription at two forty-five Friday afternoon, and at three o'clock had a meeting of the Trustees, and we elected a strong Building Committee.

There were not only many amusing revelations and incidents in the process, but the sort of amazement and awe with which the bankers, merchants, and lawyers came to look upon me towards the close was entertaining to the last degree. I am told men pointed at me in the street as they would at the Wandering Jew, or Dr. Livingstone, or Cæsar. To take $20,000 is just the thing to make the City open its eyes. Five years of spirit-

ual labor or moral sacrifice would be nothing to that. God pity their souls!

Your birthday fell on the last of those anxious, crowded, intense days. There was time to ask God to bless you, — to grant you a full teachable and united flock, and to permit you to see so much of the fruit of your six faithful years of watching and working as it may seem to Him best that you should see. A great deal has come into your life within that time. In the natural course of things, how much more of the work-season is left for you than for me!

We look forward now to your visit eagerly.

Ever affectionately,

F. D. H.

HADLEY Aug. 13, 1874.

To H. S. W.

Your letter came when I was in Rhode Island trying, with my Brother-Bishops, to make the abused Hymnal a little more acceptable. I trust we have made enough alterations and not too many, and of a kind to carry the Book through the Convention. But an assembly of men is an uncertain element, and nobody can ever know what it will do, especially if it comes to discussion.

Did you ever see a "Parish Clambake"? We were led out to one, one afternoon. It is one of the ghastly services of a half-christianized community to make up for their neglect of God's law, in putting the tithe into His Treasury, by a combination of frolic, traffic and religion, and so making out a support for the preaching of a mutilated Gospel. There were fine women and fine men; the spot was lovely; the sky was superb. But the chowder was gritty; the green corn was liter-

ally wrapped in sackcloth and ashes; there was a smack of mammon in the sauce; and I was glad to get back to Watts and Doddridge, Keble and Ken.

January 31, '75.

Our Hospital affairs are going on smoothly. Mrs. Burnham makes an excellent impression.[1] Keble School is full. We have had a two days' Conference of our Diocese at Waterloo, with animating and hearty worship, stirring singing, and a dozen thoughtful papers on important practical topics, — so earnest and able as to make me proud of the intellectual and spiritual character of my Clergy.

Early in his Episcopate, Bishop Huntington inaugurated the custom of holding yearly Conferences for the clergy and laity of the diocese. These occasions were full of interest to himself, and gave him an opportunity to impress upon those who worked under him the value he placed upon certain aspects of the sacred ministry. His purpose was threefold: to promote more thorough study of the scriptures and the Fathers, to deepen the spiritual life of the clergy, and to awaken greater missionary zeal in the parishes. The preparation of written essays was intended not only to be a literary stimulus, which with his fine intellectual taste could not be depreciated, but still more a means of promoting wider reading and better acquaintance with the great exegetical writers of the day. His own mind, as has been already

[1] Mrs. Mary D. Burnham came from Boston, where she had been one of the devoted band of workers in Emmanuel Church, to take the position of Head of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese and to be House-Mother of the Hospital.

indicated, was not inclined to discussion for the sake of argument, but rather for illumination through the exchange of ideas and an extension of the range of sympathies. His respect for scholarship was profound, and one benefit sought in these gatherings was to give the younger men an opportunity to profit by the patient labor of those among them who had real knowledge to impart. It was his practice to close the interchange of thought with some suggestion of his own on the deeper lessons to be drawn, often arousing in his hearers, by his magnetic and quickening power, an inspiration which sent them home with a new spirit of consecration. Thus at one time, when the subject treated was the different aspects of the "Message," he reminded them that all their words were spoken in the presence of Him who is alike the Master of the work and the Original of the Message, at another, on the theme of "Worship," he drew their thoughts upward to Christ as the one Fountain-head of all light and power and life.

In March, 1879, he gave a *Conscio ad clerum* on "Preaching as it was in the original system of the Church, or the sermon of the Petrine period the pattern of the sermon-work of after ages, as respects doctrine, method and spirit."

The missionary meetings in connection with the Conferences were made the occasion of securing the best speakers to be obtained, and in this way the different Convocation districts and the rural parishes had the benefit of inspiring addresses from bishops and other workers in domestic and foreign fields.

At the seventh annual Convention of the diocese, June 14, 1876, the Bishop said in his address: "Expe-

rience shows that the best men for our missionary service are those trained on our own ground. Besides, every bishop wants the use of all his own candidates during their diaconate, a period of great practical importance, for the free work of itineracy and in small stations, of which we have so much on hand. It is clear to me that we shall never be furnished with a full force of evangelists and associate missioners till we educate them among ourselves. We ought therefore to be looking forward to that measure and shaping a plan for a training-school at the centre of the diocese, conducted with a regular course of study, lectures in the different departments of scientific and pastoral theology and homiletics, by our own scholars, with terms of practical exercise under parish ministers." In the following September this ideal was so far realized that a small house was rented near Calvary Mission, not far from the Episcopal residence, and St. Andrew's Divinity School opened; the staff of teachers consisting of the Bishop; Rev. C. P. Jennings, D.D., as Dean; Dr. J. M. Clarke, Rev. H. R. Lockwood, and others.[1] The students and clergy constituted an Associate Mission, and by this means services were sustained in small parishes and stations.

During the summer of 1876 James Huntington was abroad, taking a walking tour through Scotland, and his father wrote to him concerning the new project.

[1] In succession the deans of St. Andrew's Divinity School were: the Rev. Charles P. Jennings, S.T.D., the Rev. William D. Wilson, D.D., LL.D., L.H.D., and Professor Emeritus of Cornell University, who took charge November 1, 1886, and the Rev. Theodore Babcock, D.D., who became dean October 1, 1899. The Bishop himself conducted classes and gave courses of lectures during some part of each season.

HADLEY, August 10, '76.

Many of my hours, of course, are given to our Diocese and to the next year's work. The group of theological students forms a feature of special interest, on other grounds than that of its novelty; and I hope my anxiety about it will not amount to a distrust of Providence. Dr. Perry has asked me to preach his consecration sermon, Sept. 10, at Geneva. Thinking it over, I declined. There are those equally competent who prize and enjoy such opportunities. Four times I have stood back from such a preaching, feeling unequal to it. Am I getting old or lazy, or fastidious? I never like, especially on such ceremonies, to discourse, unless beforehand I am conscious of the strong *afflatus* and an absorbing subject.

That same season it became necessary to raise a large sum for St. John's School, Manlius, and the Bishop's mind during the vacation was oppressed with the difficulty of meeting an obligation which no one but himself seemed disposed to assume. Generous friends within the diocese and without came to his assistance, however, and he wrote a little later, expressing his gratitude for the relief.

HADLEY, Sept. 1, '76.

DEAR JAMES: — You will rejoice with me that last evening's mail brought the last $100 necessary to finish the St. John's subscription. Some of it has been in smaller sums, and almost as slowly and sparingly as the raindrops that have fallen since dog-days began. In spite of the dryness, this is a day of thanksgiving.

Some of the farmers are cutting up their corn. The carriage wheels rattle. The river, I never saw so low. But there is general health. We are wondering what the effect of our summer's recreation will be. God knows, and something depends, no doubt, on ourselves.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 7, 1876.

To E. V. D.

The other Sunday I was on a visitation to one of my active and interested little Missions — "Willowdale," on Seneca Lake. A short time before the service, where I was to confirm several young persons, the "first-fruits" of the Mission work, I had occasion to go to the small Church; and as I came out I met a very aged lady with a cheerful face, seated in an armchair, helpless, and carried to meet God in His House by the arms of two stout young farmers. I could only say, "Intercession!" We bear one another to the mercy-seat, to the Saviour, to Peace. I must thank you for giving me a new occasion for this blessed office. If our prayers should be answered, and the tempted heart be snatched from the snare of the fowler, I hope you will let me know it that we may give thanks together. For I suppose thanks are as dear to our Lord as petitions; and we so often have to exclaim, "Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed?"

Your letter shows that you keep close to the Master, — or rather that He keeps you close to Him. It is better to think of Him than even of our spiritual selves. Whether we are happy is not essential. It is essential only that we have Jesus in us, the hope of glory and a present life.

Happy old Emmanuel days! Nor are our present days less good in a different way.

God grant you inward strength and light!

Most affectionately and faithfully yours,

F. D. H.

The religious work of the Mission here referred to was especially dear to Bishop Huntington's heart. He always spoke with interest and appreciation of the opportunity afforded him of becoming acquainted with it, and the devoted woman who gave her life to it, on the long drives when he accompanied her across the country region between the lakes. It was her custom each Sunday, after service in the little church near her farmhouse, to visit three Mission stations in succession, the faithful pony harnessed to a buckboard bringing her home at nine o'clock in the evening.

In allusion to these expeditions, the Bishop wrote her once: "The Bible has a great deal about horses. Your *nag* ought to have a biography. How fine that is in Jeremiah xii. 5: 'If thou hast,' etc.!"

A presbyter writes, in a private letter some time after Bishop Huntington's death, to the author of the beautiful memorial sermon, "The Good Shepherd:" "In a special way I appreciated your description of his episcopate, its simplicity, its devotion, its rich giving of its best. Of this I could testify myself, living as I did on the very borders, and witnessing from across the line something of what he did and said. It was always a spiritual and intellectual feast-day when he made Geneva his headquarters for the visitations in the western section of his diocese, and found a restful home in my own parish. I recall with joy and pride in him, the

day when at the laying of a corner-stone in a little village across the lake, surrounded by a few hundred country folk, he made an address that would have stirred the hearts and lifted the minds of any congregation in the land."

SYRACUSE, Nov. 27, '76.

TO MISS BETHIA HUNTINGTON.

My dear Sister: — We can gather to-morrow in loving remembrance and imperishable love and undivided sympathy, if not in the outward presence ; and near to the mercy-seat, if not in sight of the old home. We shall think of you many times. Our circle will not be large. It being St. Andrew's Day, and our new Divinity School being called from that Apostle, we are to have a special Communion service in the morning. My Boston visit was full of hearty greetings and pleasant things — though the weather was bad. Most of the time I was at Malden.

The Boston people like literary tournaments and evidently enjoyed the Church Congress. Unitarianism and Puritanism both were taken by surprise at the freedom, boldness, freshness, and progressiveness of the discussions. It was a new revelation. As soon as the proceedings are printed together I will send you a copy.

The head of the diocese did not confine his interest in the education of the youth in Central New York to the boys at St. John's School. He believed equally in using every means to train up girls to a noble Christian womanhood.

The exercises of the first graduating class at Keble School proved to be the beginning of a long succession

of those happy occasions, continued without break for twenty-four years, when in presenting the diplomas, the Bishop added words of fatherly counsel. His address on June 19, 1877, gave the history of the school, opened for boarding-scholars, six years before, by Miss Mary J. Jackson, its honored principal to the end. He said: "The name selected and conferred upon it, after much thought, was that attractive one which the school delights to bear, associated with the finest and most exalted traits of Christian life and character, with consecrated scholarship, with poetry and charity, and with the reverent worship of the Church of God in our English tongue." Keble School was in the near vicinity of the Bishop's residence, two of his daughters received their education there, and his relations with it were intimate and sympathetic. He became well acquainted with many of the young girls, who came from homes in his diocese and from a distance, some of them daughters of his clergy. It was for two of such anniversaries that he wrote the papers, afterwards published and widely read, "Good Talking and Good Manners; Fine Arts." The Keble daughters who were privileged to attend the gatherings will remember how the speaker contrived in brief space, and yet year after year with fresh grace and skill, to convey affectionate admonitions, a farewell to those for whom the day of parting had come, and a message of hope to carry with them for their future life.

In September, 1877, the Bishop returned to Hadley, after the family had left, on his way from his diocese to the Triennial Convention in Boston. A few lines to his youngest son, express the indefinable influence of the scenes of his childhood, with those impressions of

an autumn afternoon so beautifully portrayed in a poem which he himself often repeated with deep appreciation, "The Closing Scene," by Buchanan Read.

Sept. 30, 1877.

The old place never says so much as when it is stillest and most deserted. It seems to have a kind of tender, motherly pity for all of us who come and go. A slight yellowish haze just tempers the full light that covers the valley and the hills. The shadows are distinct. There is only the least tinge of purple on the woods. The river is like glass. Yesterday we took the boat out of the water at the ferry-place, and it now lies careened against the elm in front of the horse-barn. Carl walks about in stately wonder. I have just been over to the pasture, and presently Bethia is going with me behind the hill.

In an account of the General Convention of 1877, in the pages of the "Gospel Messenger," Bishop Huntington expressed his constitutional distaste for excessive discussion. "The moral law for deliberative Bodies needs a special commandment: 'Thou shalt not talk over much.' Counting nothing but the cost in time and pecuniary expense, the Church and Boston Churchmen have just suffered a fearful and needless waste from the tongues of men who talk without excuse. The matter is not to be treated as a mere foible. The intemperance is a sin and ought to be treated as a sin not to be borne. A moderate degree of abstinence should be made a qualification for deputy-ship. If *parler* had been the final cause and sole function of Parliament, King John might well enough have had his way,

Stephen Langton have saved the expense of his journey to Rome, and the great Earl Simon kept sheep in Leicestershire, instead of making crowns sit uneasy on royal heads.

"After all, the holy kingdom of our Lord is best served and most set forward, not by legislative assemblies but the faithful labors of his servants in their several spheres of toil. And his most honorable stewards and ambassadors are not those who figure conspicuously in assemblies but those who stand in their lot and do his will day by day."

Three new congregations were by this time gathered in Syracuse, with all of which the Bishop held especially close and affectionate relations, — St. John's, Calvary, and Grace. A beautiful stone edifice for the last-named parish was consecrated by him Feb. 9, 1877. Under the lead of Rev. Thomas E. Pattison and his devoted wife, an earnest band of worshipers had already been drawn together. Calvary Church was opened for divine service on Christmas morning, 1877, and none were happier than the Bishop's own family, three of whom had been workers in the Mission from the beginning. He himself was the celebrant, assisted by his son, the minister in charge. In his own words in the "Gospel Messenger," "Thus in the merciful Providence of God, the Bishop of the Diocese has a Free Church in his own immediate pastorship and charge, at his own disposal, for the furtherance of the principles of our doctrine, discipline and worship."

The Lenten readings, "Helps to a Holy Lent," composed largely of selections, were so widely circulated that in 1876 a second volume, "New Helps," was issued,

which contained a larger proportion of the Bishop's own writings. The following year the Bohlen Lectures, which he had delivered the preceding winter in Philadelphia, were published under the title, "Fitness of Christianity to Man."

In 1878 he issued a new volume of sermons, "Christ in the Christian Year and in the Life of Man; Sermons for Laymen's Reading." Of this he wrote to his eldest son, Sept. 17, 1877: "My volume is done and the proofs come rapidly. With some misgivings I hope it may be of use."

SYRACUSE, Dec. 13, 1877.

To A. L. W.

My first Lecture of the four for Philadelphia is just done and I must work hard on the others. They will be on the argument for Christianity drawn from its fitness to the wants of man, — man as a being of active worship, thought, and culture. I doubt if you have noticed that I have been rash enough to make another book of sermons. If I were near by I should give your mother a copy, and hope for gentle judgment from her critical mind.

SYRACUSE, Ash Wednesday, '79.

DEAR GEORGE: — One is impressed this morning with the thought that millions of men will pray to-day for spiritual gifts and for the Kingdom of our Lord; and that even in our own small Household three thousand ministers are setting themselves to Forty Days of strenuous labor. Such a campaign ought to do *something* to stay the religious decline and yield returns, visible or invisible. May God grant you your share.

June 27, 1879.

To A. L. P.

This has been a year of blessing, — hard work, but blessed work, and you will let me say, thankfully, that I come to the close of it with as much vigor and freshness of body and spirit as I ever knew, almost, in my life. People with such a constitution as mine *ought* to work. It must be what they are made for. Our Convention was delightful. Except for my chronic lack of money, all seems to go well outwardly, and except for the chronic lack of spirituality and self-sacrifice, all well inwardly.

Sept. 27, '79.

During the last two or three weeks of our stay at Hadley we were watching over my dear Sister Bethia. I finally closed her eyes, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 14, and we laid her precious body in the Hadley graveyard on Tuesday.

Her disease was not much prolonged. It was the end of a life of unswerving, unvarying, complete, ingenious self-sacrifice for those around her. She never had a fuss or an alienation, I am sure, with a human being. You can imagine how glad and grateful we all were that she fell asleep, as she would have asked, in her own room, the same where I was born. On the Sunday before, I sat with her and we had a long talk of old times. I reminded her of my birth-time. She told me how delighted she was when she took me, a baby, into her arms, she being thirteen years old then. Among her last words were, "Good morning, my brother;" "A little while;" "Christ;" "Everlasting rest." But she was unconscious for some hours. Having cared for mo-

ther and father, sisters and brothers, she saw them all pass, one by one, into the Eternal Peace, — and then she placed her own feet firmly on the stones of the brook, and went over. And now she is far up among the hills of God. But for the grace and mercy of God I could not hope to overtake her. She was the guardian spirit of the old Home, and how much we shall miss her there as long as we are suffered to go to it!

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL LAW

"Brethren, I have it in my commission to comfort the feeble-minded and to support the weak. You must needs go along with us."

"To be ardent without affectation, enthusiastic without inconstancy, vigorous without assumption, cheerful without irreverence, equal to all occasions without courting either applause or opposition, is the perfect type of piety." These words Bishop Huntington wrote in the introduction to an English biography,[1] early in the years of his Episcopate. There could be no better description of traits which constituted a charm of his own disposition and which manifested themselves through the cares and vicissitudes of a long life devoted to the service of his fellow men. It has been seen in the records of his youth and manhood that he threw himself with all his heart into plans and undertakings for the benefit of the world around him, lending the influence of his voice and pen to movements in behalf of the suffering and the oppressed. Upon the platform his eloquence was magnetic, but that side of his nature "which courted neither applause nor opposition" had little sympathy for public demonstrations or debate. Although this distaste increased with advancing years, he never failed to take a keen interest in the causes under-

[1] *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, by Augustus J. C. Hare. American Edition.

lying social agitation or to participate in practical measures of reform. The decade after his sixtieth birthday was perhaps the high-water mark of his energetic and eager efforts for the extermination of evil. No utterances of his on any subject were more ringing, more vehement, more in the spirit of the prophets of old than those on the relations of capital to labor, on the misuses of wealth and the decline of public morality. But while he contended for social righteousness, his was not the nature to bewail or rebuke the sins of a community without attempting to set wrongdoers on the straight path. Soon after his removal to Syracuse he was called upon to serve at the head of a committee appointed at a citizens' meeting, to consider that special form of tolerated impurity, known as "the social evil." The printed report, which he prepared, dealt with this difficult subject in uncompromising loftiness of warning and meets the situation by direct counsel, incorporated in certain resolutions, one of which contemplated the immediate opening of a reformatory for girls.

At this period such youthful offenders, even when still childlike in age and experience, were incarcerated in the same wing of the county Penitentiary with the debased and criminal of both sexes. Bishop Huntington, with the exception of his son, was the only clergyman or layman who took steps to remedy this flagrant evil, in behalf of the neglected girls of the city. When the Shelter was opened in 1877, through the initiative of the Rev. James Huntington, the Bishop assumed the responsibility of the furnishing, and stood behind its financial support from that time until the destructive fire in 1901, when friends rallied

to its relief and placed it on a more permanent foundation. To the end of his life Bishop Huntington maintained the religious services in the institution, largely through his private chaplains, oftentimes by his own ministration.

SYRACUSE, May 7, 1878.

MY DEAR WIFE: — Yesterday afternoon Mr. Hamilton took me out to the East side of the City to look for a good site for the "Shelter." We found two excellent spots, but whether we shall have the means to buy and build is not so clear.[1] Poor F. B. has gone from bad to worse, and at last to the police court. She has written me a piteous appeal and last evening her mother came to see me. This morning I go down to see Justice Mulholland and think I shall try to get him to suspend sentence if she will go to the *House of Mercy* for a year.

At a meeting of the White Cross Society, in New York, a letter from Bishop Huntington was received which was printed *verbatim* in a circular issued. Speaking of the strange apathy among Christian people on the subject of social purity, he says: "Why are such progressive movements, full of the most beneficent spirit of our time, more promptly seized upon and pushed forward in the conservative habits of the old country, than in this land of liberty, where they are needed quite as much?"

His protest was always raised, and aid in influencing legislation promptly given, against bills for the legal-

[1] A lot of land was presented, in a letter to the Bishop, offering her "widow's mite," by Mrs. Henry Raynor, and on this site the first building was erected, through gifts from Henry Daboll, of Memphis, Mrs. Horace White, and other friends of the work.

izing of vice, or in support of measures for the protection of children, for the appointment of police matrons, for associations in behalf of discharged prisoners, and kindred efforts of humanity and amelioration.

In his own diocese, two plague spots of moral corruption caused him much concern: one was the then existing Free Love Community, on the old Oneida Reservation; and the other the strong Pagan influence among the Onondaga Indians, living on their tribal lands just south of Syracuse. It was in protest against the openly avowed manner of life among the people of the Oneida Community, that he wrote, in February, 1879, one of his most powerful productions, in defense of family life, with an arraignment of those by whom the laws of marriage were boldly defied. The resolutions with which the report closed were published, over the signatures of prominent men in church and state. The complete MSS., preserved among the Bishop's papers, has this endorsement in his own handwriting:—

"My part in breaking up the Oneida Community. The man Noyes became alarmed at what we were preparing to do by law, and fled, it was said, to Canada, in the night."

With the disappearance of the leader the objectionable features of the establishment gave place to an industrial organization, and the existence of a communistic settlement of such a character in the midst of Christian civilization remains now one of the strange incidents of the past.

For the benighted heathen living as aliens in the great Empire State, Bishop Huntington never ceased to labor, filled with commiseration for those descendants of the red man, separated by language and tradi-

tion from improving influences while subjected to contact with the debased and designing of the community around them; dependent like children for protection upon the state and yet controlled by the arbitrary rule of their own chiefs.

In 1885, in a letter to a Syracuse journal, Bishop Huntington recalled his earliest visit, thirty years before, to the Onondaga Reservation, "when that sweet-hearted philanthropist, the Rev. Mr. May, of Syracuse, took me out there, as I was traveling, and we went to the schoolhouse, and old LaForte came in to receive a message from the Massachusetts Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians of North America." When he came again, in 1869, the new Bishop was received at "the castle" by members of his own communion, gathered in under the ministrations of the old diocese of Western New York. For this little flock, and to carry the gospel among the unconverted of the tribe, Bishop Huntington established a permanent Mission, with church, school and mission house, making provision for its regular support through the Woman's Auxiliary of Central New York. He himself became personally acquainted with these simple folk, visiting them and listening with patient attention when they brought their troubles to him; aiding especially in plans for the education of the children, some of whom were sent to Carlisle and Hampton. One of the most beautiful prayers which he ever wrote out was for these stray sheep in the wilderness. But he did not rest without repeated attempts to secure better conditions on the whole Reservation.

The Hon. Horatio Seymour wrote to a Syracuse paper: "Bishop Huntington beyond any person I know

has given his time and labor to improve the Indians on the Onondaga Reservation. If I understand his opinions they are that the land should be held by each occupant in fee, but that the owners should have no right to sell their interests; that by this plan each family would have motives for making improvements on their lands and for making them productive by systematic industry. They would know that their property would go to their children; and yet as none could sell, they would not be cheated out of their interest. It strikes me that this would be a wise and a humane change of the law."

In a letter to the New York "Evening Post," Bishop Huntington said of the system of government among the Onondagas: "Petty and puerile as it is when compared with almost any civil economy known to modern times, it is yet capable of a great deal of injustice and does not waste its opportunity. The tribal government consists chiefly of a complicated chieftainship in various grades, the offices being partly conferred by election and partly hereditary, the line of transmission running mostly through the mother's veins. The superior chiefs, ignorant men, form a close, irresponsible, despotic corporation or oligarchy. The lands, held in common, are portioned out arbitrarily under their direction to families and individuals, for a term of years, on a plan which gives easy play to caprice, cupidity, cruelty and revenge. The income of certain stone quarries falls into the same greedy hands." On another occasion, he adds: "Convinced that a breaking up of the tribal relation was absolutely necessary to civilization or thrift, I have labored to bring it about; have written and spoken and been interviewed for it, have been to Albany and argued it before a special Committee of the Legis-

lature, and have pleaded with the Governor more than once, and am at this moment in correspondence with him." Thus the Bishop wrote in 1882, and the tale might have been repeated for the next twenty years.

At the age of eighty-three he attended for the last time one of the conferences in behalf of the Indians at Lake Mohonk, and read a paper which was as vigorous, as far-seeing and as weighty as those of his earlier years. After carefully setting forth the situation he said: "So it will continue to be, substantially, till the people choose officers and law-makers of such disinterested and impartial statesmanship as to set resolutely about interpreting and modifying fairly the treaty obligations under the screen of which — for it is nothing more than a screen — immorality, corruption, with idleness and ignorance, plead a flimsy excuse and ply their infamous traffic. In my judgment the apathy of successive administrations at Albany toward the vicious Pagan practices at Onondaga is without defense, as the practices are without decency. There should be without delay a thorough and searching and complete investigation of the history of these compacts between the Indian chiefs and the state of New York, not, in this case, the government in Washington. If it should prove that the treaty terms have been repeatedly broken by either party and are only a stumbling-block to reform, then they are a scandal. That searching inquiry should be made by a commission having a heart in the business, and their report and its facts should be seen by the legislature, the executive, and the newspaper press. Citizenship, severalty in land, it is quite true, will not do everything; it will not create character, but it will yield two benefits, positive and

negative: it will add dignity to manhood in a sense of personal responsibility and a civic consciousness; it will protect domestic order and just dealing between neighbor and neighbor and restrain crime."

Among the many occasions when Bishop Huntington pleaded for the Indians, from the Poncas on the western lands to his own scanty remnant of the great Iroquois, none was more impressive through associations of the past than that on which he spoke in the village just across the river from the old homestead where he was born, and in sight from his window. The celebration at Hatfield was in commemoration of an event during the harvest season of 1676, when a band of Indians fell upon the settlement, while the men were in the fields, and carried nineteen people, old men, women, and children, into captivity.

The details of the final rescue and ransom, after many difficulties, by two dauntless men, and the joyful return, all living but three, with two children born after the long march to Canada, form one of the thrilling tales of the Connecticut Valley. The orator of the anniversary gathering, Bishop Huntington, was the great-grandson of a military captain slain by the same savage hands at the battle of Lake George. In the opening of his address he referred to this ancestor and remarked playfully to the good folk of Hatfield: "It was no fault of mine that he made the house I live in, in summer, over the river, to turn its back to you and its face to the east. That way I see the sun rising, this way I see friendly human habitations, the cultivated acres of an intelligent industry, a church-spire and many a splendid array of clouds and sky, as the sun goes down; in the evening the

cheerful lights of peaceful homes. Sometimes I hear the strains of martial music, sometimes voices along the streets; occasionally, on the third night of July, such sounds as might have come from the Mohawks or Nipmucks or Narragansetts of 1676; sometimes a hymn of praise from the lips of thankful worshipers. Of your church-bell — most of all its Sunday evening tones — I should fail completely to make you understand or to feel all that it has been to me, for seventy years, and all that it is to me still, in tenderness, in pathos, in association with a hallowed and blessed past in 'thoughts' which, as Wordsworth says, 'do often lie too deep for tears.' It blends in my memory with the living voice of my mother, my revered father, brothers and sister who rest in the Hadley burial-ground, I alone of them left behind. You on this side do not know that in coming over the water between us, the notes of that bell take somewhat of a mysterious quality of musical sweetness, which I always miss as soon as I leave the boat on the western bank." Other reminiscences of the old days followed, and then the speaker, with a change of tone, enforced the deeper lesson of the day's harrowing memories.

"After what we have heard of the Red Man's atrocities, — our minds filled and sensibilities lacerated with this actual savagery, may I venture to enter a Christian plea for him and beg you to look a moment at the other side of the picture? For there is another side. There certainly is. Savage or human, brute or a soul, the Indian is not merely a creature of the past. In this great leading Nation of ours he is a present and living element, a responsibility, a problem, a trust; for he *is* a brother-man. About 300,000 are in our

States and Territories to-day, and in the day of judgment God Almighty will say, 'Where is thy brother?' Nay, it is the day of Judgment and He is saying that now. The extent of difficulty or resistance to Christianity in any heathen people is the measure of its power, and if there is any Race or Nation worse, darker, drearier, or wasting faster, there precisely is where the Gospel ought first to reach out its hand, and lift its voice, to heal, to bless, to save."

HADLEY, MASS., August 24.
St. B's Day.

To H. S. W.

My dear Friend: — It is worth while to know that you have missed something, and care enough for it to look it up, and that something one of my poor hurried letters, which never seem to say half what they ought to, or half they mean.

The summer is ending. How short, how bright, how intensely summer-like it has been! If it has brought rest or healing to your spirit or body I am thankful. With your children and your mother, — the spirit of youth and the spirit of age, — there must have been many quietly and rationally happy hours, not wholly saddened by the memory of joys past and old home vanished. "There remaineth" another "Rest" with no shadowy remembrances, — another House, from which "they go no more out," — a summer on the everlasting hills without storm and without end. Meantime the alternations of the seasons of our northern climate, of stillness and labor, heat and cold, seem to me to add to the interest of life. And I always find that when the first autumnal colors and

half-lights steal into the woods and the sky, a readiness for work returns. It has been a great relief to me that there was no necessity of going to Lambeth, and that we could have our stay here, as usual, undisturbed. During July our oldest son, with his wife, and two little grandchildren, were here. Various other friends have come and gone, — Bishop Williams among them. For the last fortnight, Ruth having gone to make visits about Boston, the rest of us have had a lovely carriage-ride in Southern Vermont. James, who always wants his walk, was on his feet, making each day the distance our strong horse drew us in the carryall. So we jogged on among the Green Mountains and their valleys, by running brooks of water, through forests, with countless beautiful openings, far-reaching views, and shady nooks. At evening we came together. So we traveled more than two hundred miles, slowly and delightfully. It did us all a great deal of good, tho' I did not need it.

Last evening we drove up to our own door again, — the dearest spot on earth to me. Next week I have got to go down to hot and dusty New York. We shall hardly get to Syracuse before Sept. 24th., as James expects me to ordain him Deacon on St. Matthew's Day at his brother's Church in Malden. You will think of us that Ember week, will you not, while on your knees?

Immediately after his ordination to the diaconate, Rev. James Huntington took charge of Calvary Church, Syracuse, receiving Priest's Orders in May, 1880. In the four years of his ministry there, he lived at his father's house, and, besides parish work, la-

bored earnestly in behalf of souls among the inmates of the Penitentiary and the county Poorhouse, giving active service also in the establishment of the Shelter, of the Bureau of Labor and Charities, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. During the period of his residence at home, the family, with the exception of the eldest son, were all together. The first break came when considerations of health required the second daughter to go abroad for change and study. Her older sister accompanied her to Germany and remained away through the following summer.

To A. L. P. January, 1881.

A. and R. sailed away from us last Thursday. I saw them off. With our untraveled ways and close domesticity this is a hard separation. But the voyagers belong more to God than to us. He is as near them on sea as land, and in one land as in another. He is stronger, wiser, better than we are. Why should we complain or fear?

After bidding them good-by I went to Boston to give the "Instruction," and to meet the Girls' Friendly Society, and to see our children and some old parishioners, and then to Hadley to spend a quiet Sunday and rest. I came back to New York and we had our first business meeting of the Committee on the Liturgy. We laid out our work peaceably. May the Holy Spirit save us from ruining the Prayer-book, or the Bible, for then what would be left?

To H. S. W. Hadley, July 20, '81.

My dear Friend: — How faith gets its confirmations as we go on living our life under the Hand of

God, guided, delivered, fed, comforted, — we and our children that He has given us.

You justify me by your kind inquiry in speaking particularly of our own family. George is here with his three little boys and they enliven our stillness. I want you to see the book on which he has been modestly but laboriously engaged for several years, — ever since Bishop Alexander's superb Bampton Lectures on the Psalms were issued, — now just published, — "The Treasury of the Psalter." [1] I know it will interest you, for it tells much of the uses of the Psalms in the old Church offices, and opens the Scripture and glorifies Christ. You speak of my dear boy James. You will observe how kindly and affectionately his work at Calvary was recognized by the Convention, for I have sent you the "Messenger." He feels, as I do, that we ought to have in this country an order of Evangelists corresponding to that of St. John in England, and *not* English. For years he has felt himself called to some such separated and special work — a Community life. With two others who share the same aspiration and consecration, he is contemplating the starting of such a House and Mission and Order in New York. They may begin this Fall. I do not dissuade him, but don't you see how the very possibility of parting with him rends my heart? He must follow the highest leading.

[1] *The Treasury of the Psalter:* an aid to the better understanding of the Psalms in their use for Public and Private Devotion; compiled by the Rev. George P. Huntington and the Rev. Henry Metcalf.

Sept. 4, 1881.
North-Study, Sunday afternoon.

To his Daughter in Germany.

The anniversary of your mother's wedding.

A still air and the brooding sky full of mystery and comfort, very beautiful and very tender.

My dearest Ruth: — I don't write you much, I know; and *you* know the reason. As chroniclers and reporters, and indeed as commentators too, your mother and sister do their work so constantly and so well that I could really hardly mention one fact without risk of repetition. And then the days and nights and weeks and years of ceaseless correspondence do make one ready to accept a tolerable excuse for letting the pen lie. You are very good with your letters, and I think you have just favored me with the best you have ever written, — that from Zurich, with its vivid description and entertaining incidents.

We all suppose that it is unavoidable that you should feel a little heart-sinking at sending A. off homeward and turning your face eastward and going back to lonely work again. We would spare you that if we could. But God does not spare us hard things, — because He loves us, and many things which *would* be hard and harder are made easy by it. You have met this trial with your usual courage, I am sure, — and will find your comfort and contentment, as we all often do, by plunging into tasks and keeping the mind busy.

Just now I too am a little homesick, as the summer ends, and Tuesday I must go back alone to Syracuse, etc., for a week, and afterwards shall have only about ten days here. My inordinate love for this place makes this

about as sharp an annual cross as I have to take up; but I trust I am thankful for a season so full of blessings as this has been.

We have all been in the garden, and Mary gave me a buttonhole bouquet of pansies and a sprig of lemon verbena. I send specimens. Since then we have been out, since the Evening Service, looking at the turkeys, the Jerseys, and the kittens.

It would be better if you were here. How much better!

Mary is singing at the piano. It is too dark to write.

Love and blessing, dear.

F. D. H.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 19, '81.

To H. S. W.

My dear good Friend: — How pleasant it was to see your hand again and how more than pleasant to read your words of affectionate remembrance. The copy of the "Psalter" will reach you, no doubt, by mail. I am glad you want it, and I believe you will prize it, finding in it something to study as well as to enjoy. I have watched the whole making of it, in the four or five years past. George is retiring in his work, but thorough in his scholarship and reverent in spirit.

James, dear boy, has gone on his way, as he believed for years God called him. With two young Priests of about his own age, filled with the same purpose, both of whom have spent some time at Cowley, he has taken an old, cheap house, in the lower part of New York, near the East river, in connection with a Mission partly German, started by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist.

There they are, living and working together, in much meditation and prayer, seeking to prepare, if they may, the way of the Lord, by being Missioners in the Church at large. They have formed a new Order, — "The Order of the Holy Cross," — with Bishop Potter's approval, and with Dr. Houghton for Director. You will imagine the anguish of giving him up here, where I wanted him so much. But how could I hold him back, — knowing his heart, seeing what he has done for me, and fully believing with him that the Church sorely needs both a standard of holy living in the Ministry and a leaven of Evangelization supplementing our miserable, halting, half-secular Parochial system. I asked them to come here, but they thought New York the better place to begin, — I hope they may come here yet. They live in poverty, chastity, and obedience, — with bare floors, no tablecloths, scanty furniture, plain food, and seem content. I went and celebrated with them one morning, slept there in a cot, and we consecrated the different rooms with prayers from the "Priest's Prayer Book." Pray for them.

We plod on here, as busy as we can be, every day, with more calls, lines of labor, combinations and personal cares than we have wealth and wisdom. It is not unhappy work with all its shortcomings.

A. came home to us in October, and assures us that she left R. really better. She spends the year at Leipsic, in music. The passion for travel does not develop in me yet. A. reads to us her notes in Spain, Africa, Italy, France, the Tyrol, and I listen gladly and then creep back thankfully to my own study.

Your loving ex-Bishop,

F. D. H.

SYRACUSE, April 14, 1882.

To A. L. P.

What a full and bright and blessed season it has been for the whole Church! Both Lent and Easter have great power in drawing people to the true Fold. Lent interests and attracts the sober and devout, showing them that our system is scriptural and searching. The great Feasts draw the multitude. Our Cause grows steadily. The Ritual extravagance and sentimentalism and fancy-work have hindered it somewhat, but that check will not be permanent, if we are wise and patient, and if the bulk of our strong men keep the *via media*, as we may reasonably expect. The gain is steady.

HADLEY, Aug. 29, '82.

MY DEAR JAMES: — Your Sunday rain did not reach us here. It was, all through, a dark, brooding, still, pathetic, heart-breaking day, with a constant expectation of drops that did not fall. I was at home and most of the time out of doors. Probably nobody can know or tell what this dear old place is to me, or what share it has had and still has, by its silent, touching, healing power, in the moulding and preservation and consolation of my life. It is peopled with living companions at every nook and turn, unseen, gentle, solemn, soothing and gracious. It is next to the Bible and the Church. I read Ruth's and other glowing descriptions of the sublimities and glories of the world; and then I sit at my North window, and stroll over the farm, and thro' the woods, and am satisfied, and thank God.

This and the character and lives of my children, and the harmony of my Diocese, are the chief themes of my personal thanksgiving.

Last evening they all went to Mt. Warner by moonlight. Thursday there is a breaking-up and your mother and I shall be left alone. I think I may take her for a day or two to Warwick. It seems there is another boy at Malden. I suppose they hoped for a girl, but a new human soul and body are precious, any way.

Syracuse, Jan. 19, 1883.

To the Same.

The years fly, the last always the shortest. More and more as I go on, *this* life seems to me only getting ready to live. All seems tentative, provisional, unsatisfactory, and so prophesies another world, where we shall "see" not "as through a glass."

This throws some light on the present weakness and pain, loneliness and disappointment. "What I do" says our Lord, "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." To comprehend the mysteries of the life we are living now, would provide an intellectual Heaven in itself. But we want more than that. The heart needs a Heaven too, and finds it in Christ.

In 1880 the Bishop asked his clergy to attend a gathering or Retreat, the first in the diocese, at St. John's School, Manlius, during the absence of the pupils in their winter vacation. In his letter of invitation he said: "Under a conviction that one of the greatest needs of our common work is deeper and stronger religious life in ourselves, the Bishop invites the clergy to a season of retirement, common and private devotion, and spiritual meditation."

The addresses given by him at one of these occasions, in the winter of 1883, were afterwards written

out and delivered by request before the students of the General Theological Seminary. He wrote to his son George: "If plain speaking will make them do it, the young men ought to ponder what is before them and go below the surface of the profession." A paper is preserved bearing the individual signature of each student, expressing grateful acknowledgment for the lectures and asking the privilege of having them published for their future use in the ministry. They were printed with the title, "Personal Christian Life in the Ministry."

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14, '83.
The General Convention.

TO REV. GEORGE P. HUNTINGTON.

It is not to be spoken of aloud — but I suppose I have got to write the Pastoral Letter. It seems to have been so arranged within and without the Committee. To be the voice of this Church to the people, at this time, is an awful task and an awful trust. One must be judged of God and criticised of men accordingly. I shall need your prayers.

In his address to the Diocesan Convention, delivered in June, 1884, after a recounting of the events of the past year's labors in the Episcopate, the consecrations of churches, ordinations to the sacred ministry; and dwelling upon the prosperity of St. John's and Keble schools, the district organization of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, gratifying instances of the canceling of parochial indebtedness, renewed zeal in the repair and adornment of church buildings, Bishop Huntington emphasized the deeper satisfaction

to be felt in an increased spirituality: "a quickened sensibility to all devotional impressions, a deeper longing for sacramental helps and ministries. In many Parishes now, to which I return annually, and in more and more of them, I find at least a few disciples thus walking by faith, and not the less but the more true to every practical duty, for frequent communions with their ascended Redeemer." He continued with an admonition to those who would grudge to others a spiritual sustenance for which they themselves hungered not, and words of sympathy for the Shepherd, "with none to watch and work with him, none to wake early or make sacrifices where he is groaning in spirit to lead the way." Other subjects treated in a grave and solemn tone, were a better provision for the clergy; the worldliness often manifested in the manner of obtaining parish support; the alarming increase of vice among neglected children of both sexes; with a commendation of the Girls' Friendly, the White Cross, and Christian Purity societies. The lengthy and searching address closed with the following personal *Apologia*, the only one that we find in the whole course of Bishop Huntington's Convention charges, but none the less significant in the characterization of a mind counted at this period one of the greatest and most influential in the American Church.

My dear friends, we have been laboring together, as Bishop and Diocese, fifteen years. Will you allow me to share with you once for all one burden to which it would be unmanly to allude very often? I ask the Brethren to tell me candidly and freely if they see any way whereby I can be more serviceable to them

or their people. Every year makes duty more imperative as it makes the time shorter.

All I can give is the attempt. So many attempts have been unavailing that I dare promise nothing more. The feeble hope which for a time I indulged in myself that my public services would after awhile become a source of satisfaction to me or much profit to others is less and less sanguine. Those of you who know what it is to find the disappointments of the chief aspiration of life growing keener as life wears away, know also that one gets no powers to go on at all, without flinching or retreating, except in God alone. I suppose others may be able to say with me that they scarcely can recall a day since youth when they would not willingly have given the endeavor up altogether if it had not seemed cowardly or disobedient. What it is of far more moment for me to consider, is your advantage and the Master's Will. By whatever means then I can make up for failures past, I am the more concerned to lay out for that end all the time remaining and the strength God may give.

Two years later, during the General Convention held at Chicago, Bishop Huntington wrote to his wife: —

"It does not appear from the action and spirit of our House that any legal permission will be given to Bishops to retire at the age of seventy. Personally, I confess I should look to a discharge from one important part of my official tasks, three years hence, with a great sense of relief — the preaching. From the duties of counsel, correspondence, administration, I do not shrink, painful as some of them are. Nor,

with my unusual health and endurance, should I think it right to ask exemption from the discomfort of travel. But at the same time the obligation of public speech, the cost of the delivery of sermons especially, are so irksome as to be almost unendurable. I scarcely can preach, anywhere, to any congregation, large or small, cultivated or illiterate, without thinking somebody else would do more good in my place, that the heart and consciences and lives of the hearers might be better benefited, and that those hearers, even those who are nearest to me and love me most, are really disappointed. So my usefulness is perhaps diminished, and yet where is the remedy?"

This dissatisfaction, amounting at times to distress, was one which the subject himself connected, in some moods of self-analysis, with a general reserve of disposition, — a preoccupation and absence of mind, giving an impression of coldness which yet melted instantly into peculiar gentleness towards any one who came to him for relief or sympathy. These phases of dejection increased with age, partly, no doubt, from physical exhaustion, and because, with the cessation of activity, the inherited strain of Puritan melancholy gained the ascendency. The peculiarity showed itself in his disinclination to preach at public occasions and during the meetings of the Triennial Convention, when visiting bishops are always sought for by the city parishes. He had all his life, quite apart from any personal feeling, an unwillingness to encourage the idea of a preacher being followed after, through any motive but a desire for spiritual help. To a great extent, however, he did feel himself inadequate to meet the expectations of his audience.

Probably, he was, as he confessed, inclined to be over fastidious in his idea of literary work, but he was also really convinced that his words failed to reach those for whom they were intended, through some lack of force. One gets a glimpse of this way of looking at his own life and its demands in a letter written not long after the above.

To A. S. T.

Age probably has something to do with it, but at any rate I find myself more and more inclined to subordinate the individual in relation to the great causes, plans, and orderings of Providence. Where I work, and what I say and do, as to its importance and effect, seem to be of diminishing moment. Such are the multitudes, the forces, the voices, the ideas, the movements, the competent persons in every department, that one is more and more apt to say, "It is no matter; what I do, or what I don't do, will get done and better done than I could do it." This may run, to be sure, to inaction and the repression of enterprise. We must keep pegging away. To work steadily and hard at *something* is clearly both duty and comfort; *but what comes of it*, — that is another matter, and hardly our concern.

SYRACUSE, April 6, 1885.

To A. L. P.

Like you I find myself in no growing sympathy with the extravagancies of ceremonial. Whether there is false doctrine under them or not, it is often extremely difficult to find out. At any rate it is *associated* with them. And the whole thing is so palpably an imitation,

an exotic, a copy, with no natural roots in our national life or domestic training, that it is extremely difficult to keep off a sense of affectation, of unreality. I try to do it, — and to see both sides, — to judge fairly and largely, to make allowance for the inborn diversities of taste and sensibility, and I believe that by great toleration, great width, great patience, the Body of Christ may retain its Catholic character and be true to its Head — include variety without losing unity, and so gather in the more souls. We can fall back for our comfort on the grand promise: "The Lord reigneth" and "changeth not." And He will come again.

In the autumn of 1885 a new edifice was erected for St. Paul's Church, Syracuse. The Bishop's relations with the parish, and with its rector, Rev. Henry R. Lockwood, had always been close and affectionate; but it was an unlooked-for event when a proposal was made him to take it for his Cathedral. As the oldest and largest congregation in the See City there seemed much that was appropriate in an arrangement which placed its beautiful and spacious structure at the disposal of the diocese for solemn gatherings, while its chapel was a suitable place for the daily prayers of St. Andrew's Divinity School. Bishop Huntington had all his life dreamed of a great city church, with seats free to all worshipers, frequent and inspiring services, and ministrations to the stranger, the lowly, and the outcast. When he had his pastoral staff, a personal gift, affixed to the bishop's chair in the chancel at St. Paul's, he hoped much for the future and looked forward to the time when the sanctuary

would be consecrated as a people's church. Years passed and he found that the prospect of the debt being discharged did not brighten, and that such changes as he deemed essential to make it a cathedral in any true sense were not likely to take place. So he quietly withdrew, after notifying the wardens and vestry; but this was not without repeated efforts to remove the financial burden. In 1889, the year when he completed the twentieth of his Episcopate, he suggested that in place of other commemoration a signal method of celebrating that epoch in the history of the diocese would be the lifting of the indebtedness upon St. Paul's, with its consecration at the annual Convention. Thus he wrote to the officers of the church, assuring them that "anything within my power, even to a sacrifice, would be eagerly done to raise us up into that liberty and righteousness in the sight of God and men."

It has been already said that, however much Bishop Huntington's heart and longing aspiration turned to the opportunities of a city parish, there was no place where his office as Chief Pastor gave him more satisfaction than in his ministration to the small flocks scattered through the remote villages of his charge. One who belonged to such a humble but earnest household of the faith recalls the unlooked-for pleasure which not infrequently cheered the worshipers, when, instead of the expected lay-reader or casual supply, the Bishop himself would drive up on a Sunday morning, coming in his own conveyance across the hills.

Within the round of stations under the care of the Associate Mission in Syracuse, he always stood ready

to fill a vacancy, and, especially at Easter and other great feasts, to celebrate the Eucharist. It was this encouragement of his personal presence, sometimes just in a moment of doubt or despair, that kept alive the patience and hope of the few faithful communicants.

While Frederic Huntington was rector of Emmanuel Church, four of his near kindred passed away: the father, two brothers, Charles and Theophilus, and the eldest sister, Mrs. Fisher, all leaving families and descendants. The next eldest, William, after ministering in the Unitarian denomination, settled on a farm in Wisconsin, where his children had their early education. Late in his life he entered the Episcopal Church, and became a missionary in South Dakota, receiving Deacon's Orders from the hands of his youngest brother, Bishop Huntington. He closed a happy old age, with sons and a daughter near him, at Amherst, Massachusetts. The last surviving brother, Theodore, had spent his days on or near the ancestral estate at Hadley, but finally removed to his wife's birthplace in Connecticut, where he died.

EASTFORD, Nov. 17, '85.

To A. D. P.

We have just come back from the place where, in the bright sunshine of an Indian summer afternoon, and near a running stream of clear water, we have laid Theodore's dear body. His life ended after a decline almost without pain, and so gradual that it was difficult to tell when he began to die. There was no cloud on his faith and no fear of the great change. He waited for it in the gentle patience and holy hope

that we have seen in him through all his quiet and unspotted life.

You see that I am left alone, the last of the eleven. God seems to see that it needs more time to prepare me than it does the rest of them for the Home "from which they go no more out."

SYRACUSE, Dec. 22, '85.

TO REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

Pilgrims' Day, — but the Apostles are older than the Pilgrims.

We all wish you a bright Feast, my dear George, at the Holy Night and the Great Birthday. The box I think is on its way. The aunts and grandmother get a great deal of gentle excitement and wholesome exercise out of the nephews and grandsons. I am quite discouraged by their superior zeal, and shrink out of the race, contenting myself with a message of love and imaginary kisses and a cheque for you. I wish I could look in on your circle and see the fun and hear the hum.

The New York Mission seems to be another great step forward in Church-life. If the life could only be *deepened* too!

The Cathedral has been an unexpected tho' greatly desired gift. The Resolutions were made large enough to give me all the liberty I shall need, I think. There is general cordiality. Some things are not as they should be, — as to sittings, the debt, but there is an opportunity for much to be done, — new duties, — a new accountability, so I need to be prayed for.

To-morrow I go to the Funeral of Mr. Pierpont, our chief benefactor. How I shall miss him! and who will take his place? His money and friendship

have carried me through a good many hard places. The young men don't seem to be quite such Churchmen as their fathers.

With much love and blessing for each and all,

Affectionately,

YOUR FATHER.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 6, '86.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

Let me pity your mother-heart. I can go with you, and for you, to Him who knows all and with infinite tenderness sees the past, the present, the future.

Wait patiently for Him! How well I remember Louise Carey singing those four words in the choir of "Emmanuel" in Boston, repeating them till there was no more room for any other thought in my soul, with her wonderful, pleading intonation!

It is late Saturday night. The day, the week, and many days, have been full of cares and anxieties. But, I believe I am ready for to-morrow. I wish I could have your prevailing prayers for my sermon at the "Cathedral" — where there is *so much* to be done — on the text, "Whose fan is in His Hand."

This is a giddy city, so much chaff, so little wheat. We are beginning to prepare for a general, united Mission of all the Churches, with Fr. Field from St. Clement's, for Missioner. You will intercede for him, and us, I know.

We have never had better health in Syracuse, than here on the hill, this winter.

In October, 1886, while Bishop Huntington was absent at the General Convention in Chicago, his

household removed to Walnut Place. This was due to Judge Comstock and his son, who by an exchange of the property on James Street, which had been occupied as an episcopal residence, were enabled to erect for the use of the Bishop and his family a new dwelling unusually commodious and cheerful, and in a charming situation. One pleasant feature was the near proximity of the Hospital of the Good Shepherd. For the remainder of his life it was the Bishop's great interest, not only as the president of the institution, but as its friend and pastor, to visit it frequently, to hold services, on feast days and Sundays, for the patients and nurses, and to welcome the superintendent and members of the Training School to his own home.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 28, '86.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—The Convention was unsatisfactory chiefly on negative grounds, — for what it lacked. It lacked large and vital measures, a genial, warm and brotherly spirit, within itself, the devotional relatively to the ecclesiastical and forensic element, and a wise economy of time and speech. I was tired of the heat and noise, and conceiving my duty to be practically done, left Saturday, and spent Sunday in Buffalo and Rochester with friends, and in worship, and got home Monday noon. Since that time I have been hard at work trying to get kosmos out of chaos in my mass of papers and not without success. Your mother and sisters have benevolently saved me much bother and discomfort. We like the house altogether. I want you to see my study, and the rest of it.

We are quite in the country.

In 1886 Bishop Huntington wrote to a friend traveling in Europe:—

"Every day you are seeing things which, no doubt, I should be glad to see and be the wiser for seeing. But I must wait for such visions and revelations as it may please the Lord of earth and Heaven, sea and sky, to give me hereafter. It is not probable now that I shall ever cross the water. Four things have always stood in the way: good health, much work, little money, and dear old Hadley. So I have been happy and content, in the native land, with no 'palaces,' not many antiquities, and hardly a Cathedral."

HADLEY, July, '88.

MT. HOLYOKE TO THE SEA.

A cordial and loving greeting from among the elms and orioles, the roses and clover-blossoms, meadows and orchards, Jersey cattle and St. Bernard dogs, the splendors of brilliant days and the silences of deep cool nights.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 12, '88.

There has been a Thanksgiving and, no doubt, you, like us, have found much to be grateful for, tho' our Feast, perhaps like yours, was stiller than in the past times. So evening comes in silence and shade together. But I don't think I want to go back. Do you? Let us look rather to what is to come.

Long before Frederic Huntington delivered the Graham Lectures on "Divine Aspects of Human Society," as a youth going out from the Theological School to his first city parish, and later as teacher of

Christian morals at Harvard, his interests had been deeply engaged in questions relating to the brotherhood of man. A closer attention to the economic side of the problems involved in present social conditions came about partly through his son, Father Huntington, who was for several years a public advocate of the single-tax principles, and in close touch with societies of wage-earners, establishing, with a few of the clergy and laity, the Church Association in the Interests of Labor, known familiarly as C. A. I. L. Of this Bishop Huntington was president until his death, and also of the Christian Social Union. In an address before the Evangelical Education Society the Bishop replied to the question, "What effort should the Clergy make to reconcile the conflict between capital and labor, or to secure the application of the golden rule to business and social life?"

His opening words were as follows:—

"Whatever the perplexity of the problem, the King's Messenger must look, first, for the rule of his ambassadorship, to the law of the lips and life of this King. At any period, in any land, Christianity has found it impossible not to conceive of Christ on earth as belonging to the unprivileged, the plain-living and hard-working people. At any time, anywhere, the Christian Church, whatever its abuses, would have been shocked to see its Master and Saviour represented as associated by choice, by habit, by taste, if we may use that word, with the best-housed, best-fed, best-dressed families; with the luxurious and affluent, the men of privilege, and of the power of property. It is profoundly significant. To know where our Lord was born, how He lived, and what His manners

and associations, how He invariably treated social distinctions, on what social class He pronounced benedictions, never failing to be gracious and encouraging to them, and to what class He said, 'Woe unto you,' and at the hands of what class He was crucified, — this must go far to determine the question we have before us of the clergy, as it is worded: that is, how to 'secure the application of the Golden Rule to business and social life,' — no matter, as I take it, to whom we minister, on whose support we depend for a living, or with what degree of favor we may be received."

In the course of his address the speaker said: "Doubtless better modes of material management will be found out; they are slowly getting found out. But far deeper down in the depths of the human soul, and in the spirit of God, and in the Mediator's cross of self-sacrifice, lies the secret of the only lasting harmony. Whatever kind of house he lives in, whatever he eats or wears or lays up and counts, if man is loving and just to his fellow man he will walk in the light and so walk safely and at large; if he hates his fellow man he will walk blindly, first to wrong and finally to wretchedness. A society that has all its property at the top and all its discontent at the bottom will topple over into ruin. We may decry and deplore turmoil and violence, strikes and lockouts, hung-up wheels of factories, and stalled railway trains of passengers and freight; we *must* deplore them. But they are an inevitable satire on a nation or community where passengers themselves are held only as so much baggage, where workmen are reckoned part of the machine, where the Declaration of Independence is

in everybody's hands but not in the consciences or hearts of legislators and manufacturers and millionaires. At the core of all these guilty troubles is one malignant disease — contempt of what the brotherman *is*, coveting and worshiping of what he *has*. Put the man where you please, put him high or put him low, he cannot live — really live — by bread alone. By the 'Word of God' he shall live."

And again from his lips came stern denunciation of social iniquities: "Will the fire scorch the Hebrew monopolists only? Will it skip the pews of the nineteenth century capitalists, owners of foul sweating-shops, unsanitary tenements, selfishly managed mines, factories and railways, because the warnings have rung down through eighteen centuries? There are inequalities that the Almighty permits; there are other inequalities which man makes and God abhors and rebukes. One of these must be that where a privileged, shrewd, and importunate employer makes miseries along with his millions. There are competitions fair and scrupulous, there are others as despicable as they are despotic."

It would be difficult to estimate the extent to which Bishop Huntington gave the influence of his intellectual ability in the cause of what has been broadly defined as Christian socialism. His utterances on that subject, publications in the daily press, and in the church newspapers, articles in magazines, sermons, platform speeches, editorials in the "Gospel Messenger," charges to the clergy, pastorals and Convention addresses, — all bore witness to his deep concern for the application of Christian principles in the establishment of right relations between workers and employers, and of higher

standards in legislation and business. The titles of some of these writings are: "Present Aspect of the Church Social Union," delivered by its President at Minneapolis, in 1895; "The Master-Workman: a Labor Day Discourse;" "Causes of Social Discontent," in the "Forum" of September, 1888; "Social Problems and the Church," in the "Forum" of October, 1895; "Applied Christianity the True Socialism," in the "Homiletic Review," April, 1890; "The Church and the Labor World," in the "Iron Cross;" "Moral Cowardice: a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of Central New York."

Among shorter contributions are: "The Cause and Losses of Strikes;" "The Relations of Employer and Employed;" "The Labor Troubles;" "The Abuse of the Money Power;" "Class Slavery;" "The Previous Question in Labor Reform;" "The Social Submergence."

Of the widespread effect upon the thought of the day by his championship of a then unpopular cause, no better proof can be given than in the following letter found among the Bishop's papers:—

My honored Brother: — You are an old man and may lay down life's burdens which you have so nobly borne, and I am a young man, a Baptist minister, with I trust many years of toil ahead; but I want, though a stranger, to thank you for the great service which you did me through your articles on the Church and the social problem a few years ago. They opened my eyes. They led me to enlist in the great army of reform to which you belong, and I want to tell you now that as you lay down your weapons I am one of the hundreds

and thousands of young men all over this country who are taking up those weapons of truth and who trust we shall see full victory.

Nov. 24, 1889.

To Rev. James Huntington.

Did you notice that the Scriptures yesterday, especially the Epistle, Gospel, and Old Testament lessons, contemplate a regenerate and righteous *Society*, a public and Social Salvation, a "delightsome land," "their own land," judgment and justice *on the earth?* Christ is Feeder as well as King, — a Shepherd King. The Bread eaten, the sacrificial Food, is endlessly and boundlessly multiplied.

Bishop Huntington was requested by Miss Harriette Keyser, the Secretary of C. A. I. L., to furnish a letter to be used for organization work, and sent the following: —

"The constantly advancing movement of the new demands of the Kingdom of God, as the Divine agency of social righteousness among men, specially served by our Association, are hardly less striking than the permanence of its principles. The signs multiply, and our faith grows accordingly, that C. A. I. L. was formed, with its clerical and lay membership, at the right time, with the right aims. What other recognized organization within the Church is so explicitly and resolutely given to this service? Every fresh phase in the rapidly shifting course of political and industrial affairs challenges the solemn attention of studious and patriotic men, citizens and scholars, prophets and priests. With their sympathy and practical assistance, we hope to

accomplish, in the coming season, more than heretofore, by lectures, discussions, publications, and sermons for the cause of justice, order, equity, peace and good-will."

In a private letter he said: —

"I try, in my many preachments, to put in something for C. A. I. L. and the Cause."

In a sketch of the varied duties of the Episcopate, at one of the Convention addresses to the Central New York Diocese, its head spoke rather explicitly of the claims upon a bishop's time and strength: "Nearly one half of his waking hours, running generally into the night, must be occupied with correspondence wherever he may be. It would be well-nigh impossible to describe the range of his daily mail. Thinking it might be entertaining, if not instructive, I have just attempted to make out a classification of this epistolary variety by specifying species only, but after covering two foolscap pages with headings I gave it up — the topics stretching all the way from situations for shop-boys and servant-maids to inquiries whether the Christian Religion will probably survive the second edition of Lux Mundi, and whether Leo XIII will be the last Pope. This tax is imposed, I suppose, by the circumstance that a Bishop is a person easily identified and reached, holding an office thought to be serviceable, in contact with nearly all human conditions, and not very likely to resent almost any kind of approach. With respect to this incessant and copious torrent of requests and questions, little and great, according to my conception of a true Shepherd of the Fold of Christ, a Bishop ought to hold himself ready to answer, respectfully and cheerfully, even the least sensible of

them all, if he is appealed to in the name of our patient and infinitely forbearing Master. They come from one or another child of God somewhere suffering, from some human need such as any servant of the Master, whose mercy knows no bounds of position or breeding or knowledge, would gladly relieve, even where the prospect is dim."

In addition to the many calls naturally coming, as the Bishop said, to a man in his position, there were seekers especially drawn to himself through a knowledge of his own religious experience. The following letters are examples of the positiveness of his replies.

To an Inquirer.

The Apostles' Creed is to be believed and held by a disciple in the Church Catholic, — as you see in the Office of Baptism, in the Prayer-book, where those who are made members of Christ by the initiatory Sacrament declare the rule of Faith, Obedience and Renunciation. Confirmation completes the baptismal consecration by an individual choice. It adds no new article of belief, but settles, "confirms," establishes the believer and gives him a special grace to go forward and grow in goodness.

The thirty-nine articles are Provincial, a solemn statement of a National Church or two, in view of a temporary emergency, largely negative, a guide to the Clergy, not binding on the laity.

If you wish to be a disciple of Christ, trust Him as your Saviour, worship according to the Book of Common Prayer, and can say the Apostles' Creed *ex animo*, you are *entitled* to confirmation and had better receive it.

In coming to me you come to a brother-soul that has had some experience in the "outcast" business and has tasted of its bitterness, — but for twenty-one years, dating back to the feast of the Annunciation, has known such unbroken peace within, in the doctrine and worship of this Church, that the conflicts are well-nigh forgotten. Before that time I was familiar with most forms of doubt and denial, by personal contact.

In my judgment this Church — which is a School as well as a Home — is the natural place of those who find it not altogether easy to reconcile an intellectual and a spiritual habit. It would probably help you to read for awhile the works of thinkers and students who have rested in the Apostolic Confession.

From a letter to a Minister lately Unitarian.

I do not myself believe that the obstacles to bridging the gap between the Church and a large number of devout and thoughtful people in each of the Christian sects are so desperate or insuperable as they are made to appear. In order to do it we want men of some thinking power, some learning, some largeness of sympathy, who either by their experience or their insight are capable of looking on both sides at once. Those who have lived on both sides ought to be thereby fitted for so noble a service.

Coming now to what you want to find out: the probability of your feeling at home in our Communion and being happy and useful in our Ministry would depend in part on your hearty acceptance of the Church-system as I have endeavored to present it.

Holding it you would find your course easy, your surroundings congenial, and the general intellectual and ecclesiastical relations satisfactory, allowing for the unavoidable trials which belong to a cross-bearing profession everywhere. With Ministers coming from without, the *crux* is apt to be the Apostolic Succession, which, however, is not a speculative dogma but a fact, determinable largely by arithmetic, each Bishop being consecrated by three Bishops, all the Clergy being ordained by Bishops, and Christ having promised to be with the Apostles to the end of the world. In the New Testament there is no instance of an ordination without a chief minister or Apostle. A full and cordial assent on points like this has much to do with contented and effective work afterwards. As to liberty, you need not be afraid of being cramped, I think. The Bishops respect honest convictions and personal independence, guarded by reasonable limits. It appears to be the natural effect of living in the Church to increase churchly sentiment.

Three convictions brought me from where I was to where I am: *viz.* that Christianity cannot be accounted for on the Unitarian theory of Christ; that the Christian heart needs both consolations and inspirations which Unitarianism, even in Channing and Martineau, does not supply; and that there can be no Church without organization, nor any authoritative or abiding organization, except that of our Lord and His Apostles and the Primitive Age. Since coming to these conclusions and acting on them, every day has confirmed my confidence, adding, without a shadow of doubt or regret, to my gratitude and joy that God led me as He did.

To One in perplexity and discouragement.

The fact that your difficulty is so nearly what it was twelve years ago or more seems, of itself, to have some signification, seeing that Holy Scripture, the best Christian literature, wise instruction, reason, conscience, the Church, and loving intercessions, have all been at hand to aid and comfort you.

May it not mean that you have been looking *too much*, *i. e.* too exclusively, *i. e.* one-sidedly, in a particular direction? May you not have regarded your personal religion too much as a *peculiar state of the sensibilities*, a lively *emotion*, a vivid *feeling* of your Lord's presence and favor, in fact a condition of *satisfaction*, — and too little as a plain, straightforward doing, day by day, of God's will in the duties of your ordinary life, and in an obedient, childlike spirit? There is a great difference. It is the difference between a practical and a testimonial piety; between a self-absorbed introspection and a healthy discipleship. I do not mean that you are inactive or selfish; far from it; but that you are striving and struggling after a *frame* which you believe to be the highest type of the Christian life, instead of being content to do simply and cheerfully those things which lie in the path Providence has marked out for you. The Church asks of her children the latter course as the way to Heaven. You will find your Saviour *there*, in that path, or nowhere. I do not believe you have *such* faults as need keep you restless and wretched. At any rate, whatever they are, God, for His Son's sake, has forgiven them all. You are not a daughter of the bondwoman, but of the free, and ought to go on your way rejoicing!

To a Clergyman.

There is a difference of moods, with terms and periods in the spiritual man. It cannot be altogether explained or accounted for, nor do we always know how far it may be due to physical, dietetic, external causes. Their existence proves the value and the necessity of a regular religious regimen, or devotional observances, even when the interest subsides, and the sensibility is dulled. The framework of habit is a safeguard and there are ups and downs, seasons of refreshment and liberty. I pray when I do not feel like praying. God knows all about it, and has issued his orders with a full and gracious knowledge of my nature and needs.

Moreover, there are apparently certain tides or currents, on a wider scale, in the community, in the general religious life, and they are not altogether to be accounted for. So far as I can judge, if they are under law, the law is obscure. At present, however, the unprecedented eagerness of enterprise, and rush of events, and intermixture of public affairs, will go far to explain what looks like dryness, indifference, worldliness. The movement is circular, or spiral, and we can hope that, as in the past, a time of spiritual awakening may come round. We have missionary zeal; we want an age of piety and prayer. Meantime individual obligation is clear enough. Surely we may trust that our apathy will be broken up in God's own time and way, and a better than mediæval "age of faith" come in by a new reformation.

As to our testimony, or witness-bearing to others, the difficulties are certainly great. Our Lord did not fully state how we are to let our "light shine," or in-

terpret his commission to proclaim the Gospel. We can watch for opportunities. Few words may be as effective as long speeches, and single phrases as elaborate exhortations or appeals. Life, the face, the voices, silence, teach and preach.

We live by the day — one day at a time. Does this not loosen the problems, and bid us be at peace, though we may not always be of good cheer?

CHAPTER XI

THE ROAD UPHILL

"By this time the pilgrims had a desire to go forward, so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the shepherds one to another, Let us here show the pilgrims the gate of the Celestial City."

SYRACUSE, May 29, '89.

To M. R. H.

I find it very easy to be seventy years old, now that I have tried it. God's goodness and human kindness make it easy. Perhaps you will like to hear that I have just as much strength for labor and endurance as I had twenty or thirty years ago, — in fact, so far as I can see, as much as I ever had. This cannot last always.

Everything that I hear about Cambridge and Boston interests me. There is much that I do not hear. We all work here and rest little. There is not much time to rest. The world requires intense and incessant action, if it is to be made better of its badness.

Your views of the great Hereafter suit me exactly. You and I have made a pleasant beginning, but it is only that. There may be no birthdays in heaven, or lilies of the valley; but then there will be no growing old and no sad partings.

On the feast of the Annunciation, the beginning of a letter to A. L. P. recalls that, "It is the anniversary

of that blessed day in 1860 when H. and Geo. and A. went with me to Christ Church, Cambridge, in the evening, to be confirmed. We were going out then from a place of unsatisfying privileges, comfort and honors, — a barren and dry land where no water was, — into a country which we 'had not known' save by faith, and as it were in dream, but promised to us and given to our ancient Fathers. As it has proved, the description of Palestine in Deuteronomy is not too good for it.

"Next week will be almost as full of service as of solemnity. So I take an hour with you in the sombre half-light of the tender eve of Palm Sunday, before the shadows deepen around the great Cross. We are all made to know something of the sufferings of heart or conscience, which that sacrifice interprets and sanctifies. But we know too that beyond them lie Paradise and the Life Eternal, where already we seem to see forms and faces, shaped by memory and imagination, which connect the past and the future, and make them one."

Some years previous to the date of the following letter, the Rev. George Huntington suffered from a serious nervous breakdown, consequent upon overwork, and was obliged to resign his parish in Malden. He removed for rest and change of air to the little hill town of Ashfield, in Massachusetts, fitting up the old rectory as a home for his family, and taking charge of the small congregation of St. John's Church.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 29, '90.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — It is natural that I should have many and frequent thoughts about the place

and returns of your ministry now that it has pleased God to answer favorably the prayers which some of us at least have been offering daily, for several years, for your restoration to health. A devout thanksgiving is not only the first duty, but it seems that it ought to subdue and put into the background the anxiety, which is partly unavoidable, as to your income. The pecuniary hardship is real; but when we compare it with the far greater distress attending your disablement a few months ago, we ought really to let hope and courage take the place of despondency. The question *whether* you could work — for your family and the Church — was a much heavier one than the question *where* you shall work. It is unavoidable that after a long and slow decline the return to soundness and vigor should be gradual. It is well to be on the lookout for a more remunerative position, and it is well to be willing to wait longer for it. More and more it has become my faith that the personal Providence is in all the ordering of our lives, even the very least, and that when we miss what we greatly desired we may safely conclude that God has some better thing to give us when He and we are ready.

What strikes us as incongruous is that with your manifold equipment you should reach so few minds and lives. But then one remembers Julius Hare and his brother, and dozens of the most intellectual priests in the English Church, serving for years in cures like Ashfield. The reasons and equities and openings of mysteries are sure to appear by and by.

With love and sympathy and trust,

YOUR FATHER.

Three months later his son received a call to the rectorship of St. Thomas' Church, Hanover, New Hampshire.

Syracuse, Jan. 29, '91.

My dear George: — You know what a lively interest we all take in every step of your way towards Hanover. The opening must be regarded as God's way of answering many anxious prayers. It was distinctly in my hope that you might be in a College town, for which you have special adaptions,[1] and I believe you will be of great service to Bishop Niles, who needs the help.

The following June, in the course of the same correspondence: "Let your reply go to Hadley where I long unspeakably to be." And in another: "Give us all the time you can this summer. Every hour I long more for the silence there, the old sweet odor, the long days and the night-mystery and benediction."

Hadley, July 7, 1891.

To L. S. H.

In this separated and silent place and its quiet hours I think over the days past and the days to come. Often and anxiously I inquire of myself and of our dear Lord what I can do to make my sacred and

[1] Rev. George Huntington, in addition to his parish work at Hanover, became a Professor of Hebrew in Dartmouth College and received a few years later at Commencement the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This recognition of his son was a gratification to Bishop Huntington which gave him even more pleasure than the honors he received himself in 1887 and 1889: from Columbia University his title S. T. D., and from Syracuse University L. H. D.

swiftly passing work more effectual, — especially what I can do for Syracuse, for the Church in it, for the Church people in it. If in your closer intercourse with the women or men there than is possible for me, you hear of any suggestion as to my labors or method or plans or shortcomings, which would be of use to me, I beg you to let me know it.

The pure, fragrant morning air is drawing in at my window. The life of the house is only beginning to stir. All sounds are musical and all sights are beautiful. Since we came, many calls have come to me for service. I have preached, confirmed, married, traveled, kept up with the mail, and read a good deal. I am now in the voluminous "Life" of the late Archbishop Tait, which rebukes and humbles me.

Baby Hannah is an unceasing delight. The opening of a spirit is more wonderful than the opening of a rose.

In advancing age, Bishop Huntington's vacations were spent in much the same way as of old. He never lost his keen relish for the occupations of the farm, entering into the work of the hay-field until near the end of his life.[1] He always said that even on the hottest day he was cooler when busy with his rake in the meadows, than in any other place; and he seldom showed any sign of fatigue. When he was past taking an early plunge in the river he loved still to

[1] That Bishop Huntington considered his estate as a trust to be employed for the good of others may be seen from the following words written to a Syracuse neighbor; "The great tobacco harvest of this valley is nearly over. I am glad to claim that a tobacco-plant has never been raised on this farm, where the soil invites it. Something that nourishes the life of man or beast seems to be a worthier crop."

wander along its banks, and was often waiting at the boat-landing for the members of the merry party rowing on the stream when they returned home. He found the greatest enjoyment in the beautiful woodland on the estate, one summer taking much pleasure in laying out a winding road, a mile long, through which he would drive his guests, sometimes it seemed at imminent risk of overturning, for being all his life accustomed to horses he never felt any fear himself. No tangled pathway or abrupt turn or steep descent daunted him when on an expedition across country.

A guest in the house, describing a visit there, says of her host: "One peculiarity about our drives was that we did not keep to the highway at all. He seemed possessed with a fancy for letting down bars, and taking to fields and meadows, and I never drove over so much grass in my life as while there."

With increasing years he became easily fatigued by the noise and confusion of a large household, and passed more and more time in his study, with his writing or books; but he delighted in taking his family on long days' excursions, or with some of his grandchildren would jog about the lanes in a low phaeton, his gray suit and old straw hat marking him out as a familiar figure to the country folk. Always alive to the welfare of his native town, he took an active part in securing the Goodwin Memorial Library building, at the opening of which he made the leading address. He was genuinely interested in the affairs of the two congregations near his home, one at the village to the north and the other worshiping in the old Hadley meeting-house erected under the supervision of his grandfather, nearly a century before.

Anything which concerned the prosperity of these fellow-believers was of moment to him, through the truly catholic spirit which included other bodies of faith, and also on account of the early associations so dear to him. With changes in administration, all differences connected with his mother's experience were forgotten in his later relations to the pastor of the Hadley church and his flock.

In the early winter of 1891, Bishop Huntington responded to a request from the Presbyterian Union, in New York City, and delivered before them a carefully prepared paper on Church Unity, which was afterward published. "The Evangelist" said of it: "Bishop Huntington's address was beautiful for that broad sympathy with men in their natural prepossessions, that yearning love for the cause of Christ, and that quick spiritual apprehension which are marked characteristics of the man. He would learn what the Church is, not so much by the study of history as by the study of Christ. The Church is His body, in Him Christians are actually one, though they have not come to realize it. The discussion was not now one of doctrinal points, and since Presbyterians recognized the validity of Episcopal ordination, it seemed a simpler matter to the good bishop than it probably does to most of us, that Presbyterians should accept the Historic Episcopate, with such powers of adaptation to our policy and regulation of our worship and discipline as are due to our own honorable traditions. . . .

"Thus he thought a federation of Churches might be made, somewhat analogous to our national federal union."

The exact language used was as follows: —

"There need be no distress at the word 'federation,' for there would be no federation of Churches; the Church would be, as she originally was, and in the original sense ever must be, one.

"This republic is not a federation of nations, but of states as a Nation. In the choice of a term for one of the constituent parts of the integral commonwealth, — the state, — our civil fathers took a name which had been and still is in civil language applied to the constitutional whole. By the limitations of language, inaccuracy is the blemish of many a nomenclature which nevertheless serves a great purpose in the philosophy and practice of government. Within a National or Provincial Church there might be synodic Councils, Chapters, or Convocations. Encircling them all would be the fourfold *vinculum*, the very same that our Declaration named, Scripture, Creed, Sacraments, Apostolical Commission." [1]

For the Lenten season of that year Bishop Huntington prepared the last of his three books of devotional readings, with the title of "Forty Days with the Master." The material in this volume was taken entirely from his own writings.

Amid his constant literary activities were publications each year of Lenten pastorals, searching, spiritual, and direct in their character; contributions to leading church weeklies; and tracts, of which may be mentioned particularly the following: "Christ and the World;" "Gospel and Judgment;" "Three Lines

[1] The so-called "Quadrilateral" issued by the House of Bishops at the General Convention in Chicago in 1886; four articles of agreement put forth as a basis of Church Unity.

of Service;" "The Common Things of Divine Service;" "Letter to a Young Postulant;" "Divine Citizenship." Many of these messages, from the pulpit or the press, the Bishop circulated personally, sending them to the clergy and to friends at a distance, thus keeping in touch with a long list of correspondents.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 23, '92.

DEAR GEORGE: — I wish we could all keep the Feast together. That being out of the question I want to give you the Christmas morning salutation. What stronger proof of the Kingship of the Son of Man in a world so self-seeking as this, than that by Him, one day and night every year, everybody in Christendom is set to thinking kindly of somebody else? It is as great a miracle as what the shepherds saw and heard at Bethlehem.

We all heartily wish you all the Christmas joy. How much we have to be thankful for!

With love and blessing,

F. D. H.

Bishop Huntington's want of sympathy with extremes in ritual observances was well known, though there were not many cases in his own jurisdiction where he felt called upon to warn or to admonish, and none where any serious collision occurred. In the matter of language and terminology his objection was strongly expressed against the use of the word "Mass." In the spring of 1893 this was a subject which gave him so much concern that it was only with an effort that he set it aside, as shown in the following letter.

WALNUT PLACE, May 26, '93.

TO THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

I have dismissed the matter of the "Mass" from my mind. I thought and think now, that if any Priest in our Church should *persist* in using the outlandish and offensive term, with a knowledge of the religious harm it must do, of the reasons against it, and of the absence of all authority for it, such a persistency could not fail to cause a suspicion of a concealed intention to assimilate the Anglican to the Latin Church, and to hide the difference between the two as respects Eucharistic doctrine. The great opportunity which the "advanced men" (so far as they hold to the Humanity in the Incarnation and its practical realization in Society) have before them, renders their accountability the more fearful if they overlay or disturb or misrepresent the spiritual substance of the Faith.

Sept. 4, 1893, was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Frederic Dan Huntington and Hannah Dane Sargent, in Hartford Place, Boston; and the Golden Wedding celebration took place quietly at Hadley. The entire family was assembled: the five children, a daughter-in-law and son-in-law, and seven grandchildren. Mrs. Archibald Sessions, the second daughter, had already made her permanent summer home, with her husband and little girl, at Pine Grove, the mansion on the southern part of the original property built by Major Phelps, and purchased from his cousins by Bishop Huntington two years before. On the day of commemoration a few intimate friends and relatives gathered with the family for supper in the "Long room" of the old house. Many mes-

BISHOP HUNTINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE AND SUMMER HOME AT HADLEY

sages of affection and congratulation were received, with gifts in gold and silver; a beautiful picture being sent by the clergy of Syracuse. The occasion was one of complete happiness and thanksgiving, expressed by the whole household together, at Grace Church, Amherst, the day previous, when Bishop Huntington celebrated the Holy Eucharist, and his two sons assisted, the younger preaching the sermon.

One day that season the Bishop climbed up the rough ground on Mt. Warner, with some of the farm people, in a search for a lost heifer, and experienced a strain. It did not seem a matter of any consequence, at first, but gradually caused discomfort, so that on returning to Syracuse he gave up much walking or standing. The pain and inaction, combined with an accumulated nervous fatigue, produced a condition of depression and weakness which increased as the winter came on. While no serious difficulty developed, the sufferer could not throw off the feeling of apprehension, which was an inherited constitutional affection. It was finally decided, by the advice of the physician, to try the effects of a voyage across the Atlantic and the change of scene to be found in foreign travel. Mrs. Huntington, with the youngest daughter, accompanied her husband, and they spent six weeks in Great Britain and France, returning early in June, in time for the Annual Diocesan Convention which met in Syracuse.

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."
April 14, 1894.

TO REV. JAMES HUNTINGTON.

My dear James: — We are glad to know of your engagements and to get your Good-by.

"Again farewell, an idle word,
Spoken to thee, who farest well always:
'Good-bye' then, idler still.
As God were not
With thee through all the never-ending days."

Let your chief intercession for me be that I may be more willing that God's will may be done with me, in life or death, health or infirmity, that I may be of more and better use in Christ's service while I live here, and that the perfect love of God in me may cast out fear.

Your ever loving and trusting father,

F. D. H.

Euston Hotel, London, April 27, 1894.

To L. S. H.

This afternoon, we have been floating up and down the Cam, under the Spring sunshine, Colleges and their Quadrangles in full view; orchards full of fruit blossoms, and gardens, sweet with flowers, on either side, lilacs, laburnums, and masses of ivy hanging over the banks, and down the ancient walls; and mossy stone steps, classic bridges and arches overhead; birds of many kinds singing in the shrubbery, crows cawing in the tree-tops just as ours do at Hadley, — but building their nests in plain sight of the town, as ours do not; whole fleets of students rowing and sailing, many tennis courts, children at play, and swans craning their white necks, — all a lovely vision. We have seen many things and people. Next week we expect to go to Oxford, Salisbury, Canterbury, Paris, — and then Northwards, D. V. God will hear the many prayers — yours and others — and will

answer them all in His own good and wise way, whether just as we desire or not.

We have worshiped once at St. Paul's, once at St. Pancras, once at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, once at Westminster Abbey.

How sad it is that, of many ages, so large a proportion are commemorated for great deeds in the art of slaughter, for mere power, or for rank and title and birth, — so few for the greatness which Christ made chief of all, — faith, hope, charity, for character!

EDINBORO', May 19, 1894.

To J. I. T. C.

On the whole I think the image of what we saw on Thursday will stay longest in remembrance — the views of Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, lying in pathetic silence and majesty in a winding valley, remote from all dwellings of men. The vine-covered walls of the monastery itself help one to trace out measurably the whole round of daily life of those extraordinary, silent, praying, obedient recluses, scholars, toilers, preachers, — all gone forever. They covered a large place in their domain, as they did in the world's history. And now every day of summer, bands of travelers visit these memorials of the Past from all parts of the world. We have seen them in every Cathedral, gallery, palace, where we have been. Such is the spell of years!

Traveling at the rate we do, we can only see the surface of things, persons or places. One of the chief effects is to make one feel more palpably and painfully how little he knows. I want especially to read over again the history of England and the English Church,

Montalembert's eloquent "Monks of the West," and Scott's novels. We are all quite ready to sail. It has been the coldest May I ever knew, not one warm day, not one when a fire was not needed since we left the steamer, April 22nd. The fields don't seem to mind it, or the lilacs, but we do. The Boston East wind blows all the time. . . .

From London to Paris is indeed from grave to gay — cheery, sunshiny, light-hearted, good-natured Paris. England thinks, France laughs. At the Boulevards on Sunday afternoon, it might seem that there is no other world than this. . . .

My ailments have yielded kindly to the influence of rest and change, in a fair degree. Where there is a constant sense of uncertainty in the body it is difficult to escape depression of spirit. It is easy to say, as everybody does, Don't think about it; but thoughts are not so manageable. I can certainly do more than before we left home. I have not the slightest doubt of God's fatherly mercy and wisdom. I know He is dealing graciously with me whatever the result. I believe it is not faith that is wanting, or gratitude. If He has more active work for me to do, I shall do it gladly. If I can go through the push and pull of our Convention and the Celebrations and other duties of the second week in June, and get to Hadley, perhaps I may hope to take up the regular round in the Fall.

On the margin of the letter is written, "God bless the Diocese of Massachusetts."

Natural inclination and the depression of illness led the Bishop to avoid all publicity. In private he

enjoyed meeting his valued friend Canon Benham, and the bishops of London, Lincoln, and Ely. Invitations to preach he was obliged to decline. This was the more to be regretted because there were many who would have welcomed with much enthusiasm the author of " Christian Believing and Living," the volume which has had the widest circulation across the water. On more than one occasion a sermon from this collection, delivered in an English pulpit, was recognized by some American traveler who heard it. During a meeting of the Congregational Board, in Syracuse, there were so many strangers to be entertained that hospitality was gladly extended by the Bishop's household. He himself was unavoidably absent from home at the time. When the guests arrived, one of them proved to be the Rev. George S. Barrett, a distinguished Englishman. His first exclamation when he learned to whose house he had come was one of surprise and pleasure; for, as he said, the Bishop's sermons had been among his treasured books for years, a copy always lying on his writing-table. Another pleasant occurrence was when a Syracuse woman attended Sunday service at Westminster Abbey and listened to a preacher who said, in the course of his address, that those influences which had most deeply affected his life he owed to the writings of an American, mentioning by name the Bishop of Central New York.

Among the few letters written on this journey was one to a presbyter of Central New York, in which he described his visit to the University of Cambridge. Rev. Mr. Casey says, in reply: "I am much pleased to hear that you were invited to

preach in St. Mary's pulpit, — the most jealously guarded one, I take it, in the whole of our English-speaking world. It was an 'honor,' no doubt, and the fact that your invitation was for the 10th of June made it all the greater, but unless I have mistaken the temper of my fellow countrymen in general, and of my fellow university men in particular, more than I can easily conceive to be possible, they must have felt, as I do, that it was one of the rare and happy cases in which — not to speak profanely, — 'honors were easy.'"

A few lines penned hastily to an old friend express the beneficial effects of the vacation: —

Walnut Place, June 5, 1894.

As to my health the trip seems to have been well-advised and well-timed. We only arrived last evening, and I am writing at an early hour, the only one astir in the house, and with a vast pile of work before me.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Bishop of Central New York occurred on the Sunday of the Good Shepherd, April 8, 1894. Sermons appropriate to the occasion were preached on that day in many churches of the diocese, and a united service was held by the parishes of Syracuse at St. Paul's on that evening, when the discourse was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Morrison Clarke, D.D. A more formal and very impressive commemoration took place during the session of the Convention in Syracuse, on June 13. Morning Prayer was said and the Holy Communion celebrated, with a sermon by Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New

York. At the evening service addresses were made by Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York; the Rev. John Brainerd, D.D., rector of St. Peter's, Auburn; with one written by the Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D.D., President of Hobart College, and read in his absence by Rev. Henry R. Lockwood, rector of St. Paul's, Syracuse.

In his address before the Convention the Bishop made this reference to the journey from which he had just returned:—

"Looking reverently at twelve worshipful Cathedrals, and sharing the stately but never florid worship in several of them, where veneration is mingled with thanksgiving, and admiration is surpassed only by wonder, I can testify in all sincerity that a plain service in any one of our least elaborate churches or mission chapels of our own Diocesan domain touches a tenderer place in my affections, and wakens a warmer personal sympathy, than the pillars and arches, the marble and the gold, the carvings and memorial tablets of the grandest of them. History and art, stones literally and visibly grooved by the knees of adoring believers gone hundreds of years ago to Paradise, the echoes of their anthems, the fame of prelates and martyrs, are wrought into the grace and majesty of those marvelous structures. Yet I find something in myself, which the Lord of an unseen glory has planted there, that makes every humble sanctuary built and cared for by those who are dear as a household, and on whose heads my hands have laid God's gracious benediction, more precious to my heart than any costlier temple where his honor dwelleth."

The functions of the whole day were very solemn, while a pleasant feature at the close was a general reception, when the delegates and the church people of Syracuse thronged to take the hand of their beloved Bishop and to offer words of congratulation.

It was natural that the members of the city parishes should testify a loyal devotion to one who had labored among them for twenty-five years. Some belonged to congregations which owed their existence to the Chief Pastor, many had received the sacred rite of confirmation at his hands, and to more still he had repeatedly offered the bread of life and spoken words of godly teaching. But through the community at large, respect and honor were paid to him by those of other creeds than his own who were wont to call him "our Bishop." In the words of one who was almost a stranger personally: —

"He was indeed a reverend 'father in God,' creating a palpable atmosphere of purity, as he walked through the streets, growing year by year dearer to the people as his figure became bent and his step more feeble; longing, as he expressed himself, for 'his Father's broad acres.' His searching eye, as it was plain to the observer, glanced about him in judgment, as well as in blessing, and his voice, in greeting, often framed words which testified to his abiding consciousness of his position as a churchman; for example, on one occasion when he wished his passing friend, instead of the conventional good-morning, 'A happy St. Stephen's Day.'" [1]

The same writer uses a felicitous simile when she speaks of the Bishop's influence as "an abstract

[1] *The Craftsman*, October, 1904.

spiritual force working like a powerful chemical upon the materialism of a commercial and industrial centre." Through the press, in letters and interviews, the subjects of the day — wrongs, abuses, follies, were treated with fearless rebuke, and yet all the time a strong sympathy breathing through the unsparing sentences made one feel that his heart was with the community in which he lived. A prominent woman wrote after his death: "I cannot express how much we miss him and his fearless writings and utterances. How strongly and grandly he would say things, how he could make every word ring with meaning." And another: "I shall miss keenly his presence and example and the power he had of putting the right course of action plainly before the public. In looking back it seems as if he had been in a way the conscience of the city, and his words in any time of perplexity carried a weight that none else's could. Think of what he had done, just by his individual opinion, in the way of keeping church entertainments within proper bounds, and how his letter about the Mormons appealed to every decent person in the Community, no matter to what church they belonged."

The incident referred to was the advertised notice of a public meeting to be held in a convention hall, in Syracuse, in the interests of the Mormon cause. A good deal of notoriety had been given to the proselyting efforts of certain emissaries from Utah, and there was some agitation on the subject. A few days before the date appointed, Bishop Huntington sent a letter to a leading daily paper. In view of the fact that the meeting would be attended by many

under the pretext that they only wanted to see what was going on and hear what the Mormons had to say for themselves, he wrote:—

"A suggestion is made to one class of people, a large class. Will it be altogether vain to ask them, how they can best serve the cause of public purity, domestic order, family welfare, the sanctity of wedlock, a clean civilization, a Christian city and community? One way, a very cheap way, is to express correct sentiments, to denounce the superstition as a sin or ridicule it as a folly. Anti-Mormon societies may be formed with pious platforms and lofty resolves, and a string of officers elected; petitions may be signed, protests issued, sermons preached, missionaries sent out.

"Very well. Let me recommend another way, more simple, more effective, costing you, Christian man or woman, nothing, unless, for the moment, it requires the sacrifice of dubious and inquisitive inclination. Leave the whole occasion to curiosity-hunters, gossips, idlers, those of your neighbors to whom time and self-discipline and irreproachable associations are of no account, and stay away."

The meeting did not take place, and the visiting elders received no further attention.

The Bishop took a prominent part in enlisting support for the Y. M. C. Association. His unwearied labors for the forms of benefaction under his immediate care did not weaken his interest in other lines of work. A number of his Theological students were educated at Syracuse University. He lived within sound of its beautiful chimes, and his relations with the institution were open and cordial. His near neigh-

bor, the chancellor, Dr. J. R. Day, recalls a visit when he found the Bishop, as was usual in his later years, sitting by the blazing logs of the hearth. "He greeted me with the question, 'Were you reared before a fireplace? I suppose you were as you were a New Englander.' But turning to me rather abruptly, as was his way of emphasizing the importance of the subject in hand, sometimes, he said: 'We must do something for the House of the Good Shepherd. We must raise a large sum to put up a thoroughly appointed hospital. But you are about to try to pay the debts of the University; you plan new buildings. I have watched the progress of the University ever since I took up my residence here and it has a first claim on this city, and I would do nothing to turn the attention of the people from it at a time when you are making an effort to secure its financial stability, and provide for the rapidly increasing number of students.'"

Sympathetic to every class of distress, that trait in the Bishop's nature which led him to give credence to all who came to him for help would have affected his private almsgiving if he had not kept to principles of relief worked out by him long before the days of that inexact science known as "Charity organization." To strangers at his doors he would not give money, but provided a night's lodging and a railroad ticket to any point of destination not far distant. He never believed in small loans, preferring to assist the needy in other ways, rather than to run the risk of breaking down their self-respect by permitting them to incur obligations so slight that they would not attempt to discharge them.

Among the difficult cases with which, like all men

in his position, he had to deal, were victims of alcohol and drugs, professional failures, clerical spendthrifts involved in the entanglements of moral weakness. Scrupulous to the smallest detail in his own money matters, the Bishop helped many a disheartened delinquent out of the entanglement of financial embarrassment, sometimes sternly, but always with clear business advice and prompt action. When a transgressor had lost character he readily lent his influence to secure a renewed confidence, and opportunity for employment. After he was eighty years old he took two long journeys on successive days, in uncertain weather, in order to gain clemency from his employers for a defaulter in exile and disgrace. Of all sufferers he was most pitiful to children, and in later years could not hear of such without emotion and immediate steps for relief.

He was always good-natured to interviewers, specially so in the comparative leisure of old age. One of them related that being introduced into the study he found its occupant buried in thought. "He rose and extended his hand in friendly greeting. 'I have come to get a sentiment from you on Thanksgiving, Bishop.'

"He seated himself again and gazed into the fire awhile and then said: —

"'Oh, I don't know. A long list of things. We are thankful for about everything we have. It all comes from above. I don't know what to select out of the multitude of causes for thanksgiving to especially mention.'

"He mused awhile and then said: —

"'You might put it all in one sentence — the Almighty does not deal with us according to our deservings.'"

Among the various applications which come to public men, one of the most frequent is for a free and impromptu expression of opinion on the great questions of the day. Bishop Huntington was never in any sense a political partisan. While willing to talk about the movements of the time, giving attention to progressive measures and the minds of those who prompted them, he took no interest at all in the success of any particular party, whether in local or national affairs. It was no doubt a peculiarity of his nature to stand somewhat aloof, to view events in the character of a prophet or a seer, rather than to take sides in any political controversy. In behalf of civic responsibility he spoke often and earnestly. On the lines which divided the hostile camps, he advocated free trade, and strongly opposed the acquisition of the Philippine Islands. He favored the removal of political disabilities from women, and was much interested in the single-tax reform.

The following letter was written during the Bryan Campaign.

To Rev. J. O. S. Huntington.

The text seems to be "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Is there any such thing as a conscience that is not a social conscience? Can any soul be pious in a Christian sense, that is not actively just, be holy without being serviceable? Will a devotional culture avail without a social and civic usefulness? Which must come first?

Can the one go without the other? It is the question of the time for two parties seeking the kingdom, and wishing to be saved.

What the Church as well as the world needs is to get nearer to God. But what God? What kind of a God? If it is the God in Christ, the answer seems to be, Isolated religion is impossible. A revival or increase of personal piety cannot be had, and ought not to be preached, without a distinct and a conscious purpose to help mankind. I more and more believe that here is where our strength as teachers and preachers ought to be spent, — on making all manner of humane work devout, godly, and all worship practical for the world.

It is certainly interesting to observe, from day to day, the course of the national debate, and the strange, shifting, unexpected turns of the political struggle. One thing is already established, the legitimacy of the bolt. Parties are split to pieces, and the stanchest partisans on both sides are mugwumps. Independent voting is henceforth respectable. It would be a great satisfaction if the *real* underlying interest, the rights of labor, the equality of classes, the overthrow of the money power, could have come before the country unmixed with the squabble about money, so that one could have had a chance to vote for a principle irrespective of the chink of gold or silver, and the financial problem that so few of us understand, and about which men equally good and wise are hopelessly divided. The contest of the war in the sixties had a higher dignity and roused a nobler enthusiasm.

In his address to the Diocesan Convention in June, 1895, the Bishop made this statement: —

"In February a suit brought against me as Bishop to compel the admission of a Presbyter into this

Diocese and the Rectorship of a Parish, from the Diocese of Western New York, came to a unanimous decision by the Supreme Court, on appeal, adverse to the Plaintiffs. The action complained of and the defense rested on a purpose to maintain the honor of the ministry and the law of the Church according to the provisions of Canon 18, Title 1 of the Digest. Comment on events, expressions and measures connected with the contention, which lasted more than two years, is obviously needless, and is withheld. Names and details, if wanted, must be sought elsewhere than in official records. The Parish in question has resumed a position in loyal submission to constituted authority, in harmony with its previous honorable history. Our Diocese as well as the Church at large, is under obligations of gratitude and esteem to the Hon. A. H. Sawyer, of our own Standing Committee, for an exhaustive and weighty argument, which won him the admiration, and encomiums of distinguished judges and lawyers, and which together with the extended opinion of the Court, must be recognized henceforth as conclusive in judicial proceedings and tribunals affecting ecclesiastical government."

This was the only public allusion ever made by Bishop Huntington to the train of annoying circumstances which led to the litigation, and which forced him into an official action he was reluctant to take. With his peace-loving disposition it was a peculiar trial to be at variance with any of his own people. A community like that in which he lived has always a considerable number who side with the complainant of a grievance, whatever it may be; and there was a

popular outcry for the Bishop to defend himself from the charge of ecclesiastical tyranny. This affected him not a whit; but he did feel the unjust and damaging comments in the press, almost bewildered that such sentiments could be stirred up against him. Besides this he resented the circulation of a pamphlet containing anonymous letters derogatory to himself, and he was hurt by the fact that business men, with whom he was on friendly terms, could be connected with its publication and sale. The documents preserved show how patiently he dealt with the parties concerned, how slowly he came to the final step of inhibition, how careful he was to bring no unnecessary personal reproach. That he cherished ill-will towards any concerned there was no evidence from first to last. His joy and relief, when the suit closed favorably and all unpleasantness was ended, showed itself in the fact that among his papers were treasured the many messages and letters of congratulation he received from sympathizing friends within and without the diocese.

Bishop Huntington attended the Triennial Convention at Minneapolis in 1895, the last at which he was ever present. He had hoped to be at the opening service in his old beloved Emmanuel in Boston in 1904. In October, 1895, from Minnesota, he wrote to his son a detailed account of the visit to Faribault, the scene of George Huntington's early experience in teaching. Of the proceedings he says: "The temper is amiable and there is not a great deal of party-spirit. The old party-lines have disappeared. Nothing is said about ritualism, pro or con. Two 'tendencies' appear, but it is not easy to define them; perhaps 'ecclesiasticism'

and 'evangelicalism' would do for terms. But the lines cross, and the types mix. There is a queer hybrid of 'Broad Church' and 'Sacerdotalism,' with a leaning to titular fads and external display. The worst of it is that the philosophy at the bottom of it, if it has any bottom, is Pantheism, confounding Humanity and Deity."

HADLEY, Aug. 30, '96.

TO HIS SON.

My dear James: — Tuesday I drove to B. for a St. Bartholomew Celebration in a tiny Congregational Chapel for the sake of a few summer boarders. I found the roads lovely along the north base of Holyoke, the stone walls picturesque, and the Pansy-farm in Logtown brilliant in floral beauty.

D. is pathetically the same, — an unconscious philosopher, an amiable pessimist. He asked about you, regarding your life, I suppose, as a harmless insoluble mystery.

It is one of the delicious, tender, still autumnal Sundays — the first faint touch of color on the woods, a thin light haze along the hills, the veil deepening the beauty and making it more fascinating, by mystery — imagination widening the narrow realm of knowledge and sense. The cattle seem to dream, lying in the pastures. This morning I took the service and preached at Grace Church, Amherst, and now Mary and I are going out to the five o'clock Prayers — after I look for some forget-me-nots and cardinal flowers.

SYRACUSE, June 1, 1897.

TO L. T. G.

Three weeks from to-day, D. V., we mean to exchange our favored dwelling here, in the smart city

on the scene of my ever busy labors, for the blessed stillness, deep breaths and invisibly peopled solitude of the old Hadley Homestead, — broken only by the songs of many birds, the voices of cattle and the farm, of my companionable and watchful mastiff and St. Bernard, and the steam-whistle deliciously distant, and the whispers and breezes in the elms.

Yesterday I traveled fifty miles, preached, confirmed and traveled back late at night; got up this morning before six, traveled twenty miles, preached and confirmed again; traveled back and held a service in the Hospital and visited patients and have written several hours.

HADLEY, Aug. 22, '97.

To MRS. HUNTINGTON.

We are getting through the Second Sunday. All days here are Sabbatic, — but some nameless, indescribable, felt secret in the air makes the hour different from all others. The Hatfield evening bell has sent its tender notes across the river: the wood pewee is singing his pathetic song in the orchard; the August cricket is piping. A. is taking the vagrant dog to his supper; all else is still after another thundershower. That bell made me homesick for my mother when I was a child; now for you.

Next Sunday I am to pray and preach at the old Hadley Meeting-house, the minister being away. At my north-window "fast falls the Eventide," and I must say good-night.

SYRACUSE, Jan., '98.

To T. E. P.

To some extent it is true, I think, that as the years go on all the Feasts have their interest and gladness,

chiefly in the light and gladness they bring to others rather than ourselves. Life becomes such a serious thing to us, suffering and dissatisfaction form so large an ingredient in the cup; we find it wisest and best to seek our pleasure and content in what we can do for those around us, and in the particular duties near at hand.

SYRACUSE, Jan. 2, 1898.

To J. I. T. C.

The older I grow (and now I can say "next year" of the eightieth) the more religion and the more philosophy I discover in "living by the day." For the rest we must wait till the promised conditions of another and far better age of experience shall give us a larger and closer vision and a deeper acquaintance with the plans and purposes of God. This rule seems to apply to the public affairs of the Nation and even of the Church, as well as to the private experience. I take it as a sign that you have a healthier spirit and a finer faith than mine that you are able to look so hopefully and cheerfully on the world as it is and the times we are living in. Stoutly as I struggle not to shiver among the pessimists, I confess it requires some effort to see signs of increasing devotion, sacrifice, faith, spiritual power. But the future is not ours. And if you, who observe from your post of watchman, see the condition optimistically, surely I, more kept in the midst of the hurly-burly, ought not to despair or even to despond. The future is not ours. "The Lord reigneth." Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. I give thanks for countless mercies.

"Dews in the vale are softly shed,
I hear the sheep-bells ring the chime.

O heart of mine, be quieted.
God will give rest at evening time."

March 18, '98.

To W. H. v. A.

My Fellow-Laborer together with God: — Turning, from your luminous exposition, at once comprehensive and condensed, one finds himself asking, — Why is it that this fair picture of a righteous Society on the earth, where justice and good-will, order and equity, love and peace, are the governing principles of industry and trade, commerce and government, — why is it that it remains a picture only, with no corresponding original or reality, in any continent or corner of the round world, sixty generations after the Son of Man proclaimed His Commonwealth? It is a hard question, a saddening question, an appalling question. It requires not only a disciplined faith but stout nerves, a sound liver, and a good digestion to entertain it without dark dismay. You have said in a clear, consecutive, reasonable and fervent discourse what ought to be said on the great subject, what most needed to be said, and the greater part of what there really was to be said. I am proudly glad that I could put you in my own place in Cleveland.

In my youth I used to give Peace addresses. I don't remember anything that I should want to take back. We are disciples of the Prince of Peace. But Peace has its price, — Right must sometimes be fought for. There are "wars of the Lord." The sufferings of a single campaign or battle are justified if they give emancipation and liberty to ages following. I think a war against Spaniards in behalf of Cubans would be approved of Heaven.

In his address to the Convention the following June, the Bishop alluded to the subject referred to at the close of the preceding letter.

"You may perhaps expect me to say something about the war. There is much about it of which I ought to say nothing, because I do not understand it, and much that might be said has been well enough said already. So far as the motive of the war is humane, it presents a spectacle of national altruism well-nigh unprecedented in history. Nobody but fools can expect it to be ended till the Spanish despotism is broken. Nobody but fiends can wish it to be prolonged. Nobody but atheists can doubt that it will be overruled by Almighty God. Nobody but traitors can refuse to share patriotically in its sacrifices."

Some allusion has already been made to the unhappy separation of the parish of St. James, Syracuse, from its Chief Pastor, during the months of disaffection caused by his inhibitory letter to their minister. In the years subsequent he took a personal interest in its reëstablishment, but financial difficulties increased, consequent upon a heavy mortgage incurred at the time when an attractive edifice on James Street replaced the old structure destroyed by fire. After making great efforts to retain the property, it passed out of the hands of the wardens and vestry by foreclosure sale. Through the courtesy of the purchaser the parish continued occupancy until the autumn of 1898, when all hope for the future seemed gone. This was the source of much distress to the Bishop, who valued highly the history of the first church in the diocese opened on the plan of free-will offerings, under such faithful rectors as Rev.

Henry Gregory and Rev. Joseph M. Clarke. Faith and courage met their reward when in response to the Bishop's appeals, mainly from three friends at a distance, the whole amount necessary to redeem the property was put into his hands. When a telegram brought the last large subscription, on the eve of actual abandonment, he came into the room where his family were sitting, and, after a moment's silence, remarked impressively, "I feel like saying, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.'" The joyful occasion of the consecration took place a few weeks later, Nov. 22, 1898, and was of such significance to the Bishop, who had now, by purchase, a place of worship in the centre of the city, under his own care, that he sent for his sons to be present and take part in the services. With the full concurrence of all concerned, the title was vested in the Parochial Fund of the diocese, a board of trustees appointed, and the name changed to the Church of the Saviour. Henceforth this was the Bishop's Church, although he never called it a Cathedral.

SYRACUSE, Dec., 1898.

To M. C. M.

Here our busy life goes on — and we can hardly stop to think. The marvelous course of events that brought the Church of the Saviour suddenly into my personal ownership, and so transformed everything about it, is almost a new epoch in my long life, as gratifying as it was unexpected. To have a Church and services of my own, is indeed, delightful. There are not many people, but we hope to gather a flock by hard and patient work.

Walnut Place, Dec. 22. '98.

To C. A. F.

Puritan Day and Church Day come near together — both, I trust, to the honor of Him who came to bring Peace and Good-will on this disturbed and confused and too warlike earth. I find it difficult to accommodate my old ideas, in my eightieth year, to the new notions. But old friendships and old friends remain, in spite of armies and battles and politics, and the wear and tear of time.

Our blessings are many. My unexpected resumption of Parish duties is both a joy and a care. H. and the girls say it makes me ten years younger. But they can't change the record of the Almanac and the Family Bible.

I have read of the architectural changes at "Emmanuel." Of course it cannot be to me what it has been. Nothing external is changeless. It would be a sad thing to think of, if the inner traces of my nine years' service should be as evanescent as the fashion of the building. Grateful for the Past we can count it chief among our Christmas satisfactions that we have "a building of God, not made with hands."

With affectionate remembrance of you all,

Faithfully,

F. D. H.

Jan. 22, 1899.

I have come in from Sunday service at the Church of the Saviour, full of interest to me, where I preach a good deal, but I have no time for Pastoral services, and am therefore discontented. No Parish can prosper without them.

Syracuse, March 10, '99.

To E. H. C.

My dear Brother: — At your desire I will try to reach Utica soon after three, and will go directly to the Parsonage. There is no occasion for the formality of meeting me at the Station. The special confirmation service on week-days is quite short. If I follow my own preference I shall preach a sermon from the pulpit. My idea is that, with present prevailing worldliness and religious apathy, within the Church and without, especially at this season, the voice of the pulpit should be searching and solemn rather than cheering and encouraging. Short addresses are well enough, but they are apt, I fear, to leave an impression that is fragmentary and superficial.

I hardly ever stay away from home now over night. I do it, in this instance, on account of what I suppose to suit the industries of the St. Andrew's people.

May the Holy Spirit bless your preparations, and grant us a token of His presence and power.

With sincere affection and confidence, and joy in your hearty good-will,

F. D. Huntington.

The relations of a bishop to his clergy and through them to his flock are too manifold and often too personal to be dealt with satisfactorily in a slight sketch of a single prelate. Much of the labor for the parishes seems like mere organization: the filling of vacancies, the placing of substitutes, the provision for church building, the hearing and settling of unimportant differences between members of vestries, sometimes between the minister and his people. But in all these

an element is introduced which requires patience, consideration, and justice. In these qualities Bishop Huntington was not wanting; indeed, his concern for the maintenance of good-will inclined him to give unwearied attention to everything which affected the harmony of a congregation. His sympathy for the poorly paid incumbents of the country cures was very great. It was a continual sorrow to him that the resources of the Missionary Board and the low estimate placed upon the services of a preacher kept salaries so low. Like other bishops similarly placed, he endeavored as far as possible to ease the burden through such gifts as he could make with the means at his command. When he had occasion to rebuke, it was with sternness, sometimes hastily, and in what bore the appearance of an arbitrary temper. In old age, trifles irritated him, especially in the line of his temperamental prejudices. Some things he never patiently tolerated, acts which he considered intrusive in the conduct of worship, or marks of individual deference which he deemed uncalled for.

Such an incident was related by one of his clergy. "He was always ready with a certain quickness of temper to resent any homage paid to himself; and his disgust at being made an object of foolish admiration was always profound and sometimes energetic. I once heard him protest with a kind of whimsical fierceness, very disconcerting to a maladroit young clergyman, who sought to force him into an eminence which he refused, 'Your Bishop, sir, is neither a sage nor a hero, but only an old servant of the Master, who amid many humbling limitations and many humiliating failures is doing what he can.'"

His own sensitiveness was easily wounded by distrust or want of confidence, and to a corresponding extent he was ready to make amends if he found he had done unconscious wrong or censured too severely. When he had cause to make unsparing criticism, either of the substance of a sermon or some ill-advised action, he would take pains afterwards to express commendation. Towards those from whom he differed he strove to be perfectly fair, however strong his predispositions to the contrary might be. An illustration of this was given in one of the memorial sermons preached in a Central New York pulpit after his death. "His soul abhorred show, ostentation, and pageant. This naturally extended towards change or innovation in the matter of the text of the ritual laid down in the Prayer-book, or established by long custom. In the early days of his episcopate, the revival of ritual and ceremonial in the Church disturbed and annoyed him. Yet here the man of integrity manifested itself." [1] The speaker then referred to a "Pastoral" issued by the Bishop several years before, in which he protested against the use of wafers in the Sacrament, not only on the ground that it was not a primitive practice, but arguing that the material in itself was not bread. When convinced by some of his clergy of his error in this particular, he sent out another letter withdrawing that form of his objection.

With only a few of his presbyters was he really intimate, but with them he was very unreserved, putting entire faith in their discretion. He was exceedingly unwilling ever to suspect anything like

[1] Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss.

double-dealing in those with whom he associated, giving implicit confidence. No doubt this led to mistakes which were ascribed to the weakness of indiscriminate sympathy, but were rather due to the habit of attributing to others an honesty of purpose which was a distinguishing trait of his own character. On the loyalty and devotion of his clergy he had good reason to depend, and it was a constant subject of gratitude. He rejoiced especially in the progress of the young men who studied with him, and was ready to advance their interests even at a loss to himself. Although he strictly exacted the service of the diaconate, he never tried to retain a priest when a call came to a wider field of usefulness. It was always a matter of pride with him that he was largely instrumental in sending one of his most trusted presbyters to a Missionary Bishopric. Another, who exchanged a city parish for one in an adjoining diocese, said in a memorial sermon: —

"The simplicity of his mode of living at once awed and won. Here one saw the actual embodiment of that high thinking and plain living so much extolled, so rarely practiced even by bishops. The strength and dignity of his conversation, redolent with wisdom and lightened by flashes of humor, mingled with strains of pungent shrewdness, attracted, stimulated, and uplifted. You felt the touch of a widely observing man, but chiefly realized the sanctifying power of the man of God. In the homes of the clergy he left the abiding benediction of a sane saintliness, and everywhere he kept alive men's innate respect for religious reality and the seriousness of life." [1]

[1] Rev. Wm. D. Maxon.

In the same month as the consecration of the Church of the Saviour, Syracuse, a similar ceremony took place at St. Joseph's, Rome, almost as joyful to the Bishop, who held close relations to the parish from its beginning. In the autumn of 1876 a congregation of Germans, under the Roman obedience, had become alienated from their own communion and applied to Bishop Huntington for a pastor. There was a good property, although heavily encumbered. The whole number, about fifty families, was received formally by Bishop Huntington, and a German clergyman placed in charge. Through many discouragements the people held bravely together and the parish prospered, a gradual accession of English-speaking members taking place. The discharge of the indebtedness was a matter of deep anxiety to the head of the diocese, and its final accomplishment, in great measure through his own persistent efforts, filled him with thankfulness.

On the feast of the Annunciation, 1898, Bishop Huntington preached the sermon at the consecration of Rev. Henry Satterlee as Bishop of Washington. Dr. Satterlee in asking this service wrote to him: "As the question of Churchmanship was foremost in my mind when I decided to accept the new Bishopric, I turn to you with almost a passion of longing, and in the hope that the first seed of those new traditions that will grow up in the new diocese will be planted in your sermon. I think that many of the clergy of Washington are going to be present. They will be both in a receptive mood for the highest truths of the Incarnation and for receiving their bishop as the 'Witness of the Resurrection,' and you are the

one of all others, to speak that word. Please do not say *nay*."

HADLEY, Aug. 24, '99.

To L. S. H.

Our summer has been graciously ordered, with about the usual amount of desired and needed stillness. The position here, and our past, make the place one of a great deal of coming and going, — a kind of social and kinsfolk Caravansary. But there has been no sickness or accident. The atmospheres have been singularly luminous; the sunsets so full of glow and beauty as to make one wish that they might be fair symbols of the final sunset that is in another Western sky.

We have been a great deal in the open air. This week all our children have been with us, and all Ruth's children, with their father, and George's daughter Catharine, a rich blessing. I have preached but once, and then to a Congregational flock across the river. Silence suits me best. Mary has gone to-day to Boston with our friend Canon Benham's daughter, from London, our visitor for a month.

SYRACUSE, April 1, 1901.

TO HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, H. S. S.

Your description of the water and the land, and sky and cloud, at the bridge, renewed my homesick wish, that it was my lot to live in that Valley of beauty and vision all the year round. I shall never have any other "Home" in this world. To have been born there is one of my three chief blessings. To have open eyes, bodily and mental eyes, for natural scenery,

for landscape and the shapings and light of clouds you will find a lifelong source of delight, satisfaction, and religious comfort. The writer who does most, I think, to quicken and kindle that relish is Ruskin, especially in "Modern Painters."

WALNUT PLACE, May 29, 1901.

To M. N. T.

There can be no question of the manifest superiority of the hymn of Lampertus. I shall keep this version among my hymnic treasures, with the *Dies Iræ* and the "Mother dear." Gilmore's "He leadeth me" (our 616) always affects me, with the music, when I hear it sung. You remember old "Hymns for the Church of Christ"? Last week some one sent me from Boston a copy of the Programme of the great Unitarian Anniversary Festival. To my utter surprise it appeared that a hymn of mine, of which I had quite forgotten the authorship or the existence, was sung in chorus by the multitude. I take it as a proof of Edward Hale's *genuine* liberality. The same mail brought me a most cordial birthday greeting from our R. C. Bishop Ludden, here. Can the Millennium be at hand?

During the winter of 1902 there was the first acknowledged slackening of the Bishop's wonderful vitality. A few lines printed in the "Gospel Messenger," touchingly express his consciousness of enfeebled energies.[1]

[1] *The Gospel Messenger*, November, 1902: "An Old Man's Old Testament Petitions."

"Far on, from hill to hill, my road runs, O my friendliest Friend!
Less free my plodding feet, less sure my step, less keen my sight.
Yet in the fading West keep for me to the end
Thy morning pledge — 'At evening-time it shall be light!'"

SYRACUSE, April 2, 1902.

To M. C. M.

I shall not go this month to the meeting of the House of Bishops, in Cincinnati. Limits are Providentially set in the eighty-third year for hard undertakings. Mercies are abundant in home and Diocese, but liberty and endurance are less. No, I was not of any Millionaire's party, not I! Some of my utterances would hardly suit them, though I mean to be fair to them. Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master — and worldliness is the anti-Christ of our age and land.

The Willowdale Mission has already been mentioned. The Bishop wrote of it: "When the time comes for the whole story, it will need a rare biographer. Probably I shall not be here to read it; but my knowledge of the woman, saturated and steeped in confiding love, is better." In a letter to her at Eastertide, 1898: "Whether there is peace or war among the nations, on land or sea, there will be a holy happiness with you. I expect to be with two or three Flocks here. How many more Easters can an Octogenarian expect to keep? Will you not give an Athanasian greeting to dear C. S. for me?"

In 1901 he wrote, planning for his visit thither a trip to include two confirmations and three drives, between early morning and night: "I shall get a conveyance in Geneva, and trouble nobody in mind, body,

or pocket. A rule of prudence requires me to pass nights at home. I am bidden to confine my public performances — which will be daily and almost continuous till Convention — to the simple administration of the Ordinance of Confirmation. Social incidents, hospitalities, such as I have often enjoyed under your roof must be set aside. These are signs that I am traveling towards sunset."

And once more:—

Syracuse, May 31, 1902.

To M. E. H.

My dear M., dearly beloved: — The hurry-scurry of this week and month is nearly over, and to-morrow is Rest, and so is the Great To-morrow.

My journal shows a mixed record, but mostly of good things, and all of God's mercies, — six ordinations of Deacons, and one of Priests, and ever so many confirmations. Bishop Walker has made me a little visit, and evidently enjoyed his generous service all around.

Pray for the perilous election of a Coadjutor.

At the Diocesan Convention in June, 1893, Bishop Huntington signified his Canonical consent to the election of a Coadjutor. Pending any further action provision was made that he should have such assistance in Episcopal duties as should become necessary. A sum was also set apart to afford him the aid of a secretary. To this post he appointed Dr. Joseph M. Clarke, a godly and esteemed presbyter, to whom he was indebted for many valuable offices, although he seldom found it possible to avail himself of help in

his correspondence. As the years passed, the bishops of Montana and of Western New York both kindly held confirmations at times when the Bishop of the diocese was disabled, and the question of permanently lightening the duties of the Episcopate, brought up at succeeding Conventions, was finally left to the Standing committee, awaiting further action of the Bishop. In May, 1902, age and infirmity pressed so heavily that with much reluctance Bishop Huntington felt compelled to ask for relief. A notice was sent by him to the clergy, parishes, and missions, announcing his intention to request the election of a Coadjutor at the coming Convention. Pursuant to this decision, action was immediately taken to make suitable provision for an assistant, and the solemn choice was made on June 11, 1902, of the Rev. Charles Tyler Olmsted, Vicar of St. Agnes' Church, New York, as Coadjutor Bishop of Central New York. The event was one of unmitigated satisfaction to Bishop Huntington, who had already learned to bestow confidence and affection upon one who was for fifteen years a presbyter of his own diocese, while rector of Grace Church, Utica, and who in churchmanship and character approved himself as a faithful watchman and shepherd of the flock.

The consecration took place on October 2, at Grace Church, Utica, Bishop Huntington acting as the presiding bishop.

SYRACUSE, May 29, 1902.

To M. C. M.

We hope to get off to Hadley before the 26th of June. If the Convention elects a Coadjutor, there will be of course unusual interest. Pray for us that there

may not be prejudice, or partisanship, or needless excitement. My need of relief and help is beyond question, for the infirmities of age are coming on.

HADLEY, July 11, 1902.

To G. C. R.

Letters from all parts of the Diocese show a general contentment with the election. The papers are in due preparation and there seems to be no reason why the consecration should not, D. V., take place towards the end of September. All the appointments — time, place, Consecrator, Presentor, preacher — are subject to the direction of the Presiding Bishop or his Deputy. On all these matters there is no voice of authority except the omniscient newspaper. The rest is conjecture.

The stillness here is delicious. We do not feel the world's rush; certainly we do not hear its roar. Did you see Jerome's sarcasm at the "Springfield Republican;" the Paper that holds that "whatever is is wrong"? It has another maxim: "Whatever is wrong is to be made right by being exposed or shown up."

Haying is late. I spend most of my time in the three R.'s — reading, writing, and *riding*, not "'rithmetic" — with a liberal allowance for sleep. There is some pain and I can walk but little.

I have myself an abiding belief that all classes of sensible and thoughtful men keep, deep down in their better minds, — even the "men of the world" themselves, — respect for those ministers of Christ, preachers of the Gospel, and spiritual guides of souls, who deny themselves some indulgences, avoid some

entertainments, abstain from some political contests, just because they have a vocation to which they are in honor bound, provided they do it in a common-sense, cheerful, modest, manly fashion.

WALNUT PLACE, SYRACUSE, Sept. 27, 1902.

To M. C. M.

We have said a regretful good-by to the old Home, the only home I can ever have in this world. The blessings of the summer have been countless — children and grandchildren coming and going, and all upright; friends too, a limit set to pain, a long life continued in peace.

You see I am to have an assistant to whom I can assign my work that I am not equal to. His consecration is to be at Utica next Thursday, D. V. If you get this, pray for us specially. I believe he is a true man and minister.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 19, 1902.

To C. H. T.

We have neither some distresses nor bewildering exultations. My Assistant saves me the discomfort and weariness of travel. Excepting a chronic and painful lumbago, my endurance and strength enable me to call myself well, and I am thankful and content, as I rejoice to observe you are.

That is our ample estate, our wealth, our title for an inheritance that fadeth not away.

I have just read Prof. James's "Lectures on the Varieties of Religious Experience," but get no nourishment or foothold, only a discovery that he has no belief of his own.

The merciful Father grant you patience, and continue your peace.

Faithfully and cordially,

F. D. Huntington.

Syracuse, Feb. 18, 1903.

To J. M.

We shall be thankful when you shall have looked long enough toward the Pacific sea and the Western sky. Sunsets are well enough in their time and place: sometimes they are beautiful enough to be gateways of glory, preludes to songs and splendors beyond; but after all, their richest significance is that they are a preparation and fore-token of another Day and a Light to come. So if you tarry awhile in the country of evening it is that you may be refreshed and recruited for a to-morrow of strength and labor where labor lies and loving hearts are watching and waiting for you. It seems long. It must seem longer to you, without the Home and the home-faces and voices: for voices and faces alike reveal the soul. You can realize the line in Gray's immortal Elegy: "The plowman homeward plods his weary way."

Your plowing has been in a large "field." Mine has been small. I have never spent so inactive a winter. On Sundays I generally find Sabba-day work, but the other six days I am apt to be by my wood-fire, or if I go out in the cold, I rarely get much further than Salina Street. If somebody does n't stir me up I shall get incorrigibly lazy. The daily mail keeps me awake till bedtime, — sometimes with sympathy, sometimes with vexation.

Lent is coming and ought to put us in mind that there is another world than this and a better one.

Most cordially and affectionately,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

From Northampton, where Bishop Huntington passed Easter, 1903, with his daughter and her family: —

EASTER DAY, — afternoon.

TO MRS. HUNTINGTON.

"The Lord is Risen!"

G. met me this morning with Viking. The roads everywhere are alive with people. I came back here for the service. The valley is fine in the sunshine.

Hearing the various accounts of men and things, and then passing out alone into the unchanged scenery of the landscape, the contrast struck me between the human and the divine, the mortal and the everlasting. "Lord, Thou hast been our *dwelling-place* in all generations." There, in the graveyard, was lying the body of the oldest of my family: I the youngest moving by it; many changes between then and now, and yet all how transitory! But the Feast of the Resurrection survives. One act, one Person, one Morning, changes the history of the world and the character of mankind as a race.

WALNUT PLACE, May 31, 1903.

TO M. N. T.

The years multiply. The surface of life shifts, the figures change. But friendship and affections abide unaltered.

The last week, H. and I have been in Boston and Hadley. We had but two days for talks and duties in

Cambridge and the neighborhood, except Sunday at Emmanuel. It was much impressed upon me how many of those I had well known and cared for had gone — how few are left.

The last time when the family, children and grandchildren, were gathered together at the old homestead was on Sept. 4, 1903, in honor of a rare event, — the sixtieth anniversary of the parents' marriage. Since the Golden Wedding ten years before no break had occurred in the circle, and two little children, the youngest grandsons, were added to it. The whole number were together but twenty-four hours, but the brief time passed in happy and grateful intercourse, and the family prayers that morning in the Bishop's study were a beautiful and solemn commemoration.

Another interest in the occasion, especially among the older grandsons, members of the sixth generation since the house was built, arose from the fact that in that month of September, just one hundred and fifty years had elapsed since Moses Porter raised the roof-tree.

Syracuse, Oct., 1903.

To a Granddaughter, H. S. S.

It is almost a month since we were turned out of the Hadley Paradise into the wide world. Perhaps your school-scenery and school-life do not feel exactly like the wide world. But we are better for some limitations. They may be large or small, broad or narrow, but God's Providence has so made us, and so arranged the conditions of our life, that it is best for us to act, to work, to expend our sympathies and interest and influence, within certain bounds. To be sure, it is com-

BISHOP AND MRS. HUNTINGTON, 1895

mon to talk of "society" as if it were something so advantageous and profitable that the bigger it is, and the more one knows of it, the better. But then it is a very mixed thing in itself everywhere; it is full of excesses and follies and dangers; it is apt to be superficial; it may hurt the independence and dignity of individual or personal womanhood or manhood; and all that we really need to know of it can generally be learned in a refined family, in a school like yours, or in a carefully chosen and guarded circle.

Some people think it is enough to conform decently to the popular standard, without considering that it is every one's duty to help make the "popular standard" what it ought to be. You will take your principles and rules of conduct and opinions from a higher source than the customs and fashions that prevail about you. This trait, I am glad to believe, is hereditary in the Huntington-Phelps blood.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 19, 1903.

To W. H. C.

My dear Brother: — The language of Canon 17 seems to warrant you in asking and allowing any devout person to read one or both of the lessons at morning or evening Prayer, without ordination. This privilege is not forfeited, I suppose, by the circumstance that the lay-reader may have been made, or has acted, as a minister, preacher, or pastor, of a non-episcopal congregation.

If I am ever disposed to desire a large Episcopal authority, it is in order that I may exercise a larger liberty in setting aside some of the more minute rubrical and ecclesiastical prohibitions and require-

ments which may be necessary, in their general operation, to Church-order and regularity, but which do sometimes come in conflict with reason or common sense.

I wish you strength and peace, in Family and Flock, at the coming Feast and always and evermore.

Affectionately and faithfully,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

WALNUT PLACE, Jan. 5, 1904.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If all people that were seeking the Truth had their faces set one way, all moving in one direction, only at different distances, and by various and devious routes, the sermon, which I have just read, would be not only able but admirable. I wish I could be sure that I understand it; so far as I do, it recognizes no such thing as false or dangerous error, there is room in God's plan for every possible kind and degree of heresy. In fact there is logically no such thing as heresy. The line between Truth and Falsehood disappears; nobody can tell at all where it runs. "The faith" is either an abstraction or a phantom. The Church is the world and everybody is a Churchman, Sin is utterly ignored. Nobody is willing or intending to do wrong, or to think wrong. Orthodoxy is a phantasy or a dream. If there is Catholicity at all, Doctrine, Dogma, is not an element in it.

The sermon ends with an open, distinct, unqualified proclamation that the one only condition of admission to the Kingdom of God is — Love, — which in my opinion is the one perilous, destructive, plausible, widespread and spreading delusion of Christendom, the antichrist that successfully tempts Unitarians, Universal-

ists, rationalists, Broad-Churchmen, neologists of every description.

In the division of episcopal duties with his co-adjutor, Bishop Huntington retained, as his own share, the ordination of priests, with visitations in the fourth Missionary district, comprising the city of Syracuse, Onondaga and several counties adjacent. Through the following season he was able to keep his appointments in this limited area and to preside at the annual Convention in June. During the summers of extreme age he lacked sufficient strength to perform public work, and, for the only time in his long life, did no Sunday duty in the vacation, but was content to worship with his wife and children at one of the churches in the neighborhood — either at Grace, Amherst, or at St. John's, Northampton. The last record of preaching in the Connecticut Valley was one Sunday in August, 1899, when he was rowed across the river, from his own meadow to the opposite bank, and walked through the fields to the Hatfield meeting-house, where he spoke to the assembled congregation.

Under that pulpit his grandfather's family had often sat in the days of the Revolution; and its preacher, in his own youth, Dr. Lyman,[1] was by marriage a family connection. Associations with the past and the

[1] Rev. Joseph Lyman, D. D. was born in Lebanon, Conn., in 1749. He graduated from Yale College with high honors, and served as pastor of the Congregational Church in Hatfield for over half a century. "He ascribed much of his pastoral success to his wife, whose ruling aim seemed to be to promote his usefulness." She was Hannah, daughter of Simon Huntington, of Lebanon. Simon's elder brother Samuel was the grandfather of Rev. Dan Huntington, father of Bishop Huntington.

sense of neighborly relations were of strong influence upon the Bishop, who gladly responded to an opportunity to carry the word of God to this flock so near his home.

In the last winter of his life he confirmed in several parishes near Syracuse, finding satisfaction in the ability to continue his official labors. He preached once at the Church of the Saviour, and held an Ordination of Priests at Calvary; and, in the absence of a regular minister at the Church of St. John the Divine, attended the services several Sundays, celebrating the communion and taking charge of the affairs of the parish. Excepting afternoon confirmations in the city churches, and the accustomed Sunday vesper services at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, which he never missed except in actual illness, these were the only ministrations of the closing months of his life.

He continued each month to attend the meetings of the Hospital trustees, business discussions often trying and perplexing, through the many questions to be settled, in all of which he felt a deep concern. He also presided on the board of the "Shelter for Unprotected Girls" and at the monthly meetings of the managers of the State Institution for the Feeble-minded. His sympathy for personal afflictions, especially those of children, and his early friendship for the founder, Dr. Wilbur, led him, when he first came to Syracuse, to take an interest in this work. From a similar feeling he was led to realize the neglected religious condition of the deaf-mutes, scattered through his diocese, — "the silent people of his flock" as he called them, — and he appointed a priest to minister to them in the sign-language, and

secured a support through the Junior Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary.

In February a sudden chill came as a premonitory sign of failing strength, and though he rallied quickly, other attacks followed, with a severe cold, which laid him up through most of Lent.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 26, 1904.

To G. C. R.

After fourteen days indoors, with neuralgia and some depression, I have been out relishing the invigorating air and sunshine. Winter holds on, Spring must be somewhere behind the hills. In how many ways God teaches us that we are weak, and that only He is strong! The "Shelter" and "Hospital" are full.

You must find it needs a stock of spirits to keep up cheerfully among the unhappy. Or are they all happy, in their way?

We have "Walks in New England," &c., &c., but Nature always outwits the painters and story-tellers.

SYRACUSE, April 1, 1904.

To M. O'S.

My very dear Fellow-Pilgrim: — I hope this will find you somewhere, and find you in health and peace. It is not wholly a peaceful world or society; but we have no real war, only confusion coming of wrong desires and clashing interests and ungoverned passions. Our business, plainly, is not to add to them; Good Friday helps to that. Our winter, God's winter, has been very merciful to us, and here we are, growing old, and not accomplishing much, but praying for one

another, giving thanks and waiting. At Hadley I have a change of farmers, a venture, — Providence remains there from year to year. We seem to hear less and less from Berkshire, or "Berkshire Mary." The grandchildren are fine.

Love forever,

F. D. H.

WALNUT PLACE, May, 1904.

To M. R. H.

You never forget the return of my birthday and you faithfully anticipate the eighty-fifth. It is not easy for me to realize that the years are so many, for my endurance and activity continue and my faculties are not much impaired. H. and our two daughters are our housemates. Ruth with her three bright and good children are at Northampton, and we see much of them in summer. My sympathy with you in your weakness is most sincere. May it be with you as it was with the old English poet: —

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

The happy days at the South Congregational are kept in mind.

Love and blessing for you, in whatever of life it shall please God to grant us, to the end.

With thanks and confidence,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

With the coming on of spring the Bishop was able to take his daily walks, making his way slowly to the Hospital, or across the park to the electric cars, and through the city streets, to the bank, the bookstore,

the news-stand, chatting cheerily with those he met. Much of the time at home, when not at his desk, where writing became evidently more and more of an effort, he would sit by the fire, with a book in his hand but not reading much, or resting on a couch in the family room. In the evenings he found diversion in playing backgammon with a kind neighbor, for whose company he would frequently send. A few times he spent a half hour with his trusted adviser Rev. Dr. Babcock, who had also grown enfeebled by age. Although he talked of making one more visit to Utica, among the friends there who were endeared to him through years of affectionate intercourse, the energy for a day's travel did not come. He could not carry out his intention to be present at the opening services of Holy Cross House, at West Park, built by the Order of which his son Father Huntington was Superior. He wrote to Rev. George Huntington that he hoped to see him there on that occasion, but they never met again in this world.

On his birthday, in beautiful May weather, he enjoyed a short trip to Cazenovia with his wife, making the journey to baptize a little grandson of his old friend Bishop Stevens, in St. Peter's Church.

Although it seemed at one time very doubtful whether he would be able to attend the annual Convention of the diocese in Rome, on the second Tuesday in June, he made the usual preparation, and before the time came his bodily strength returned remarkably. Mrs. Huntington accompanied him thither to the house of friends. He went and came without signs of fatigue, leaving the business to be conducted by Bishop Olmsted, the Coadjutor; and delivered his

address with all the power and animation of earlier days.

After the statistical report he continued:—

"Calling to mind the fact that we stand with the best minds of the best thinkers and students, both of the Hebrew monotheism and Gentile speculation, we see that in the Church we are in the midst of the ceaseless conflict between the divine and human, between the natural and the spiritual, between what God made man to be and what man has made himself to be, and that we are as individuals responsible for the issue of the struggle. By any mental measurement, all the intellectual subtleties of the Athenian and Alexandrian philosophy were overmatched by a Nazarene carpenter and two fishermen on the banks of the Jordan and the Lake of Galilee, with a tent-maker from Tarsus. The voice from the Mount of Olives and the Cross at Calvary sounds unaltered from age to age, and we have heard it and we believe it. Even the wisest of the Neo-Platonists were responsible for the paradox: 'This world is the best of all possible worlds and everything in it is a necessary evil;' and neither Pantheism nor all the Dualism from the early Greeks to St. Paul has been able to reconcile that contradiction. It is most impressive and most pathetic to see nevertheless in history, how the inwrought idea of a 'something,' a power and a presence, beyond all mortal forces or phenomena, has survived in spite of all theological theories and systems. By a few simple New Testament affirmations our foothold is established and our place made secure. 'I came forth from God and am come into the world;' 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth

alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit;' 'This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;' 'My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me;' 'I and my Father are one.'"

At the close he said: "The required work of my calling has not been beyond my strength and endurance. The relief afforded by the Coadjutor, always ready and willing, is ample. There is room with me for reflection and reasonable rest, with freedom from troublesome anxiety. Spoken and written assurances and tokens of confidence made the 28th of May bright and cheerful for me and my family, as the earth and sky were full of the blended beauty of spring and summer. The inevitable mortal decline is gradual, and so far is partial. All that is needful in the attention and assistance of the clergy is offered and provided, and the benefits are not wholly obscured by my keen regret at having learned so little in a lengthened life, by experience and study, and at having forgotten so much of what I once knew. The Divine Providence to Christ's ministers never fails."

CHAPTER XII

THE JOURNEY ENDED

"The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace."

In all the thirty-five years of his Episcopate it was Bishop Huntington's custom to close the year's work after Convention with attendance at the graduating exercises of St. John's School, Manlius, and for nearly that length of time he had been present at those of Keble School, Syracuse. This latter, in June, 1904, completed its long and successful history, and sent out its last class. The Bishop presented the diplomas, with the same graceful and appropriate greetings and words of Godspeed, as in the days of old.

The last entry ever made in the record of Sunday ministrations, begun in 1842, was of confirmation at All Saints Church, Syracuse, on the morning of June 19. That afternoon the Bishop read Evening Prayer in the chapel at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, the closing service of his Episcopate.

Once more only did he ever make utterance in public. On Monday he and his family left Syracuse, reaching the beloved Hadley home that evening after a long and wearisome journey. In the mail waiting for him was a pressing invitation to attend the Commencement exercises the next day at Smith College, and make the opening prayer. He arose at five o'clock and, seated

at his study-table, wrote out the petitions which he offered that morning in the College chapel. One who was present said of them after his death: "Bowed with the weight of years, but with much of the old resonance in his voice, his words had the authority of a stainless life behind them; they bore the impress of long familiarity with the best devotional literature; they were nobly simple and inclusive of the widest human interests." [1]

During the week that followed, the power and associations of the past asserted themselves in spite of failing attention and evident inability to read or write. The Bishop drove once more through the wood-paths of his farm, wandered in the meadow and sat dreamily watching the haymakers. Even when his nights were broken, he could pass the time out of doors through the day, and drive about a little; one day attending for a few minutes the graduation exercises of Hopkins Academy, the school of his boyhood. On Sunday he went to St. John's Northampton, having in the seat with him the granddaughter who, since her babyhood, had been his favorite companion. The next morning, though manifestly more feeble, his first thought was a promise to bring his daughter and her children from their home in Northampton to the house at Pine Grove.

As he drove down the valley and across the river, he remarked on the perfection of the landscape under a radiant June sky, the lights and shadows on the mountains, the rich verdure of the meadows, and the peace and restfulness of the countryside.

In the twilight that evening he sat for awhile under

[1] *The Outlook*, July 23, 1904.

the old elm tree planted by his grandfather, the farm dog on the grass at his feet. Two hours later one of the sudden chills came on, which marked the beginning of some serious disorder, plainly connected with the wearing out of the brain, for his mind wandered from the first and became more and more clouded. There was much pain and restlessness, but he was comforted by the presence of his wife and daughters, and happy to greet his younger son when he came for a few days. He was quite unaware that the eldest born was lying ill at the rectory at Hanover.

At first there seemed reason to hope that the wonderful constitution which had stood the strain of eighty-five years of activity would rally from this sharp attack, and the failure of strength was hardly perceptible. On Saturday, the morning of July 9, the doctor asked him how he was, and he replied quite clearly, "Purified as by fire." These were the last articulate words, strikingly in accord with the spirit of his verses written not long before:—

"Come, when pain's throbbing pulse in brain and nerves is burning,
O form of Man! that moved among the faithful three,
These earth-enkindled flames to robes of glory turning;
Walk 'through the fire,' peace-giving Son of God, with me!"

Sight and hearing seemed to fail after that, and when his physician, a family friend, arrived from Syracuse that evening, he could not recognize her. Messages of love and sympathy, which multiplied when the fact of his extreme illness became known, never reached his ears; but the many prayers offered from hearts all over the land surely brought peace and sustaining strength to the departing soul. On Monday, when the Commendatory prayers were read

in the quiet sick-room by the rector of St. John's Church, the soul was very near its release. All that day the sweet breath from the new-mown hay was wafted in at the open windows, and the sounds of homely toil in the fields could be heard, but he who had loved it all so well lay unconscious, as the tide of life ebbed peacefully away.

Before the sun sank low in the west, that hour so often dwelt upon by him with pathetic longing, the light eternal shone upon his vision.

He was laid to rest beside his father and mother, brothers and sisters, in the old cemetery where ancestors for generations had slept. There was no opportunity for pomp and ceremonial in the simple country funeral, and it was what he would have liked best. By a strange and mysterious dispensation Rev. George Huntington, the older son, was taken away suddenly, while suffering from a low fever, just two hours after his father breathed his last; and his sons brought him back to the homestead to be laid in the earth at the same time. The old "Long room" had been often the scene of holy rites, — baptisms, marriages, and many a service of prayer and praise. There the family, with two clergymen, the Bishop's successor in office and his first assistant in Emmanuel Church, recited the creed and listened to the glorious Scripture lesson for the Burial of the Dead. At the grave, clergy and choristers in their robes, from near and far, with friends and neighbors, gathered for the solemn Committal. The day was beautiful, full of promise of the better world to come.

During the services a slight veil covered the sky, but when the uplifted voices reached the sixth verse

of the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labors rest," a brilliant shaft of light from the sinking sun broke across the vistas of hillside and meadow, kindling the vestments of those ministering into an almost unearthly radiance, with a reminder to the assembled worshipers of that other "golden evening" which "brightens in the West" and of the "yet more glorious Day."

"THEN I HEARD IN MY 'DREAM' THAT ALL THE BELLS OF THE CITY RANG FOR JOY."

APPENDIX

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

I. Moses Porter's grandfather, Samuel Porter, was the first male child born in Hadley, and his great-grandmother, Sarah Westwood, the first bride. She married Aaron Porter, a son of Aaron, who accompanied the Colonists from Dorchester, Massachusetts, to Windsor, Connecticut; was active in the Indian wars, a famous slayer of wolves, and, finally, a Major under Governor Andros. He went with the settlers to Northampton, at the special request of his minister, Rev. Mr. Mather; built a homestead on the hill where the Forbes Library now stands, and was buried in the old graveyard. His name and deeds are commemorated by a handsome monument erected by a descendant, the father of the late Professor Josiah Parsons Cooke, of Harvard College.

II. Rev. John Whiting was closely connected with the Regicide judges, Goffe and Whalley, and is known to have been the secret medium for their correspondence with Increase Mather.

His second wife, Phoebe, an ancestress whose memory Bishop Huntington always cherished, was the daughter of Thomas Gregson, an active member of the New Haven Colony, and intimately associated with its pastor, Rev. John Davenport. After her husband's death, Mrs. Whiting became the third wife of his

friend, Rev. John Russell, rightly called "the Hero of Hadley," since it was through his courage, endurance, and unflinching fidelity to the trust imposed in him that the Regicides were concealed under his roof for many years. Phoebe survived him, and spent the last years of her life in New Haven. It may be worthy of note that Rev. John Whiting was the ancestor of General Ulysses Grant, whose line comes down through the first wife.

III. Mrs. Pitkin's grave is to be found, with the headstone marking it, in the Hadley burying-ground, next to the raised sandstone tablet on which, in rude characters, overgrown with lichens, is inscribed the epitaph of her stepfather, Parson Russell. She died in 1753, only a few months before the completion of the old homestead.

IV. Connecticut traditions have preserved the story of William Pitkin's sister Martha, who came from England to visit him, and was persuaded by a company of her admirers to remain and select one of their number as a husband, her choice falling upon Henry Wolcott of Windsor. The worthies of the colony maintained that she ought not to be permitted to go back to the old country, because "the stock was too good." History seems to bear out their prediction, since from this ancestress came a long line of distinguished men, beginning with Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence. and including some thirty judges and seven governors of states, the latest being the lamented Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts.

V. Bethia Throop, the paternal grandmother of Frederic Dan Huntington, was the granddaughter of Dan Throop, whose wife, Deborah Church, was de-

scended from Richard Warren of the Mayflower. According to Connecticut traditions the Throops came down from Adrian Scrope, one of the signers of the death warrant of Charles the First. After the execution of Scrope, on Tower Hill, in 1666, his son William, it is said, emigrated to this country and changed his name to Throop. Bishop Huntington used to remark, playfully, that he was led to account for two opposite strains of temperament in his own nature by ascribing them to the mixture of Roundhead and Royalist blood, through the Regicide judge and a collateral ancestor, Samuel Huntington, captain in King Charles's Life Guards. The brother of Samuel, Simon, sailed for this country and died on a ship in New Haven Harbor; but his sons Simon and Christopher were founders of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, and from them, so far as genealogical records show, are descended those of the name scattered over this wide land. William Huntington, who married Bethia Throop, was the great-grandson of Mary Fairbanks, born in the house in Dedham, Massachusetts, which is preserved by the Fairbanks family in America as an interesting historical relic. She married Michael Metcalf in 1644.

VI. The early history of Bishop Huntington's birthplace, with that of his mother's family, may be found in the little volume "Under a Colonial Rooftree," published by C. E. Wolcott, Syracuse.

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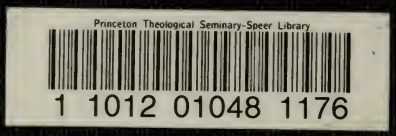
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